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A GREAT HOTEL

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—SECOND PAPER)

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM ACTUAL SCENES

WHEN one goes to a hotel he tells his name and where he comes from, and apartments are given him for his private occupancy, and also the use of considerable space in common with other guests. He is supplied with what food he requires and the attention of a number of servants. When he has finished his sojourn he pays his bill and departs. The number of persons concerned and the variety of interests involved in that history are extensive.

There was a room-clerk that dipped a pen in ink and handed it to the new arrival to register with, and a key-clerk rang a bell and gave a key to a bell-boy, who conducted the new arrival to one of the elevators, while a head-porter ordered a trunk-porter to take the heavy baggage up by the baggage elevator in the rear. Two elevator boys were told at what floor to stop, and the guest and his belongings were established in a room that had been put in readiness for him early in the day by a chamber-maid, who did one part of the work, and a hall-maid who did another part; and the results of their efforts had been inspected and approved, or disapproved of, by a housekeeper who had received a long list containing the number of this room as one of those that had been vacated, or "changed," as the room-clerk probably called it, who made out the list.

And when the guest had dressed and had come down-stairs again, he ordered a dinner from a menu composed by the chef and edited by the steward and printed by the hotel printer up on the top floor the day before. The dinner ordered, though perhaps not a large one, was prepared by twenty pairs of hands.

The man that opened the oysters had been doing nothing but open oysters from twelve o'clock that day, and he would keep on opening other oysters until twelve o'clock that evening. One chef superintended the broiling of the meat and another chef prepared the sauce for it, and still another pair of hands made the toast it was served on. And before the portion reached the kitchen it had been cut and weighed by the hotel butcher and then dressed and inspected and weighed again at the *garde manger*.

While waiting for his order to be filled there were scores of other human beings active in scores of other ways in the busi-

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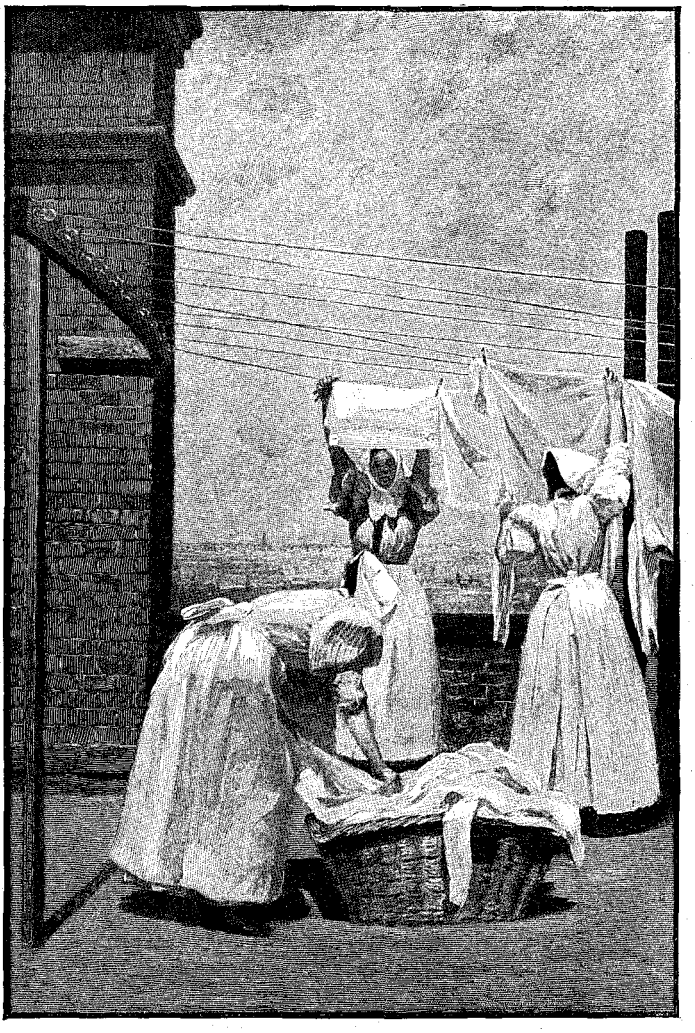

ON THE ROOF.

No matter how large the building might be there would never be enough room to dry all the washing of a modern hotel laundry by the old-fashioned out-door process; for often there are over twenty thousand pieces to launder in one day. And there would not be time enough either; for frequently two thousand pieces of soiled dining-room linen are sent to the laundry with the order that they be returned, ready for service, within one hour. In the laundry proper, which is always at the very top or the very bottom of the hotel, are the means of drying various sorts of articles in from twelve seconds to twenty minutes.

ness of making him comfortable—from far up on the top floor, where bare-armed laundresses were singing as they folded the table-cloth that was to be spread for his breakfast in the morning, down to the coal-blackened stokers, forty feet below him, who were perspiring and shovelling from one to two tons of fine anthracite an hour under the boilers that supplied the power for making the ice in his glass as well as the light at his side and the warmth in the room. Just outside the swinging doors, where the waiters disappear, sat the "checkers" at a high desk taking note of every order that went out to the kitchen and taking equally careful note of every portion that went into the dining-room. Down-stairs a squad of men were plunging big steel cages filled with soiled plates into patent whirlpools of boiling water and lifting them out again with a small-sized derrick. Nearby the night force of silver cleaners, a dozen or more, were polishing knives and forks and making considerable din as they tossed each piece into its proper

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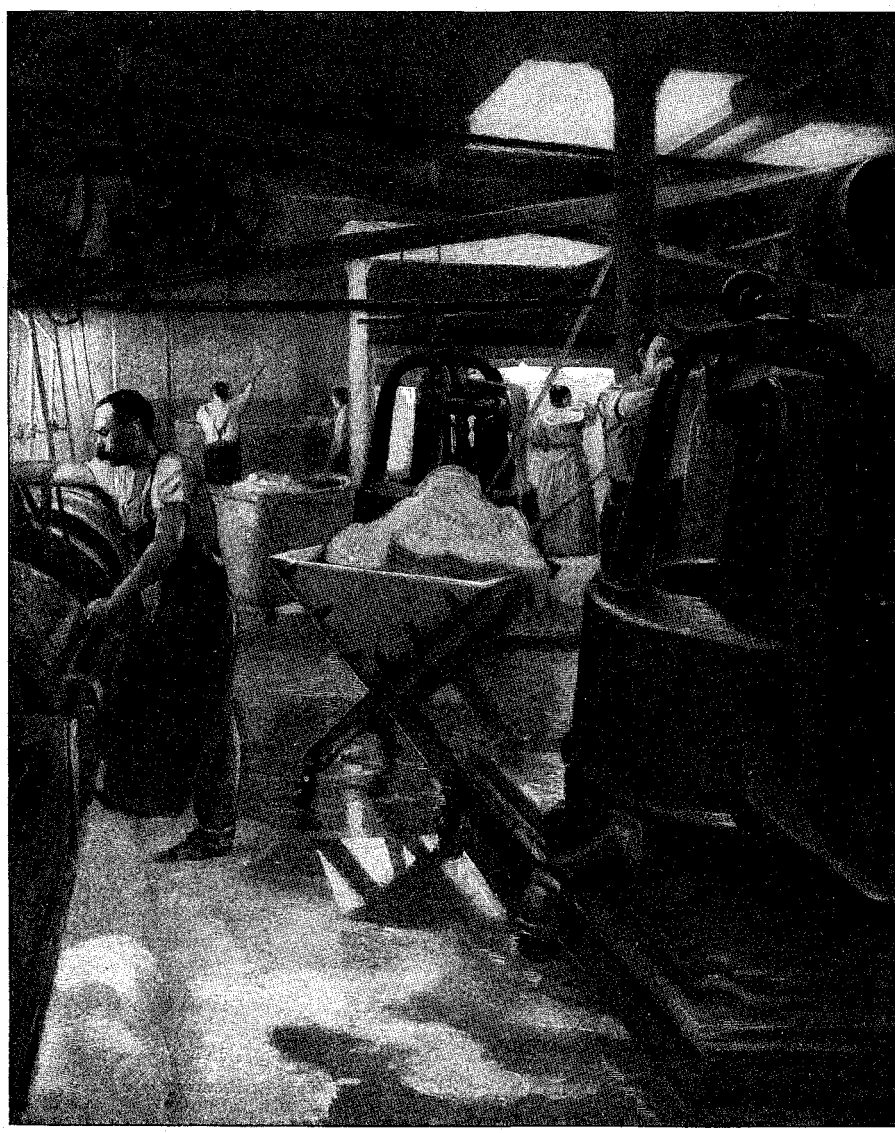
compartment. Out in the refrigerator the head butcher with an ulster under his white apron was cutting-off single portion steaks and weighing each one to see that it was exactly thirteen ounces, while in the hot bake-shop the roll baker was reaching into his oven with a long-handled paddle and pulling out pans of Vienna rolls and tumbling them into a huge basket for to-morrow's breakfast. Upstairs, along the corridors, three or four watchmen with noses keen for the smell of fire, and eyes sharp for suspicious-looking persons, were patrolling their floors. In and out among the guests, dressed like one of them and apparently as mildly interested in everybody, strolled the hotel detective.



THE WASHING-ROOM.

In this laundry sixty persons were employed, and an average of one hundred and forty thousand pieces were laundered a week. From the washing machine (one is seen on the left) the clean wet goods were thrown into an extractor (to the right), a contrivance which takes all the water out without injury. (It is a revolving basin or tub with perforated sides and the moisture is extracted by centrifugal force. It makes fifteen hundred revolutions a minute.)

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HAND-IRONING-ROOM.

These girls work under the direction of a head ironer, who notes the condition of every piece that comes in from the drying-room, and passes judgment on the finish of every piece that goes out to the delivery-room.

There were painters revarnishing chairs in the basement, and musicians were playing something from Carmen in the main-hall landing; the tinsmith was making ash-cans, and the decorator was ordering flowers; the comptrollers were looking for discrepancies between the checker's stubs and the cashier's bills, and the plumbers were looking for leaks in the seventh floor water-main. There were detachments of men that moved furniture, and women that made pillow-cases; a force that did nothing but clean window panes, and a still larger force that did nothing but scrub the main floor, only these were just now asleep because they were to be called by the second assistant housekeeper as soon as the last late theatre party had left the supper-room and take the only chance they ever have to make things bright and clean and smooth, for the running of another twenty-four hours of this business, whose doors are never locked, and whose engines never stop from the day the house is opened up until it is burned or torn down.

In fact if you were to follow the matter out and count them all, from the man who spends the days of his life in winding clocks to the manager, or proprietor of the hotel, who has to think more or less about every one of these various interests, you would find that there were about as many persons employed in producing what is called hotel accommodations, as there were patrons to enjoy it, and this might prove surprising, because comparatively few of these several hundred are ever visible.

It might seem at first also that many of them must be idle a good part of the time, and that their duties would certainly overlap, and that they would get in each other's way. Their duties do not over-

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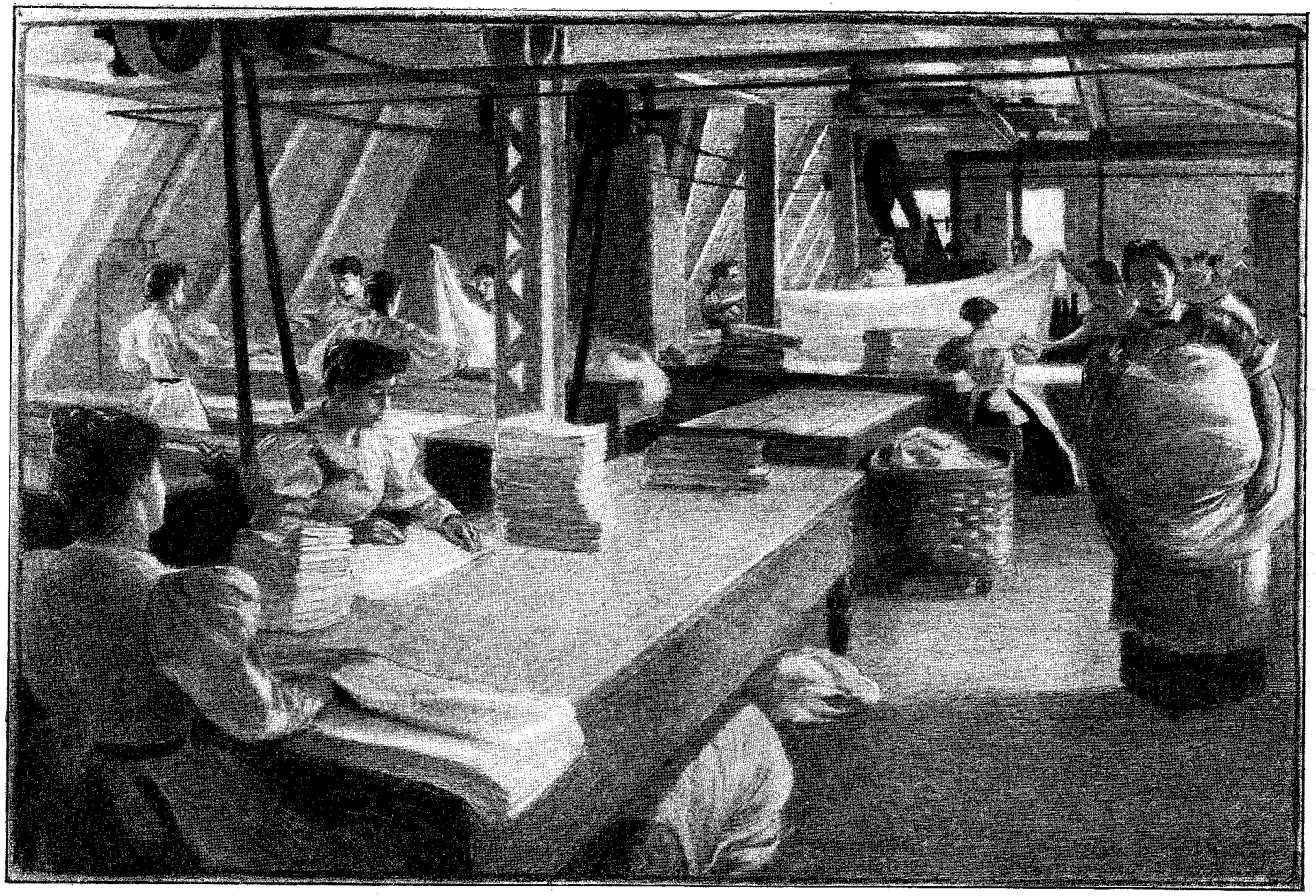

MACHINE IRONING.

Only small, fine articles are ironed by hand. Napkins, table-cloths, sheets and so on are done in these "mangles." They not only iron with from one hundred to three hundred pounds pressure, but at the same time dry articles when still damp from the extractor. Without these it would not be possible to wash soiled articles, and dry, iron. and return them tidy and immaculate in forty-five minutes.

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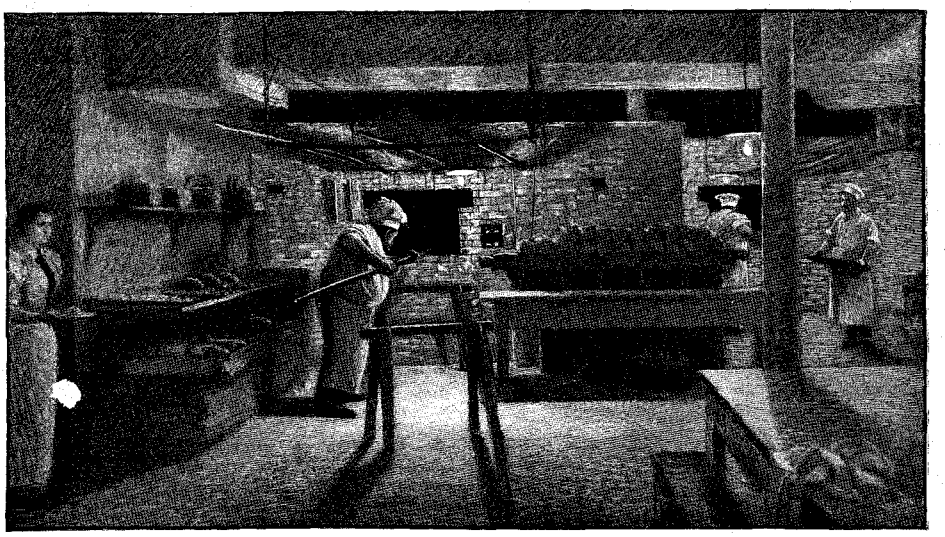
lap, and none of them has a chance to get in another's way, and each is about as busy as he can be the whole of the time he is on duty, and for the most part they are on duty on an average of ten hours in every twenty-four.

When you stop to think of a few of the practical facts involved in all this, that all these employees with their diversified functions have to be engaged, tested, and discharged, or retained, bossed, and watched, and fed, and paid, you will realize that it requires something more than the efforts of a clerk or two with nicely brushed hair to conduct successfully the affairs of a large hotel. When you further consider the increasingly sharp rivalry in this business, and the completeness and luxuriousness that modern society, or rather, modern competition, requires in hotels—in short, the amount of capital that is risked in the hotel enterprise, I think you will recognize that this is an industry requiring executive instinct in no small degree, and business talent of a very high grade, and that it is worthy of being taken seriously, and of an article in a series of articles on the management of great businesses.

Like other big enterprises involving millions of dollars and employing hundreds of men, it requires certain general business aptitudes and commercial perceptions, and like them demands a wonderful amount of specialized knowledge besides; but very likely the reason so many people think that anyone can attend to the business of a hotel is, as was hinted at before, because there seems to be so little real business to attend to.

None of the worry or friction is in sight, and viewed from the rotunda or the parlor floor it is all a simple matter. That is because it is part of the hotel business to hide all these things from view. It is not like a bank, or an importing house, where you see—and they want you to see—ever so many clerks scratching at books and the names and titles of officials on glass doors. The only place where the patron comes in contact with the business organism of the hotel is at the more or less conspicuous spot called "the office," and he is apt to think that here the hotel is run. As a matter of fact the office and three or four clerks there merely act as a mouth-piece between the hotel and the public, and the hotel is not run there at all.

There are important-looking officials and high-salaried heads of departments, and roll-top desks and stenographers



THE BAKERY.

In one day thirteen thousand rolls were baked in this oven by this one baker. That was during the week of the last Horse Show, when all the dining-rooms were overflowing. This man bakes nothing but rolls in about a dozen varieties. The Head Baker—"Bake Chef," he calls himself—bakes the bread himself, getting up every morning at one o'clock for the purpose.

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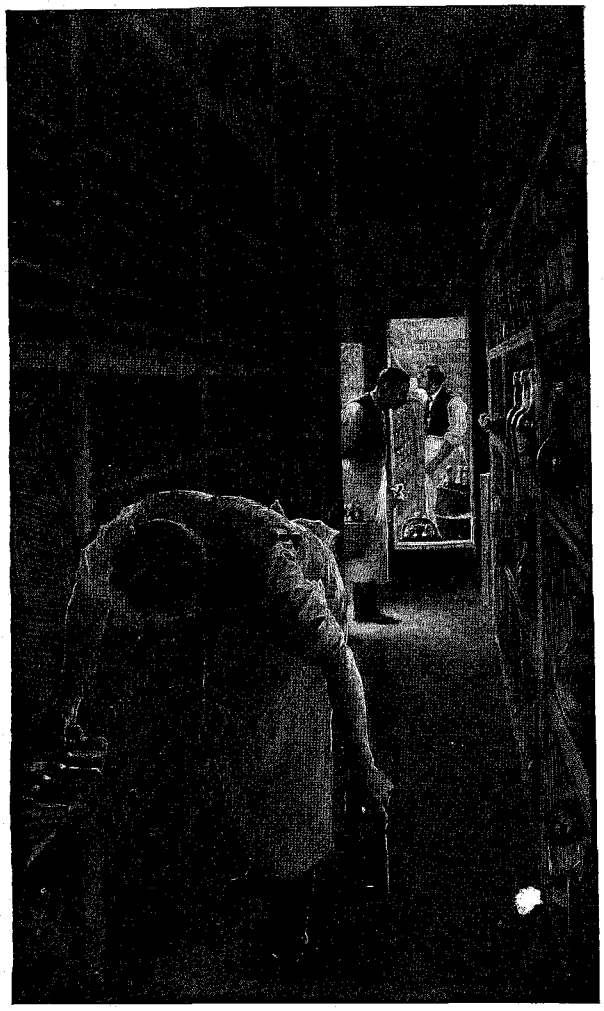
that one never sees or hears of any more than the buzzing of the circular saw in the hotel carpenter shop, or the meetings of the heads of the departments to discuss with the manager the business problems for the coming month.

Now the success of the actual running of a hotel depends, as does the success of running a railroad, or an express company, or a department store, or any other big thing, upon the attention to little things. Obviously the way to secure the proper and proportionate attention to many little things is by system, and the system that more or less invisibly operates in a hotel is a product of many years' experience. Each hotel has methods of its own that grow up and are developed with it, though in many essential features they are all somewhat alike here in America, whether the hotel is conducted on the American plan, the restaurant, or the European plan, as it is called, or both.

In most large hotels the proprietor or manager, or whatever happens to be the title of the man at the head of the machinery that makes the commodity called hotel accommodation, has nothing at all to do with the carrying out of the details of the business. He is, of course, the guiding spirit. He is the one that originates the ideas that make up the character of the hotel. But his several heads of departments —in some hotels there are between twenty and thirty of them — when once he has chosen and tested them, carry out those ideas absolutely. The chief watches the way it is done, and when he has criticisms and suggestions to make he does so only through the heads of the departments. In a well-organized hotel the head of it considers himself to have no more jurisdiction over the routine workings of the various departments, nor of the servants that make them up, than his guests have —not as much sometimes. He does not even reserve for himself the privilege of discharging them, nor can he officially prevent the dismissal of any one of them on the part of the rightful commander of the department. For it is only by giving absolute control that absolute accountability can be got, and without a system con-



AN ALLEY IN THE WINE-CELLAR.

These vaults are under the pavement. In all there were about one million bottles in stock here, worth $175,000. The sketch was made from one of the "alleys" as the tiers (arranged something like the book-shelves of a large library) are called. Across the passage is one of the champagne-bins, where the temperature is kept at twenty-eight degrees all the year round. The claret is kept at seventy-two degrees. This cellar is kept securely locked day and night, and one must ring a bell to be admitted.

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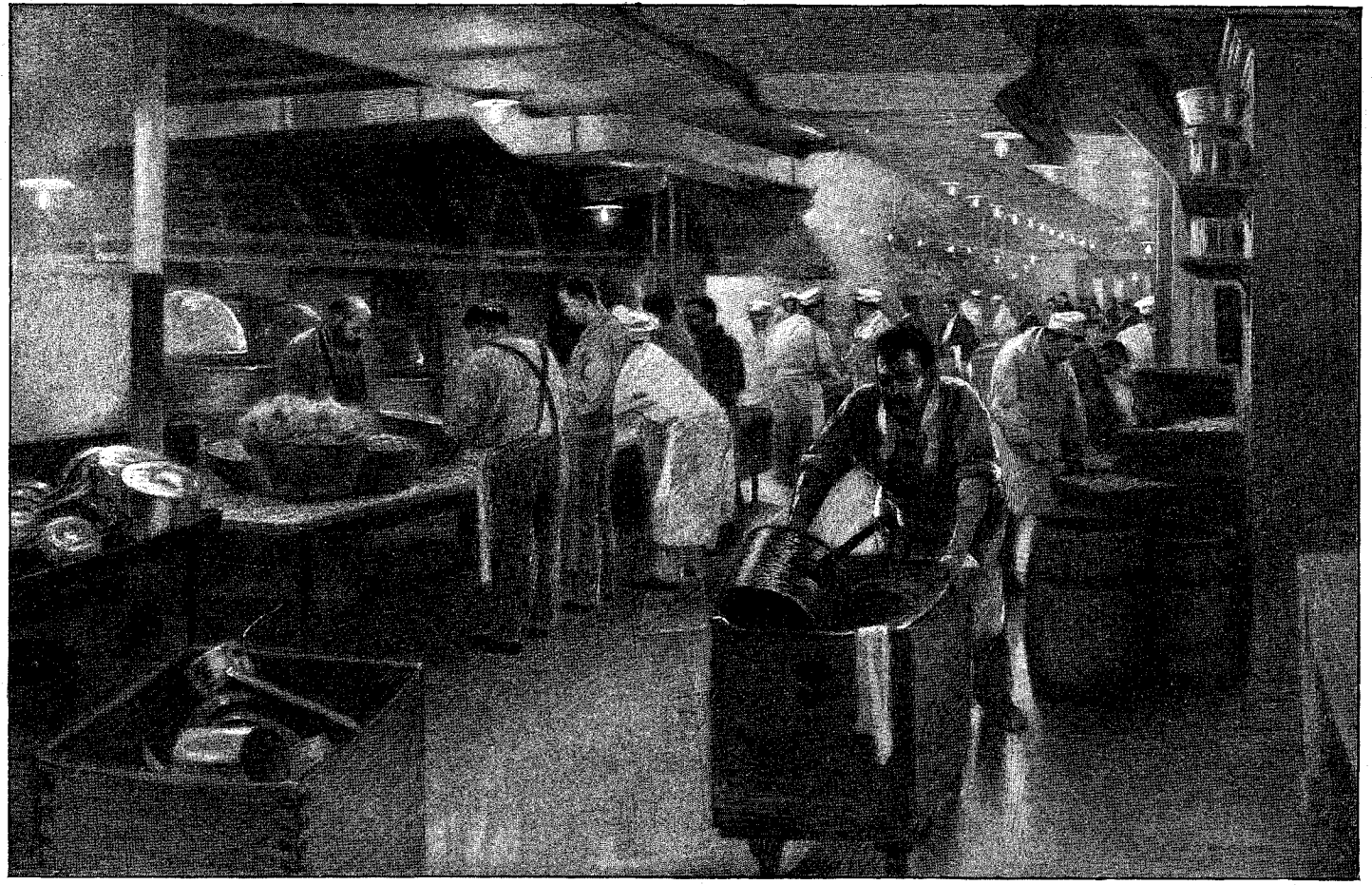

IN THE KITCHEN.

Every hotel had its own ideas about the best plans for a kitchen. This one was peculiar in that every department was in one room, which was nearly one hundred and fifty feet long, and about fifty wide. But in their workings they were all practically alike, in that every man performed but one thing.

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structed upon absolute personal accountability, no big industry full of detail can be conducted as it should be. And for the head of a hotel, as for the heads of nearly all big enterprises, one of the most serious and exasperating problems is this one of securing capable and efficient men for the carrying out of ideas he knows are practicable, and which he feels mathematically certain would bring success if he could only divide his personality into a score of parts, and station one at the head of each branch of the business organism.

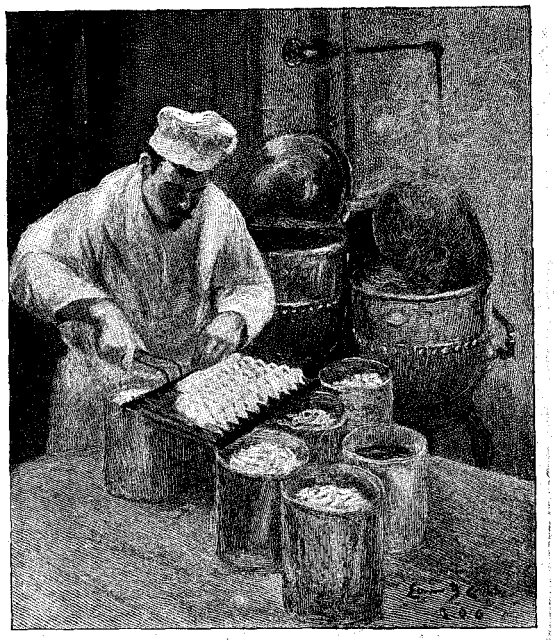
But when he does get just the men he wants, they are given not only the entire executive control, but considerable latitude is allowed them as to the ways of developing their several parts of the business; they are encouraged to originate and experiment with ideas of their own. In fact the business is their business, and they must treat it as such, and not as if they were merely paid for a certain number of hours' attention. In view of this it will not be so surprising to learn that the steward of one of the hotels in this country receives the same salary as a justice of the United States Supreme Court, $10,000. Still it may be somewhat surprising.

He is worth that much to his employer. He carries on the business of his department as it should be carried on. In fact, in this case he is more than steward, as he is the manager and practically master too of the whole "back" of the house, as it is called, the most intricate and responsible part of the mechanism, and accordingly the head of the hotel, has just that much less to worry over, and just so much more time to devote to his own pursuits, which are, briefly, first, to watch the workings of all this many cog-wheeled machine and take note on the action of its various parts, and, second, to observe how those who buy the article turned out seem to like it; and, third, to think up new schemes for making his goods still more attractive and his business still more lucrative. There is quite enough involved in that to keep a busy man very busy, but it need not be enlarged upon just now.

The work of a hotel is divided sharply into two main parts, called by those in the business the "front" and the "back" of the house. Though the front is five or six times as large as the back, the back employs five or six times as many persons.

The front includes nearly everything the guest is likely to see, except the dining-room, and one of the most important officials in this part of the machine, and certainly the most interesting one, is a woman. Most of the responsibility for the actual comfort of the guest, and consequently the reputation of the hotel, depends in great part upon the housekeeper.

Her duties are, like those of other housekeepers, to see that the affairs of the household are attended to as they should be attended to, only she has nothing to do with the meals or anything else that belongs to the back of the house.



THE "FRY" CHEF.

There was a separate chef, with one or more plain cooks under him, for each kind of cooking, and they were all under the command of *the* Chef. This sketch was made of the "fry" chef; he would not be allowed to stand by the broiling range.

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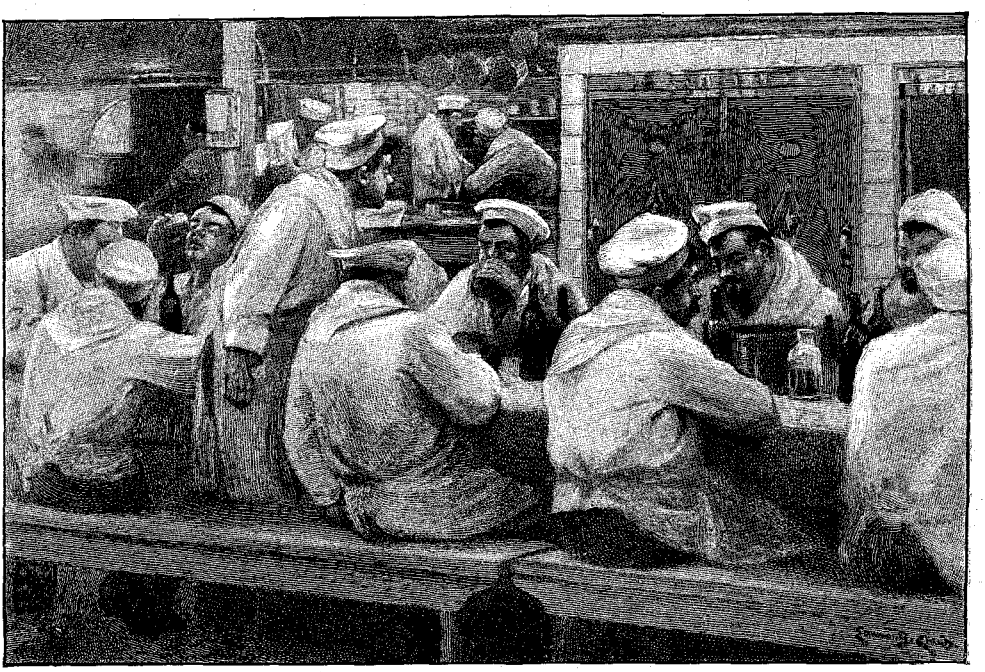
But she has quite enough to do in her own department, being responsible for the order and cleanliness of every piece of furniture and every square inch of every one of the several hundred rooms in it. She must know by heart the individual character of each room, hallway, parlor, and closet in the house, and just where everything is and where it should not be. She is the one to note and report to the repair department the loosening of the threads of a tassel on the lambrequin, and stiffness of the joint of the transom-rod. She has the employing and discharging of all the servants of her department, and as there is a chambermaid to every twenty-five rooms, and hall-maids or "paint-cleaners," as they are sometimes called, on every floor, and a large force of women constantly at work in the linen-room sewing and hemming and marking, and a still larger force that constitute the scrubbing regiment, besides special window and curtain and brass-work cleaners and polishers, it can be seen that there is quite an army for this one woman to general, even with the assistance of a couple of aides.

She is by no means a graduated chambermaid, or anything of that kind. She is generally a woman of considerable refinement and of taste enough to have a say in the furnishing and decorations. One of these housekeepers who was good enough to tell about her work, kindly showed me an article she had written and published concerning the Victorian age in literature, and she said that she had formerly thought of adopting writing as a profession, but decided to try hotel housekeeping because there was more money in it, and this showed that she was a woman of capital good sense as well as culture.

Besides the house superintendent, who has the oversight of the general physical condition of this part of the house and is the employer of the bell-boys, the hall-men, the footmen, furniture-men, and all the other male service in the front of the hotel, there are other more or less important officials in this part of the house.

There is in some hotels a head decorator who has charge of the picture-hanging and furniture arranging and so forth, especially for the receptions and dances and political meetings and other gather-



THE COOK'S DINNER.

There were separate mess-rooms for most of the servants, and a different grade of table for nearly every grade of employee. The cooks, however, except the chef, ate in the kitchen. They dine just before beginning the work of cooking dinner for the hotel patrons.

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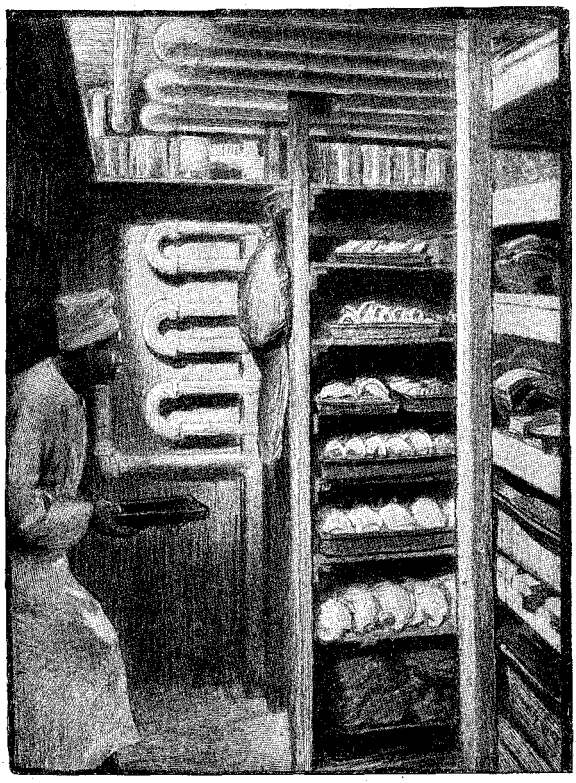
ings that are daily taking place in big hotels, and he is held responsible for perfect arrangements.

There is a head porter, who has twenty or more men under him who handle, sometimes, a thousand pieces of baggage a day, and he is the one to blame if any trunk is lost or misses a train.

There is a captain of the bell-boys, whose fault it is when they are slow, and a chief of the pneumatic-tube system who can lay it to no one else if a message goes astray in any part of the house; and a head telephone clerk, and a telegraph operator, and a newsdealer, and a cigar seller.

Then there are the clerks that stand behind the counter at the office, and answer questions and keep their patience all day. There are three of these on duty most of the time. The room-clerk, the key-clerk, and the package-clerk. The cashier is near by, also. After a certain hour in the evening, the night-clerk rules alone.



IN ONE OF THE REFRIGERATORS.

This is a game corner of a refrigerator, in which birds can be kept on hand all through the close season, practically indefinitely. The large birds near the bottom are geese, next above are some canvass backs, then partridges. Each pan in each shelf around the room contains a certain number of portions, or double portions, and each cut weighs an exact number of ounces.

The room-clerk is the one that welcomes you on your arrival, and keeps track of you and every one of the other inhabitants of the hotel with wonderful exactness. His position requires unlimited tact, and a genius for remembering names and faces. It is remarkable how much suavity he cultivates, and what an extraordinary memory his duties develop. It is a peculiar memory. If the package-clerk asks him what is Mrs. Brown's room he will reply immediately "521," even if Mrs. Brown had arrived at the hotel only a few hours before. But his memory will not work backward, for if five minutes later he is asked who has room "521," he will have to look up at the schedule of names and rooms that hangs near the letter-boxes. Nor would he be able to tell who was in "350," even though the occupant had lived there for months. But he is not liable to be asked that, and this is the very reason his memory is not trained to run in that direction.

The comptrollers and book-keepers are very busy men, who work nine hours in a private office hidden away from the view of the hotel patrons. They do their day's work in an absorbed, business-like manner, and then hurry home like any other book-keepers; and if anyone sees them coming in or out of the hotel they are probably thought to be guests of the house. They know as little about some parts of the house as the guests.

But it is in the back of the house that most of the work is done, as in any other house. The majority of the whole force on the pay-roll is employed here, and the

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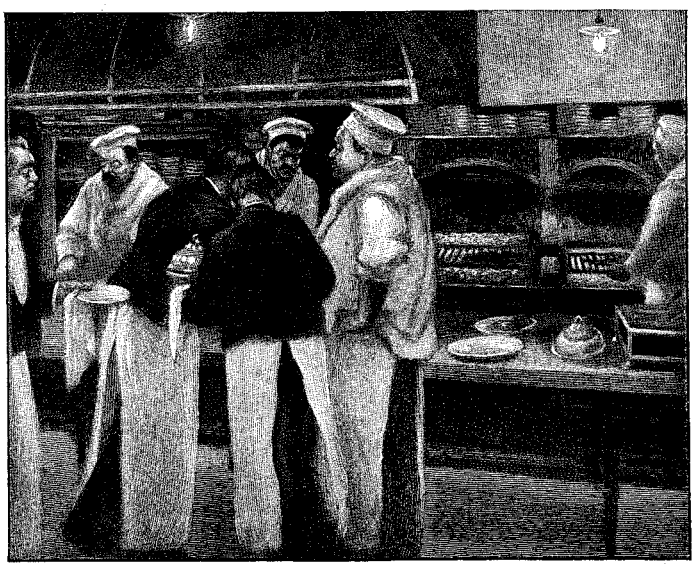
most complicated parts of the whole business are here manœuvred. Besides that all-important branch, the kitchen and its accessories, the store-rooms and bake-shops and refrigerators and wine-cellars, the back of the house includes the engineer's department, which, for instance, in one of the latest and the most-talked-of hotels in New York City, employs thirty-five men and fifteen engines, that run seventeen elevators and supply the house with heat and water and the means of putting out fires, and of making twenty-five tons of ice and laundering twenty thousand pieces of washing in twenty-four hours, besides a large electric plant with a beautiful switch-board.

These engines—the important ones, at least—do not stop every six or eight days like the engines in an ocean steamer's hold; they start to work on the day the hotel is opened and run as long as it does.

Then there are the repair departments, the blacksmith shop, the tinshop, the paint-shop, the cabinet-makers' and plumbers'. These all are parts of the back of the house, and so are the dining-rooms and restaurants and the bar. And so are the servants' halls, and the waiters', the mechanics', and the nurses' halls, where several hundred employees are fed from two to four meals each day in a way that will prove satisfying to them and at the same time satisfactory to the steward's employers, the company or the manager.

Of course, the chef rules the kitchen. But the steward rules the store-room, and when these two do not admire each other woe betide the hotel. The organization of the kitchen force is as thoughtfully attended to as the designing of that spacious studio itself. System is essential here, if it is in any part of the hotel, and it seems to be in every part. If you were to visit the kitchen of a large European-plan hotel at dinner-time some evening in Horse-show week, when every one of the seven hundred rooms is filled to overflowing, and the occupants all want dinner about the same hour, not to speak of a hundred additional diners from without, besides a dozen private dinner-parties in the small dinner-rooms, and a college alumni banquet in the ball-room, you would feel something of the same spirit that pervades a circus-tent five minutes after the evening performance is finished and the outfit has a fifty-mile run to make before daybreak, or in a newspaper office when the story of



ONE OF THE RANGES.

The range of every well equipped kitchen was divided into five or six departments, with a separate force of cooks at each. The sketch shows the broilers to the right, and the roasting range to the left, with a hood to catch odors, and an electric fan inside to carry them off. Eight experienced men were kept exceedingly busy here alone, during dinner hours.

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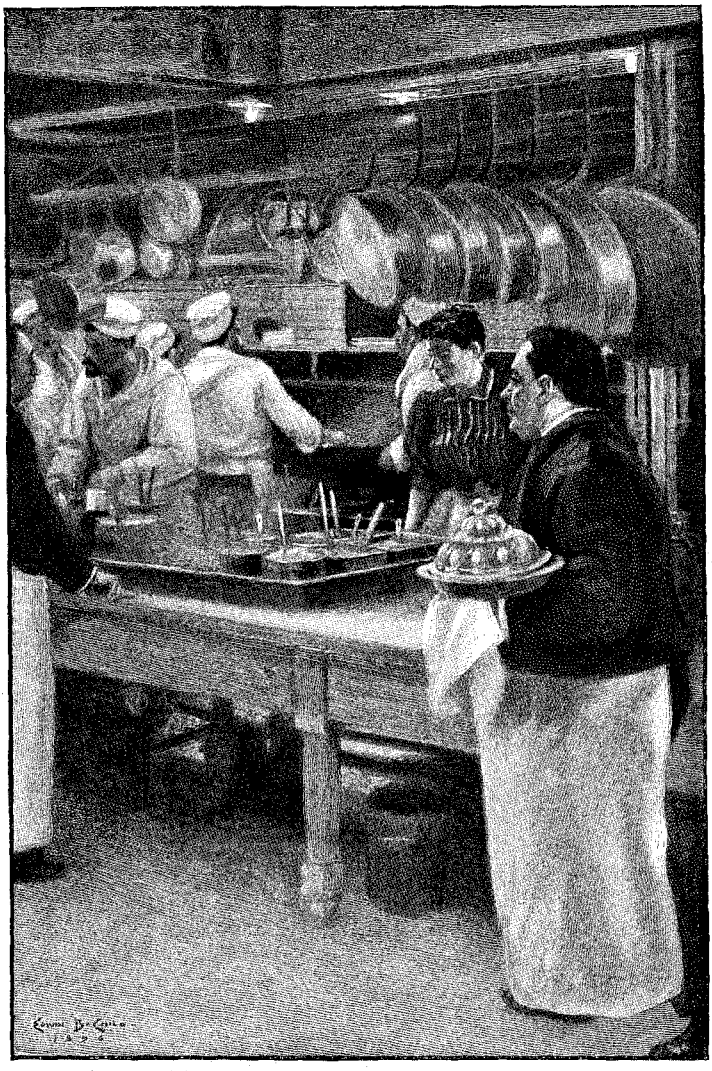

THE WOMAN WHO MAKES TOAST.

In all there were fifty or sixty cooks in our largest hotels, and in the one where this sketch was made but two of them were women. They were allowed by the vegetable chef to serve vegetables, but never to cook them. They spent nearly all their time making toast, and this a woman could do better than a man. The stewards find that a man cook considers this beneath his dignity, and will not take pains with it.

the day comes in ten minutes before the paper goes to press.

It is a large, brilliantly lighted place, full of people; cooks that shout at each other in shrill French, and perform wonderful feats with copper skillets, and waiters with their black clothes, in strong contrast to the white caps and coats of the cooks, that scud in and out, holding a tray in one hand and an order card in the other, dodging other waiters and shouting their wants to the chefs in French, who wouldn't pay any attention to them if they were not in French; while farther down the room are vegetable preparers, mashing potatoes by the tubful, and on the other side a rabble of scullions rattling silver and scraping plates and cleaning dishes at the rate of several thousand an hour by aid of the self-drying process, which makes a cloud of steam.

The chefs of the various departments along the range snarl out directions to the under cooks, and the under cooks jerk siz-

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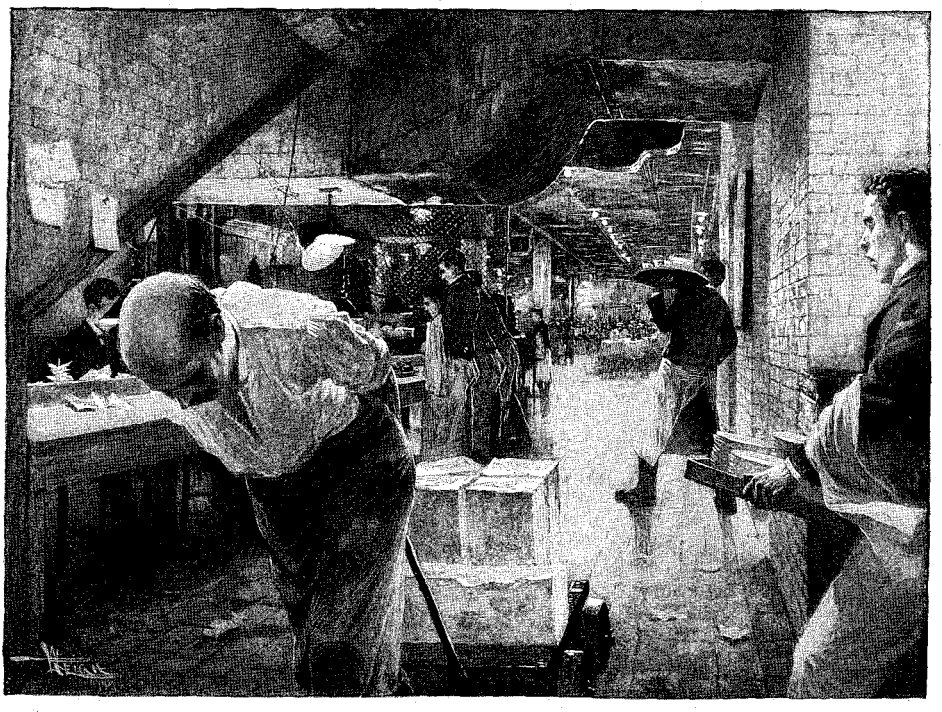

SCENES IN THE KITCHEN BY THE "CHECKERS."

Before a waiter could get into the dining-room with his order he had to pass one or more checkers, who looked at the order and at the portion, and, if both were as they should be, checked it off on the bill. Because of theft in many hotels, the waiters cannot get out of the kitchen without passing the checkers. On the way out also were posted bulletins, in some hotels, on a large black-board. One of them reads "*Recommandez* mongrel goose, $1.00."

zling things off the fire and slap them back again with the apparent carelessness that deftness brings, reminding one of the seeming unappreciativeness of bank clerks tying up packages of bonds. And when they want another portion or two to fill a fresh order they shout across the room to the *garde manger*, and those at the *garde manger* repeat the order and shout "Bon!" and three or four of them yell in concert, sometimes. Each tries to put more spirit into it than the other. Everything is organized bustle and orderly disorder, with the chef standing calmly in the centre of the room watching everything. Occasionally he confers in a low tone with the head-waiter as to the time to send up the three hundred *casseroles* of Terrapin Maryland to the banquet-room, where these same noisy waiters will presently enter sedately and speak in whispers.

The chef is the acting commander, not only of all these scenes of activity, but of the bake-shops and sweetmeat departments, with their various heads and subheads, and he is just as important as he is generally imagined to be, and wears pearl buttons on his coat. But he himself does little more cooking than a general does shooting. His functions require the use of a lead-pencil more often than a spoon.

He has an office with a great many books and records and pigeon-holes full of papers. Out in the middle of the kitchen he has a desk also, and files of orders for future special dinners and luncheons and suppers which are to be hung on a bulletin-board near by on their appointed days.

Here he stands during meal hours and generals the workings of his white-uniformed army. He devotes much of his attention to the specially ordered dinners going on in the large and small private dining-rooms. In fact he considers these so important that he himself gives the orders for the various courses to the various head cooks along the range, he The Chef.

He knows, to the fraction of a minute,

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how long it takes to prepare each dish, and he guesses pretty accurately how long it is to take each one of them to be eaten. With these data he calculates and orders accordingly. As each course goes up he scratches it off the bulletin-board and marks down the time of its departure. Sometimes he has a number of these dinners going on at once. On such occasions he is apparently little interested in the ordinary orders from the public dining-rooms, except when an important-looking waiter pushes his way through the crowd to him and whispers in his ear impressively; then the chef's eyes brighten and he steps across to the *garde manger* and calls out, authoritatively:

"Deux portions des soles pour Monsieur King, pour Monsieur King, François." That means that Mr. King has sent his name to the chef and is some one who must be served well.

The chef has an assistant chef, and he takes charge of the kitchen when his superior is not there during the day, and the *chef de nuit* rules the range during supper hours, which are sometimes extended far into the night when dances are going on upstairs. There are from forty to fifty cooks altogether along the range, in the bake-shops and confectioners' departments, and at the *garde manger* where the raw foods are prepared and the portions of meat dressed and put in readiness for the range. And all this makes it seem, no doubt, as if there certainly were enough cooks to spoil the broth, if they ever cook any. But they are all given as much as the chef, to whose interest it is to keep the expenses down, deems it possible for them to do well. During the dull hours the undercooks are polishing up their pans and things, and the head cooks are mixing up concoctions for the next meal, and the chef's duties are to take account of stock and make up the bills of fare for the next day, which is a matter for profound study and artistic contemplation, though he despises the long-named creations himself, and when very hungry, which is rare, goes home and enjoys a piece of boiled beef with horse-radish and lager beer.

The chef takes account of stock during the quiet hours of the morning, and hands in his requisition list every afternoon to the steward, who consults with him about it, makes a few revisions and hands it over to the market-boys every afternoon at five o'clock, so that every article ordered will arrive the next morning in time to begin the day with.

The problem of how much to order seems much more formidable than they find it who have to deal with it. To some degree it is a matter of clever guessing. The steward knows to an ounce how much of every one of the hundreds of different sorts of supplies he has on hand. He also knows how many guests are in the house. But he has to guess how many are going to leave to-morrow, and how many new ones are coming, and what dishes they are liable to make a run on. Long experience renders this process a sort of instinct. The steward of a fashionable Fifth Avenue hotel during the last Horse Show, when the house was filled to overflowing and there was no way of telling how many outside customers would come in for luncheon and dinner, went through the entire week without being obliged once to send up word to the dining-room that the supply of anything was exhausted, nor did the hotel suffer by an over-drug of anything perishable. With modern improvements in the way of refrigerating and the ancient knack of French cooks for utilizing everything, there are very few articles of food that are considered perishable nowadays.

In most hotels the stewards have other functions in addition to keeping the larder filled. But this matter of buying for a large hotel alone is about as important, relatively, and takes nearly as much expert knowledge as the buying for a large dry-goods store. The stewards at the more modern hotels take at least one trip a year to the continent, just as the buyers for dry-goods houses do, except that in this case they bargain for champagnes and pâté de foie gras and other foreign delicacies, instead of linens and laces and silks. They make a very careful study of the home markets too. The steward of a certain hotel in Philadelphia sends to Boston for his hot-house asparagus during one or two months of the year, and to Jersey later in the winter. His winter tomatoes come wrapped in tissue-paper from a town way up in Ontario, Canada, while

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he gets the most satisfactory mushrooms and water-cress from a certain valley in his own State, and the finest quality of domestic geese from a little place up the Schuylkill, and sugar-cured hams from a famous farm in Virginia. For, as the business is carried on nowadays, they do not merely get pretty good things. They look about for the very best and go there and get them. One hotel in this country has a contract for a term of years for the maple sirup output of the manufacturer who won first medal in this product at the World's Fair in 1892. It is not advertised as such on the bill of fare. It is simply put down as maple sirup, but the steward and the hotel proprietor know that their patrons will be supplied with the real thing, and they consider this a paying policy. This contract, by the way, was made before the hotel was built.

There is not room to describe the wine-cellar and the way the wine-steward and his force of men handle the wines, or the bakery with its big ovens and floury experts, or the butcher shop, which has its head-butcher and under-butchers too, or even the workings of the dining-room, where the results of all this varied activity reach realization in finished form. But here, as in all other departments, the authority is centred in one man, the head waiter, who waits on nobody. In some of our latest hotels they are calling him *maître d'hotel*. Under him are the assistant head waiters, and under them the captains, and each captain has more or less authority over a squad of men. Half of these squads are in one watch, and half in the other. Only one of these watches is at work at a time. The first comes on at six o'clock in the morning and works until noon, and then comes back again at five o'clock and stays until midnight, or as much later as necessary. The other watch comes on at noon and leaves at five o'clock. The next day the conditions are reversed, and the watch that was on duty for nearly fifteen hours is the one to have the short five-hour day. And each of these under and over waiters speaks three languages and expects a tip that is in proportion not only to the size of your bill but his importance. One head waiter I have the honor of knowing personally owns a yacht and a place in the country, and spends his vacations abroad. Many of those who helped pay for these luxuries have neither yachts nor country places.

Now there are pantrymen and odd-job men and other sorts of employees in this department, just as there are store-keepers and receiving clerks down-stairs in the steward's department, all of whom work under a captain or a boss of some sort who is under the control of the head of that department, only they must not all be mentioned here because there is not space, and because enough has been told to indicate that the work in a hotel is very thoroughly systematized. So it is high time to consider the dollars and cents aspect of all this, looking at it from the stand-point of those who put money in this undertaking for the purpose of making more money, for it was as a business institution that this enterprise was here to be described.

Perhaps it never occurred to you that the charges at a first-class hotel are exceedingly low. Very possibly, on the other hand, it has struck you that they were high. And so they are when viewed absolutely in dollars and cents at the foot of the bill. But if you stop to calculate it practically you may reasonably leave off wondering at the largeness of the price to marvel at its smallness.

By this is meant that viewed as a business transaction you get a very great deal in return for the money invested. Perhaps you do not want some of the things you get—and pay for—but that is not the point.

In the first place you are given a home, luxuriously and more or less beautifully and expensively furnished, at least, in the most fashionable or else the most central portion of the city, or, if at a mountain resort or watering-place, on the most advantageous site; in other words, where real estate is highest. You are given every comfort and convenience you could have thought of, and a number that you could not, from the means of telephoning while seated in your private room to friends a thousand miles away, to spring lamb raised under glass and Turkish coffee made by a real Turk in costume.

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You have the finest cooks in the world to cook the finest delicacies from the best markets in the world, and a different cook for nearly every different delicacy, too. You have servants at every few feet, to open doors, and hang up your hat, and take you up-stairs, and to perform the numerous other functions already mentioned. In short, you live on a scale of ease and magnificence at the modern hotel at from $5 to $10 a day, that would cost in private life—few of us have any idea how many times more than that, and it involves no further anxiety or effort than the raising of the hand to touch a bell or the ordering of dinner from a rather long list of things that sound good.

Perhaps you prefer more privacy and less splendor. It is very possible that you do not fancy Hungarian orchestras that play Faust while you eat oysters, and perhaps the over-gorgeous display and the straining for costly effects seems vulgar to you. But that is not the point. They are costly just the same, and for the total market value of the commodities you are given, or given the use of, you pay an astonishingly small amount at the modern hotel. In fact, it seems surprisingly small even for the wholesale rate at which each of these various commodities is obtained for the individual, and if you were to study the matter for the purpose of going into the business or writing an article upon it you would wonder why even more hotels do not go into the hands of receivers.

There are some big items of expense in conducting a hotel, and some serious problems. For instance, the yearly rental for our larger hotels, or, if the proprietor owns the property, the interest on the price of it, which amounts to the same thing, may be any amount from $100,000 to three or four times that. That is a big item of expense; and one of the serious problems is that while the doors are kept open for business from one end of the year to the other no hotel is run on a paying basis for more than eight or possibly nine of the twelve months. The rest of the time they are not only not making money but steadily losing it.

The receipts during the summer and often during the winter holidays amount to almost nothing, and yet none of the big expenses are appreciably cut down. That rent, of course, goes on as steadily as the engines, a drain of $1,000 or $2,000 a week, whether there are twenty guests in the house or hundreds. The pay-roll is cut down of course, half of it sometimes, but it is the bottom half chiefly, the waiters and other cheap "help" as they call it; all the heads of the departments with salaries of from three to six or eight thousand a year, and the head cooks, the clerks, and nearly all the other high and medium salaried officials are employed by the year, and their salaries must be paid every month, in summer as well as in the busy season.

These make big items for the hotel man to think about at the beginning of the year, but he would go in debt or cut down a good many other expenses before he would begrudge these. For he knows it is good business to secure expensive property and be advertised by it, to obtain a few high-priced employees that can be trusted, and many cheap ones out of whom the high-priced heads will get much work, to buy the best food in the market and challenge competition; in short, the general policy in conducting what is commonly called a first-class hotel is to be unsparing, first, in expense in securing the outfit, and unsparing, in the second place, in the effort to work it for all it is worth, by exercising the greatest economy and carefulness, by keeping the strictest account of the disposition of every ounce of food and every ounce of energy and reducing all to a close-fitting business system.

It frequently happens that the comparatively small per cent. of difference that makes the success or failure of a hotel is determined entirely by the system employed for stopping leakage and locating extravagance.

In the first place a system of checking obtains throughout the house. In no department is anything surrendered to anybody without a proper order for it, and then the delivery is duly recorded for reference and auditing. When the kitchen sends to the store-room for supplies a requisition, countersigned by the chef, must be shown before, and, in some hotels, a receipt after, the articles are

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handed over. When the chambermaid goes to the laundry for clean towels she must first hand over a corresponding number of soiled ones, and the head-laundress must take account of the transaction in her book, with the maid's number and the time of the occurrence.

In the dining-rooms, cafés, and such places the system is still more thorough. Even an order for a glass of milk or a piece of toast sets in motion considerable intricate machinery and requires the attention of three or four persons other than those directly employed in filling the order itself.

The customer's written order does not go directly to the kitchen. It must first go to one of the checkers whose desk is on the waiter's route to and from the kitchen. Here it is treated in different ways in different hotels. This is one system: He, or she, files the original order, makes an itemized copy of it on a different order blank in the form of a bill, with the waiter's number at the top, then makes a summarized memoranda on the stubs at either end of this card or bill, stamps all three of these removal parts, tears off one of them, files it, and hands the rest of the card to the waiter.

Unless the waiter has this order-blank with the checker's stamp, he cannot get what he wants in the kitchen, and even after he has filled the order, the checker must inspect it on the way to the dining-room and check each item off on the order-blank. When the meal is finished and this bill, with the separate items added up, has been presented to the guest for examination, payment is made to the cashier, whose desk is in a different place from the checker's, and who adds it all up again, receipts it, files the big part and gives the little part to the waiter with the change. This stub he pockets for reference along with as much of the change as the guest sees fit to give him.

At the end of twenty-four hours these three memoranda, along with the original order in the guest's handwriting, all come together again. This time it is in the auditing or comptroller's department, where they are compared for the purpose of disclosing possible discrepancies, and examined to bring out mistakes of overcharging or undercharging. These stubs and bills keep coming in all day long from various parts of the house. In some hotels twenty or more checkers and cashiers are employed in the dining-rooms, cafés, and dumb elevator service.

With the receipts of the cashiers and the memoranda of the amount of supplies sent out from the butcher's department, the bar, and each of the store-rooms, along with the statement of what is still on hand, it is comparatively easy to ascertain what has gone wrong and where the blame lies, though to be sure it is not always such an easy matter to discover just who is to blame. Often a hotel is drained systematically for a long period before it is discovered, for instance, what waiters are working in evil harmony with which checkers.

There is no system that is absolutely impervious to the ingenuity of dishonest employees, or that will work automatically, independent of the heads of departments. The only way a hotel can be reasonably sure of getting and keeping its own, and of using it to the best advantage, is by the further aid of aggressive watchfulness. Time-keepers are stationed at the doors to mark down the exact minute of the arrival and departure of the employees, and to observe whether they have anything bulky in their pockets; and detectives are kept busy moving in and out among them—and among the guests too; it is on an average of twice a week that the detective of a certain hotel in this country that has pretty silver is obliged to remind people that souvenir spoons are not included free of charge.

Of course it is not only with a view to detecting and preventing dishonesty that so much carefulness is exercised. A comprehensive system of account-keeping would be necessary anyway, even if the employees were as honest as cash registering machines. It would be impossible otherwise to administer with any intelligence or economy the various departments of an enterprise so complicated as this one.

Not only is every department conducted independently of every other department from the stand-point of executive control, but each is independently considered as a source of expense and, when possible, as a means of revenue.

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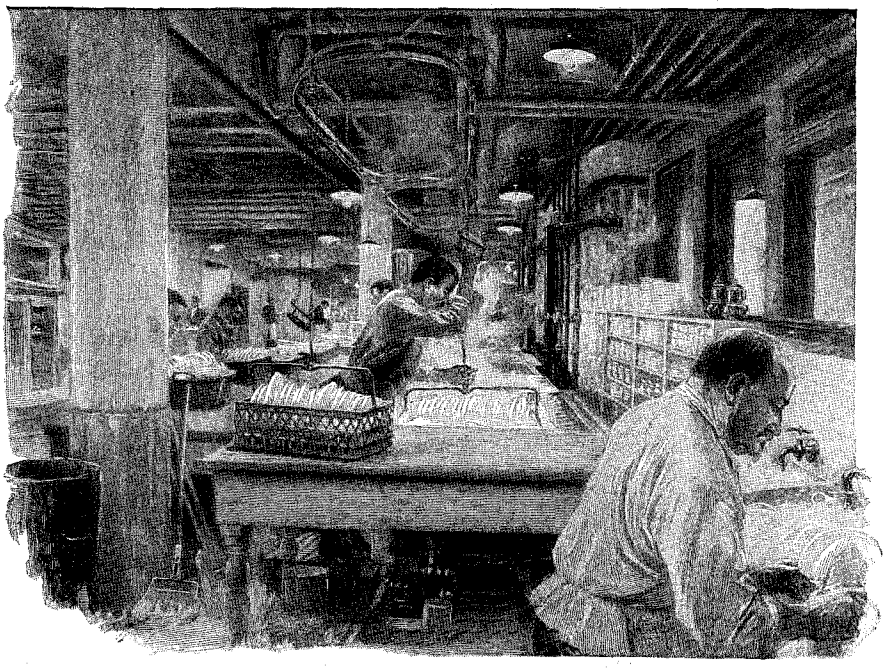
Each keeps a set of books of its own, and "the house" keeps a set of books with each, and the individual business of the different departments is as carefully watched and thought about as though they were separate enterprises in themselves. When the income from the billiard-room falls off they try to find out why, and then build the business up by making the room more attractive or improving the service or the stock. Or perhaps it will be decided that it is useless to try to cultivate the business because the whim of the public has transferred popularity to some other place, and a better policy would be to reduce the force of attendants and cut down expenses, or, possibly, to do away with billiards entirely and give up the space to some other purpose. The effect of such a move upon the bar receipts would be seriously considered first.

And when one department deals with another it is as much of a business arrangement as if they were under different roofs and managements. At least the book-keeping in the transaction is as completely and carefully done. The housekeeper's department is charged by the steward's department at per capita rate for all the meals eaten by its chamber-maids, and the amount of coal used each day in the range is marked down in a separate column from the ones showing respectively the number of tons used in the fireplaces, in the bake-shops, and in the laundry. Farther along the page is the total number of tons used each twenty-four hours, and the price of it. And on the outside edge of the page is recorded the outdoor temperature of each day since the hotel began.

You see records and accounts of all these departments are not merely monthly or weekly averages, but daily histories. The hotel manager can take out one of his books—they are not great cumbersome ones, but small, handy affairs suitable for frequent reference—and tell how many dinners were served on March 24th, six years ago. On the next column of the same page, he can also see how large a force of men was employed in the dining-room that same day, and just how



DISH-WASHING.

Washing dishes by machinery. When working at the busiest season twenty thousand dishes in a day are cleaned. It couldn't be done if it were not for modern devices, by which cratesful of dishes were made thoroughly clean and completely dry within a few seconds without being touched by a cloth or towel.

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many of each sort, and how much money each was receiving. And if, for instance, he finds they were getting along in those days with fewer omnibuses—the waiters' understudies, who fill glasses and carry out soiled dishes, and bring in clean table-cloths, and do enough other things to earn their title—to about the same number of guests, the steward's department is made acquainted with the fact, and the force is reduced, or some good reason for not reducing it is brought in.

So it is all through. They keep score on everything, from the number of dark days of each year to the yards of lint, and the price of it, used for polishing andirons and brass railings. In fact the book-keeping schemes at some hotels are models of comprehensive compactness, and the head of this department at one excellently conducted hotel in New York, is considered an authority on book-keeping and is the author of a standard work on the subject.

By reference to his books the hotel man can reckon to a penny the exact cost of every element that makes up the business, from the expenses of stationery to the average loss by breakage and theft. Then, with the number of names on the hotel register and a little simple arithmetic, he can get to a fraction of a cent the amount the guests are costing the hotel per capita. At many hotels the system of books is so complete that the head of the house can, at the end of every twenty-four hours, call for a statement that will show the total amount of business done and the exact value of stock on hand, together with all outstanding assets and liabilities. It is probably the only big business, exclusive of banking, where a balance-sheet can be made up every twenty-four hours. In some hotels it is actually done.

It might seem at first glance that they were more careful than necessary, and that in their zeal to be watchful they were loading themselves with an over-intricate system which only cost trouble and additional employees' salaries to support. But very fine figuring is necessary in a business where the slightest saving on the per capita expenses makes such a big difference in the aggregate. One evening while the material for this article was being gathered, the lower employees of a certain hotel, those that take their meals in the servants' hall, sent a delegation to the steward, saying that they thought they ought to have a hot vegetable with their supper. This is the fourth meal of the day and is served at nine or ten o'clock. The steward consulted with the proprietor and they decided to grant the request. So now every evening each servant has a little saucer of lima-beans by his plate. This was the cheapest vegetable, exclusive of potatoes, that could be supplied, and it takes just $400 off the proprietor's weekly profits.

Similarly several dark days in succession will run the cost of lighting up several hundred dollars, and if the proprietor of one hotel should refuse to allow his cooks to garnish their dishes with watercress, which many patrons never notice, he would save enough to support a family on. It costs that hotel $75 a week. There is no specific return for it either.

So it is no wonder that every beefsteak that is purchased is watched and kept account of from the time it is cut from the quarter of beef until it is devoured in the dining-room. Even the remnants have a business significance, for what is left on the serving-dish is relegated to the servants' halls, and what is left on the plate is put in the refuse cans, and here it has a business significance also, because it takes two men to handle that refuse, and because it is sold under contract for $1,200 a year. That, in the particular case in mind, is a comparatively small figure, as you may not know, but it is cheaper to sell at this low rate to this man from Hoboken than at a higher rate to some other man not so honest, because every Monday morning he sends back to the hotel a dozen or so oyster spoons and other small silverware, locked up in a box built for this purpose, and if he could not be relied upon to do this the hotel would have to pay wages to two men just to look through the cans for the silverware that is constantly eluding the dish-scrapers, who have to work fast to keep up with the dish-cleaners.

Likewise the steward's department saves all the grease and sells it. This brings in a revenue of four or five thousand dollars in some hotels. Similar watchfulness ob-

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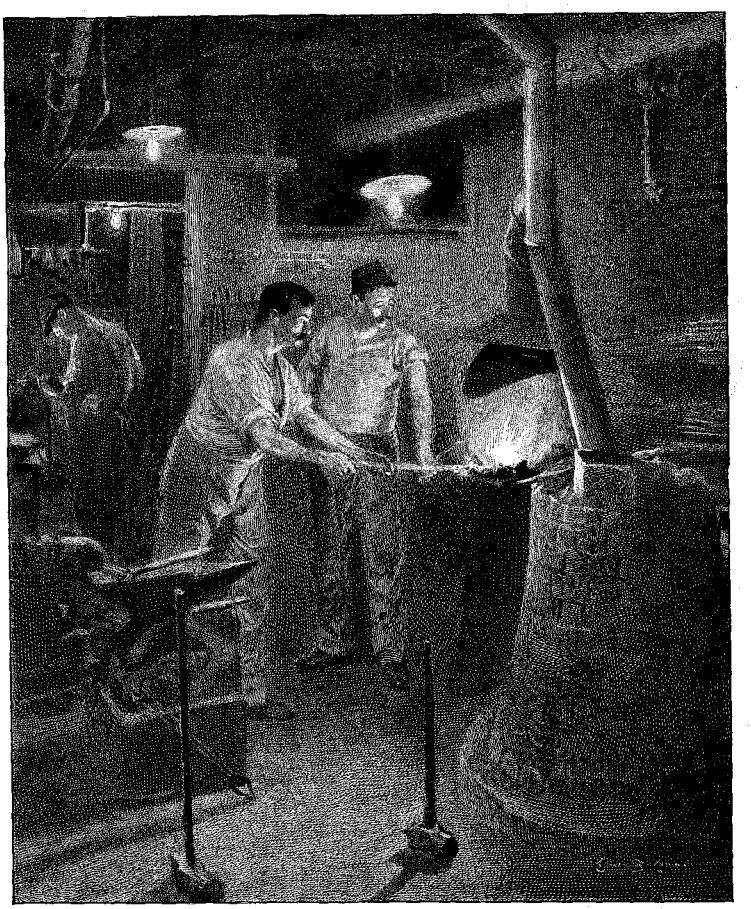
tains throughout all departments. The same hotel that is so fastidious about its supply of geese that it will take none but pure white-feathered ones, and in order to insure their good quality raises its own flock on a farm in Pennsylvania, is careful to save every scrap of celery left on the plates of its guests to send to those same geese. The remnants of the potatoes that have been cut into fantastic shapes for the guests are saved to make into homely mashed potatoes for the servants' halls, and the towels upstairs that begin to look frayed the housekeeper sends down to the second officers' washroom, and from there they are passed on down through various grades of employees until they finally end their existence as rags for the scrubbers to clean the floors with.

Now this shows something of the way the business is managed, and how the money is made thereby. That is only one part of it. How to get and keep the customers necessary to make it live, is quite another matter.

Naturally, the heads of different hotels have just as different ideas in regard to the best policy for success in their business as the heads of other enterprises have in regard to theirs, and the circumstances that condition those ideas are about as various also. Some hotels are for a transient trade only, and would have to be dominated by very different



THE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Two to four blacksmiths were kept busy down under the ground for ten hours a day like any other union laborers, and then went home with the steam-fitters, plumbers, tinkers, cabinet-makers and others, who seldom if ever saw the upstairs parts of the hotel where the guests were. And doubtless the guests never saw them.

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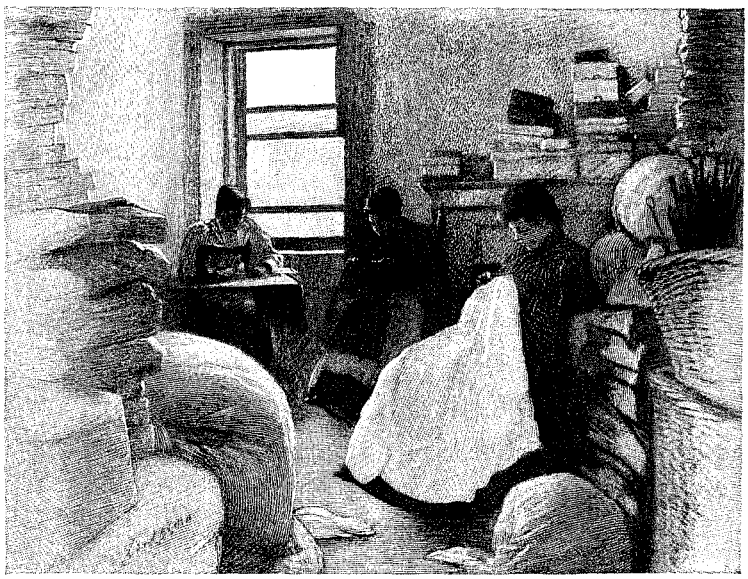

MENDING.

This was only one of the departments controlled by the Head House-keeper, and there were from six to twelve women kept busy here all the time, hemming, sewing, marking, and repairing.

PRINTING.

Although all large hotels have their private and public stationery printed or engraved by outside contract, a printing office is necessary for the daily bills of fare, menus for private dinners, bill-heads, pass-blanks, notices, check-blanks, and enough other work to keep busy a practical printer, who in this case has an assistant besides.

ideas from others that cater to a family business, or those that set up as fashionable stopping-places.

But there is one motive that inspires every kind of hotel so universally that it is a sort of axiom in the business. It is this : " It always pays to please the guest at any cost."

This business is as directly built up and torn down by the opinions of its patrons as any other one could name, and the head mind of a hotel enterprise stays awake at nights thinking up schemes to please his customers. His days he spends in seeing to it that they are not displeased.

If pleased, they are likely to come again. If they are especially pleased they are liable to say something to somebody that will bring in other patrons, who in turn may bring in still more friends. But if they are displeased, exactly the opposite effect is likely to be brought about. That is the hotel man's situation. He would rather lose

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the profits on a dozen of his patrons than the good-will of one of them.

They do all sorts of things to make their patrons contented. And they take all sorts of means to find out how their efforts are succeeding.

In many hotels the bell-boys are instructed to report to the room-clerk after "taking a guest up," what comment he made, or what his face expressed when he entered the room. Sometimes they only say "Huh," and the bell-boy comes down and reports "he said 'Huh' sir." If it sounds like a "huh" of disapprobation, the clerk sends word immediately, if possible, that there is a room with an eastern exposure on the floor below that he thinks may meet his requirements better, sir. Even if he does not accept the offer to change the guest is liable to appreciate the solicitude on the part of the hotel management.

UPHOLSTERING.

Six or eight men were kept busy all the time repairing and re-upholstering furniture.

And it is perfectly natural to suppose that when a country politician comes to town he will prefer to put up at the hotel where he can count on the clerk's remembering his name, and hailing him with it and his Christian name too, perhaps, when he approaches the desk to register. In a famous old-fashioned hotel in St. Louis the bell-boys, and, in fact, all the hall and room servants, are made to learn the name of every guest on their particular floor and to address each one by it as often as possible. "Good-morning, Colonel So and So," has, they say, made many life-long friends for the hotel.

And certainly a woman coming to a hotel tired by a hard day's travel will appreciate it if she finds the rooms she has telegraphed for already lighted up, with a cheerful fire burning, her letters and telegrams waiting on the table as well as pins and hairpins on the bureau, and a maid there in readiness to help her unpack. All these little things count.

On the same principle of pleasing the guest at any cost there are hotels where it is a rule that in case of a difference of opinion between guest and servant, no matter how irascible or untruthful the guest may show himself, the manager of that department must take the guest's side and the servant must take his departure. The hotel can afford to lose servants; there are plenty more of them to be had, but it cannot afford to lose the good will of its patrons, which means everything. In short, the hotel management is willing and eager to give the public everything it wants — elephants in the court-yard even, if it would please or attract patrons.

And attract them he must. This is another point.

Simply pleasing them is all well enough as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. There are, as the hotel man well knows, a score of other large hotels not far off with many floors full of many rooms that other hard-working hotel men are striving to keep full, and he has to do something more than merely give satisfac-

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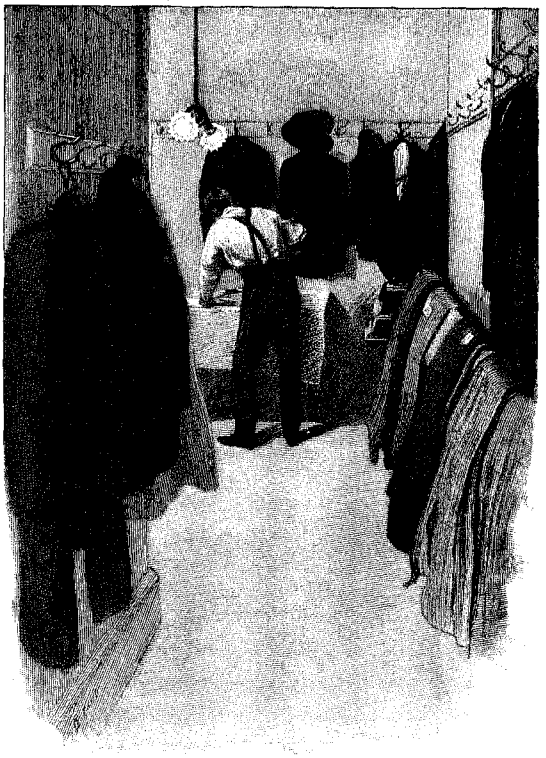

THE VALET'S ROOM.

Valet service is a comparatively recent importation to our hotels, and is of course not as popular as in London hotels.

tion to get success in modern hotel competition.

So they try not only to satisfy all wants, but they create other wants to satisfy. They spend large amounts of money to introduce an intricate and unnecessary telephone system throughout the house, or they secure some famous oil-painting to hang up in the drawing-room, or spend a great deal of money and ingenuity on some other means of drawing attention to the hotel and make it talked about. It might be said that another axiom is "Every dollar spent in such a way that it will show is money well invested."

And it is along this very line that our American hotels are most open to criticism. They are so taken up with the desire to dazzle us that they sometimes make us uncomfortable. It is very fine and impressive to have one's card handled by two men and a big boy and then a little boy when calling upon friends at a great hotel, but it is fatiguing nevertheless to wait thirty minutes and then have the little boy come down and tell you they are not at home. Though most of us cannot abide some of the petty nuisances of the foreign system, such as being charged extra for soap and service, yet many travelling Americans, who are sufficiently unpatriotic, say that our big glittering hotels are not quite up to the standard of the best ones on the other side in the small details of making one peacefully and restfully happy. The inn-keeper's instinct for knowing exactly what is wanted without being told is more highly developed over there. They have been at it for so many more generations.

The swellest hotels in England and on the Continent are considerably more economical and a great deal less lavish. But they put on "lugs" of another sort, and some people think that they are a more enjoyable sort. For instance, at two or three hotels that set up as the finest in the West End in London, one does not have a bird's-eye maple upright piano in one corner of a 15 × 12 room and an impressionist's cornfield on a gilded easel in the opposite one, but his newspaper is warmed before it is handed to him in the morning and he finds his evening clothes pressed and laid out for him when he returns to his room in the afternoon.

Still, the men that conduct our swell hotels probably know best what the average rich American wants. If a lot of gilt and glitter attracts him, then no one can blame the hotel owner for sticking it on. If people go to fashionable hotels in order, as the very successful proprietor of one of them explained, "To see and be seen," then it is good business to use plate glass instead of opaque partitions wherever possible; and that is just what the hotel man that made this observation is doing in the main floor of the wonderful new hotel he is now erecting, and he

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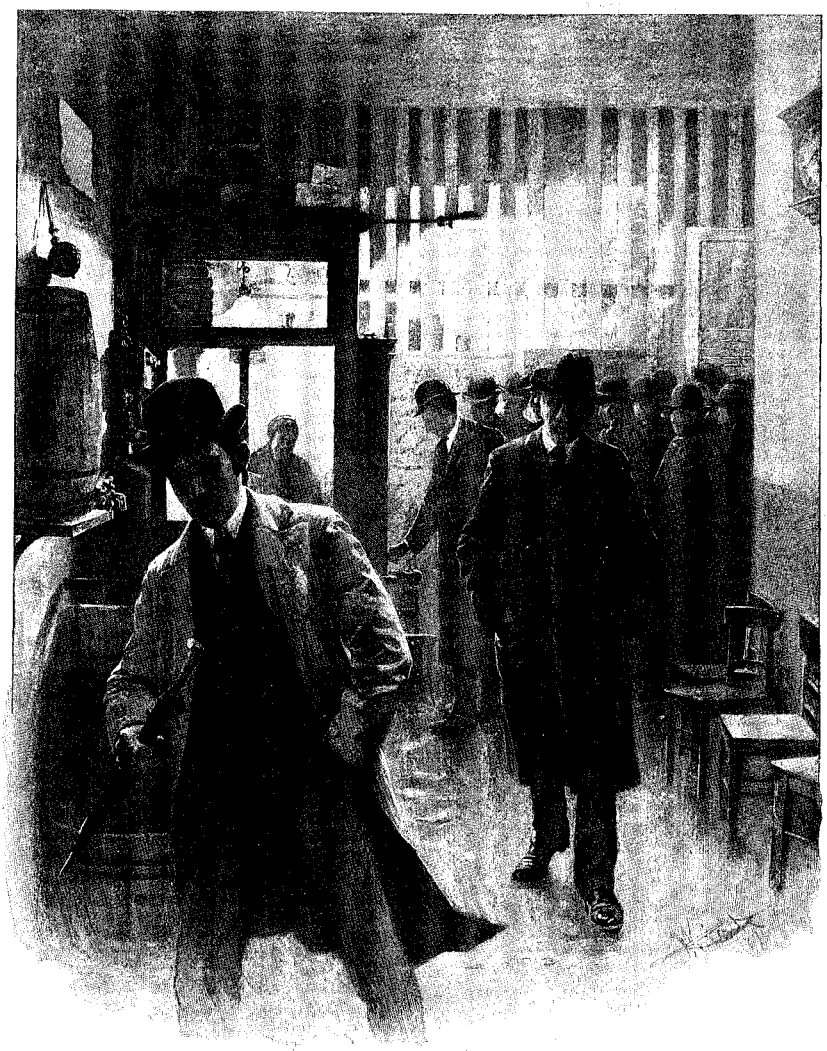
is called in the Hotel Men's Association "the originator of the plate-glass age" in hotel construction.

In other words, after all, the problem here, as in the case of most big enterprises, in one form or another is one of advertising. And advertising is the simple answer to the question people often ask in regard to the apparently unreasonable and disproportionate degree of sumptuousness in modern American hotels. It is simply part of the big game of business.



EMPLOYEES LEAVING THE HOTEL ON THEIR WAY HOME.

As in every large establishment where several hundred men are on the pay-roll, each employee has a number, and his time of arrival and departure from the hotel is kept track of by registering his number by means of an automatic time machine, in which he sticks a key on which his number is stamped.

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"*They don't even know 'Tommy Atkins!'*" (see page 168)

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SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

III

THE Langhams were to arrive on Friday, and during the week before that day Clay went about with a long slip of paper in his pocket which he would consult earnestly in corners, and upon which he would note down the things that they had left undone. At night he would sit staring at it and turning it over in much concern, and would beg Langham to tell him what he could have meant when he wrote, "See Weimer," or "clean brasses," or "S. Q. M." "Why should I see Weimer," he would exclaim, "and which brasses, and what does S. Q. M. stand for, for heaven's sake?"

They held a full-dress rehearsal in the bungalow to improve its state of preparation, and drilled the servants and talked English to them, so that they would know what was wanted when the young ladies came. It was an interesting exercise, and had the three young men been less serious in their anxiety to welcome the coming guests they would have found themselves very amusing—as when Langham would lean over the balcony in the court and shout back into the kitchen, in what was supposed to be an imitation of his sister's manner, "Bring my coffee and rolls—and don't take all day about it either," while Clay and MacWilliams stood anxiously below to head off the servants when they carried in a can of hot water instead of bringing the horses round to the door, as they had been told to do.

"Of course it's a bit rough and all that," Clay would say, "but they have only to tell us what they want changed and we can have it ready for them in an hour."

"Oh, my sisters are all right," Langham would reassure him; "they'll think it's fine. It will be like camping-out to them, or a picnic. They'll understand."

But to make sure, and to "test his girders," as Clay put it, they gave a dinner, and after that a breakfast. The President came to the first, with his wife, the Countess Manueleta, Madame el Presidente, and Captain Stuart, late of the Gordon Highlanders, and now in command of the household troops at the Government House, and of the body-guard of the President. He was a friend of Clay's and popular with everyone present, except for the fact that he occupied this position, instead of serving his own Government in his own army. Some people said he had been crossed in love, others, less sentimental, that he had forged a check, or mixed up the mess accounts of his company. But Clay and MacWilliams said it concerned no one why he was there, and then emphasized the remark by picking a quarrel with a man who had given an unpleasant reason for it. Stuart, so far as they were concerned, could do no wrong.

The dinner went off very well, and the President consented to dine with them in a week, on the invitation of young Langham to meet his father.

"Miss Langham is very beautiful, they tell me," Madame Alvarez said to Clay. "I heard of her one winter in Rome; she was presented there and much admired."

"Yes, I believe she is considered very beautiful," Clay said. "I have only just met her, but she has travelled a great deal and knows everyone who is of interest, and I think you will like her very much."

"I mean to like her," said the woman. "There are very few of the native ladies who have seen much of the world beyond a trip to Paris, where they live in their hotels and at the dressmaker's while their husbands enjoy themselves; and sometimes I am rather heart-sick for my home and my own people. I was overjoyed when I heard Miss Langham was to be with us this winter. But you must not

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keep her out here to yourselves. It is too far and too selfish. She must spend some time with me at Government House."

"Yes," said Clay, "I am afraid of that. I am afraid the young ladies will find it rather lonely out here."

"Ah, no," exclaimed the woman, quickly. "You have made it beautiful, and it is only a half-hour's ride, except when it rains," she added, laughing, "and then it is almost as easy to row as to ride."

"I will have the road repaired," interrupted the President. "It is my wish, Mr. Clay, that you will command me in every way; I am most desirous to make the visit of Mr. Langham agreeable to him, he is doing so much for us."

The breakfast was given later in the week, and only men were present. They were the rich planters and bankers of Valencia, generals in the army and members of the Cabinet, and officers from the tiny war-ship in the harbor. The breeze from the bay touched them through the open doors, the food and wine cheered them, and the eager courtesy and hospitality of the three Americans pleased and flattered them. They were of a people who better appreciate the amenities of life than its sacrifices.

The breakfast lasted far into the afternoon, and, inspired by the success of the banquet, Clay quite unexpectedly found himself on his feet with his hand on his heart, thanking the guests for the good-will and assistance which they had given him in his work. "I have tramped down your coffee-plants, and cut away your forests, and disturbed your sleep with my engines, and you have not complained," he said, in his best Spanish, "and we will show that we are not ungrateful."

Then Weimer, the Consul, spoke, and told them that in his Annual Consular Report, which he had just forwarded to the State Department, he had related how ready the Government of Olancho had been to assist the American company. "And I hope," he concluded, "that you will allow me, gentlemen, to propose the health of President Alvarez and the members of his Cabinet."

The men rose to their feet, one by one, filling their glasses and laughing and saying, "Vive el Gobernor," until they were all standing. Then, as they looked at one another and saw only the faces of friends, some one of them cried, suddenly, "To President Alvarez, Dictator of Olancho!"

The cry was drowned in a yell of exultation, and men sprang cheering to their chairs waving their napkins above their heads, and those who wore swords drew them and flashed them in the air, and the quiet, lazy good-nature of the breakfast was turned into an uproarious scene of wild excitement. Clay pushed back his chair from the head of the table with an anxious look at the servants gathered about the open door, and Weimer clutched frantically at Langham's elbow and whispered, "What did I say? For heaven's sake, how did it begin?"

The outburst ceased as suddenly as it had started, and old General Rojas, the Vice-President, called out, "What is said is said, but it must not be repeated."

Stuart waited until after the rest had gone, and Clay led him out to the end of the veranda. "Now will you kindly tell me what that was?" Clay asked. "It didn't sound like champagne."

"No," said the other, "I thought you knew. Alvarez means to proclaim himself Dictator, if he can, before the spring elections."

"And are you going to help him?"

"Of course," said the Englishman, simply.

"Well, that's all right," said Clay, "but there's no use shouting the fact all over the shop like that — and they shouldn't drag me into it."

Stuart laughed easily and shook his head. "It won't be long before you'll be in it yourself," he said.

Clay awoke early Friday morning to hear the shutters beating viciously against the side of the house, and the wind rushing through the palms, and the rain beating in splashes on the zinc roof. It did not come soothingly and in a steady downpour, but brokenly, like the rush of waves sweeping over a rough beach. He turned on the pillow and shut his eyes again with the same impotent and rebellious sense of disappointment that he used to feel when he had wakened as a boy and found it storming on his holiday, and he tried to sleep once more in the hope that when he again awoke the sun would be shining in his eyes; but the storm only slackened

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and did not cease, and the rain continued to fall with dreary, relentless persistence. The men climbed the muddy road to the Palms, and viewed the wreck which the night had brought to their plants and garden-paths in silence. Rivulets of muddy water had cut gutters over the lawn, and poured out from under the veranda, and plants and palms lay bent and broken, with their broad leaves bedraggled and coated with mud. The harbor and the encircling mountains showed dimly through a curtain of warm, sticky rain. To something that Langham said of making the best of it, MacWilliams replied, gloomily, that he would not be at all surprised if the ladies refused to leave the ship and demanded to be taken home immediately. "I am sorry," Clay said, simply; "I wanted them to like it."

The men walked back to the office in grim silence, and took turns in watching with a glass the arms of the semaphore, three miles below, at the narrow opening of the bay. Clay smiled nervously to himself, with a sudden sinking at the heart, and with a hot blush of pleasure, as he thought of how often he had looked at its great arms outlined like a mast against the sky, and thanked it in advance for telling him that she was near. In the harbor below, the vessels lay with bare yards and empty decks, the wharves were deserted, and only an occasional small boat moved across the beaten surface of the bay.

But at twelve o'clock MacWilliams lowered the glass quickly, with a little gasp of excitement, rubbed its moist lens on the inside of his coat and turned it again toward a limp strip of bunting that was crawling slowly up the halyards of the semaphore. A second dripping rag answered it from the semaphore in front of the Custom-house, and MacWilliams laughed nervously and shut the glass.

"It's red," he said; "they've come."

They had planned to wear white duck suits, and go out in a launch with a flag flying, and they had made MacWilliams purchase a red cummerbund and a pith helmet; but they tumbled into the launch now, wet and bedraggled as they were, and raced Weimer in his boat, with the American flag clinging to the pole, to the side of the big steamer as she drew slowly into the bay. Other row-boats and launches and lighters began to push out from the wharves, men appeared under the sagging awnings of the bare houses along the river-front, and the custom and health officers in shining oil-skins and puffing damp cigars clambered over the side.

"I see them," cried Langham, jumping up and rocking the boat in his excitement. "There they are in the bow. That's Hope waving. 'Hope! hullo, Hope!' he shouted, 'hullo!'" Clay recognized her standing between the younger sister and her father, with the rain beating on all of them, and waving her hand to Langham. The men took off their hats, and as they pulled up alongside she bowed to Clay and nodded brightly. They sent Langham up the gangway first, and waited until he had made his greetings to his family alone.

"We have had a terrible trip, Mr. Clay," Miss Langham said to him, beginning, as people will, with the last few days as though they were of the greatest importance; "and we could see nothing of you at the mines at all, as we passed—only a wet flag, and a lot of very friendly workmen, who cheered and fired off pans of dynamite."

"They did, did they?" said Clay, with a satisfied nod. "That's all right, then. That was a royal salute in your honor. Kirkland had that to do. He's the foreman of A opening. I am awfully sorry about this rain—it spoils everything."

"I hope it hasn't spoiled our breakfast," said Mr. Langham. "We haven't eaten anything this morning, because we wanted a change of diet, and the captain told us we would be on shore before now."

"We have some carriages for you at the wharf, and we will drive you right out to the Palms," said young Langham. "It's shorter by water, but there's a hill that the girls couldn't climb to-day. That's the house we built for you, Governor, with the flag-pole, up there on the hill; and there's your ugly old pier; and that's where we live, in the little shack above it, with the tin roof; and that opening to the right is the terminus of the railroad MacWilliams built. Where's MacWilliams? Here, Mac, I want you to know my father. This is MacWilliams, sir, of whom I wrote you."

There was some delay about the bag-

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gage, and in getting the party together in the boats that Langham and the Consul had brought; and after they had stood for some time on the wet dock, hungry and damp, it was rather aggravating to find that the carriages which Langham had ordered to be at one pier had gone to another. So the new arrivals sat rather silently under the shed of the levee on a row of cotton-bales, while Clay and MacWilliams raced off after the carriages.

"I wish we didn't have to keep the hood down," young Langham said, anxiously, as they at last proceeded heavily up the muddy streets; "it makes it so hot, and you can't see anything. Not that it's worth seeing in all this mud and muck, but it's great when the sun shines. We had planned it all so differently."

He was alone with his family now in one carriage, and the other men and the servants were before them in two others. It seemed an interminable ride to them all—to the strangers, and to the men who were anxious that they should be pleased. They left the city at last, and toiled along the limestone road to the Palms, rocking from side to side and sinking in ruts filled with rushing water. When they opened the flap of the hood the rain beat in on them, and when they closed it they stewed in a damp, warm atmosphere of wet leather and horse-hair.

"This is worse than a Turkish bath," said Hope, faintly. "Don't you live anywhere, Ted?"

"Oh, it's not far now," said the younger brother, dismally; but even as he spoke the carriage lurched forward and plunged to one side and came to a halt, and they could hear the streams rushing past the wheels like the water at the bow of a boat. A wet, black face appeared at the opening of the hood, and a man spoke despondently in Spanish.

"He says we're stuck in the mud," explained Langham. He looked at them so beseechingly and so pitifully, with the perspiration streaming down his face and his clothes damp and bedraggled, that Hope leaned back and laughed, and his father patted him on the knee. "It can't be any worse," he said, cheerfully; "it must mend now. It is not your fault Ted, that we're starving and lost in the mud."

Langham looked out to find Clay and MacWilliams knee-deep in the running water, with their shoulders against the muddy wheels, and the driver lashing at the horses and dragging at their bridles. He sprang out to their assistance, and Hope, shaking off her sister's detaining hands, jumped out after him, laughing. She splashed up the hill to the horses' heads, motioning to the driver to release his hold on their bridles.

"That is not the way to treat a horse," she said. "Let me have them. Are you men all ready down there?" she called. Each of the three men glued a shoulder to a wheel, and clenched his teeth and nodded. "All right, then," Hope called back. She took hold of the huge Mexican bits close to the mouth, where the pressure was not so cruel, and then coaxing and tugging by turns, and slipping as often as the horses themselves, she drew them out of the mud, and with the help of the men back of the carriage pulled it clear until it stood free again at the top of the hill. Then she released her hold on the bridles and looked down, in dismay at her frock and hands, and then up at the three men. They appeared so utterly miserable and forlorn in their muddy garments, and with their faces washed with the rain and perspiration, that the girl gave way suddenly to an uncontrollable shriek of delight. The men stared blankly at her for a moment, and then inquiringly at one another, and as the humor of the situation struck them they burst into an echoing shout of laughter, which rose above the noise of the wind and rain, and before which the disappointments and trials of the morning were swept away. Before they reached the Palms the sun was out and shining with fierce brilliancy, reflecting its rays on every damp leaf, and drinking up each glistening pool of water.

MacWilliams and Clay left the Langhams alone together, and returned to the office, where they assured each other again and again that there was no doubt, from what each had heard different members of the family say, that they were greatly pleased with all that had been prepared for them.

"They think it's fine!" said young Langham, who had run down the hill to tell them about it. "I tell you, they are

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pleased. I took them all over the house, and they just exclaimed every minute. Of course," he said, dispassionately, "I thought they'd like it, but I had no idea it would please them as much as it has. My Governor is so delighted with the place that he's sitting out there on the veranda now, rocking himself up and down and taking long breaths of sea-air, just as though he owned the whole coast-line."

Langham dined with his people that night, Clay and MacWilliams having promised to follow him up the hill later. It was a night of much moment to them all, and the two men ate their dinner in silence, each considering what the coming of the strangers might mean to him.

As he was leaving the room MacWilliams stopped and hovered uncertainly in the doorway.

"Are you going to get yourself into a dress-suit to-night?" he asked. Clay said that he thought he would; he wanted to feel quite clean once more.

"Well, all right, then," the other returned, reluctantly. "I'll do it for this once, if you mean to, but you needn't think I'm going to make a practice of it, for I'm not. I haven't worn a dress-suit," he continued, as though explaining his principles in the matter, "since your spread when we opened the railroad—that's six months ago; and the time before that I wore one at MacGolderick's funeral. MacGolderick blew himself up at Puerto Truxillo, shooting rocks for the breakwater. We never found all of him, but we gave what we could get together as fine a funeral as those natives ever saw. The boys, they wanted to make him look respectable, so they asked me to lend them my dress-suit, but I told them I meant to wear it myself. That's how I came to wear a dress-suit at a funeral. It was either me or MacGolderick."

"MacWilliams," said Clay, as he stuck the toe of one boot into the heel of the other, "if I had your imagination I'd give up railroading and take to writing war clouds for the newspapers."

"Do you mean you don't believe that story?" MacWilliams demanded, sternly.

"I do," said Clay, "I mean I don't."

"Well, let it go," returned MacWilliams, gloomily; "but there's been funerals for less than that, let me tell you."

A half-hour later MacWilliams appeared in the door and stood gazing attentively at Clay arranging his tie before a hand-glass, and then at himself in his unusual apparel.

"No wonder you voted to dress up," he exclaimed finally, in a tone of personal injury. "That's not a dress-suit you've got on any way. It hasn't any tails. And I hope for your sake, Mr. Clay," he continued, his voice rising in plaintive indignation, "that you are not going to play that scarf on us for a vest. And you haven't got a high collar on, either. That's only a rough blue print of a dress-suit. Why, you look just as comfortable as though you were going to enjoy yourself—and you look cool, too."

"Well, why not?" laughed Clay.

"Well, but look at me," cried the other. "Do I look cool? do I look happy or comfortable? No, I don't. I look just about the way I feel, like a fool undertaker. I'm going to take this thing right off. You and Ted Langham can wear your silk scarfs and bobtail coats, if you like, but if they don't want me in white duck they don't get me."

When they reached the Palms, Clay asked Miss Langham if she did not want to see his view? "And perhaps, if you appreciate it properly, I will make you a present of it," he said, as he walked before her down the length of the veranda.

"It would be very selfish to keep it all to myself," she said. "Couldn't we share it?" They had left the others seated facing the bay, with MacWilliams and young Langham on the broad steps of the veranda, and the younger sister and her father sitting in long bamboo steamer-chairs above them.

Clay and Miss Langham were quite alone. From the high cliff, on which the Palms stood, they could look down the narrow inlet that joined the ocean and see the moonlight turning the water into a rippling ladder of light and gilding the dark green leaves of the palms near them with a border of silver. Directly below them lay the waters of the bay, reflecting the red and green lights of the ships at anchor, and beyond them again were the yellow lights of the town, rising one above the other as the city crept up the hill. And back of all were the mountains, grim and

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mysterious, with white clouds sleeping in their huge valleys, like masses of fog.

Except for the ceaseless murmur of the insect life about them the night was absolutely still—so still that the striking of the ships' bells in the harbor came to them sharply across the surface of the water, and they could hear from time to time the splash of some great fish and the steady creaking of an oar in a rowlock that grew fainter and fainter as it grew further away, until it was drowned in the distance. Miss Langham was for a long time silent. She stood with her hands clasped behind her, gazing from side to side into the moonlight, and had apparently forgotten that Clay was present.

"Well," he said at last, "I think you appreciate it properly. I was afraid you would exclaim about it, and say it was fine; or charming, or something."

Miss Langham turned to him and smiled slightly. "And you told me once that you knew me so very well," she said.

Clay chose to forget much that he had said on that night when he had first met her. He knew that he had been bold then, and had dared to be so because he did not think he would see her again; but, now that he was to meet her every day through several months, it seemed better to him that they should grow to know each other as they really were, simply and sincerely, and without forcing the situation in any way.

So he replied, "I don't know you so well now. You must remember I haven't seen you for a year."

"Yes, but you hadn't seen me for twenty-two years then," she answered. "I don't think you have changed much," she went on. "I expected to find you gray with cares. Ted wrote us about the way you work all day at the mines and sit up all night over calculations and plans and reports. But you don't show it. When are you going to take us over the mines? To-morrow? I am very anxious to see them, but I suppose father will want to inspect them first. Hope knows all about them, I believe; she knows their names, and how much you have taken out, and how much you have put in, too, and what MacWilliams's railroad cost, and who got the contract for the ore pier. Ted told us in his letters, and she used to work it out on the map in father's study. She is a most energetic child; I think sometimes she should have been a boy. I wish I could be the help to anyone that she is to my father and to me. Whenever I am blue or down she makes fun of me, and——"

"Why should you ever be blue?" asked Clay, abruptly.

"There is no real reason, I suppose," the girl answered, smiling, "except that life is so very easy for me that I have to invent some woes. I should be better for a few reverses." And then she went on in a lower voice, and turning her head away, "In our family there is no woman older than I am to whom I can go with questions that trouble me. Hope is like a boy, as I said, and plays with Ted, and my father is very busy with his affairs, and since my mother died I have been very much alone. A man cannot understand. And I cannot understand why I should be speaking to you about myself and my troubles, except—" she added, a little wistfully, "that you once said you were interested in me, even if it was as long as a year ago. And because I want you to be very kind to me, as you have been to Ted, and I hope that we are going to be very good friends."

She was so beautiful, standing in the shadow with the moonlight about her and with her hand held out to him, that Clay felt as though the scene were hardly real. He took her hand in his and held it for a moment. His pleasure in the sweet friendliness of her manner and in her beauty was so great that it kept him silent.

"Friends!" he laughed under his breath. "I don't think there is much danger of our not being friends. The danger lies," he went on, smiling, "in my not being able to stop there."

Miss Langham made no sign that she had heard him, but turned and walked out into the moonlight and down the porch to where the others were sitting.

Young Langham had ordered a native orchestra of guitars and reed instruments from the town to serenade his people, and they were standing in front of the house in the moonlight as Miss Langham and Clay came forward. They played the shrill, eerie music of their country with a passion and feeling that filled out the strange tropical scene around them; but Clay

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heard them only as an accompaniment to his own thoughts, and as a part of the beautiful night and the tall, beautiful girl who had dominated it. He watched her from the shadow as she sat leaning easily forward and looking into the night. The moonlight fell full upon her, and though she did not once look at him or turn her head in his direction, he felt as though she must be conscious of his presence, as though there was already an understanding between them which she herself had established. She had asked him to be her friend. That was only a pretty speech, perhaps; but she had spoken of herself, and had hinted at her perplexities and her loneliness, and he argued that while it was no compliment to be asked to share another's pleasure, it must mean something when one was allowed to learn a little of another's troubles.

And while his mind was flattered and aroused by this promise of confidence between them, he was rejoicing in the rare quality of her beauty, and in the thought that she was to be near him, and near him here, of all places. It seemed a very wonderful thing to Clay—something that could only have happened in a novel or a play. For while the man and the hour frequently appear together, he had found that the one woman in the world and the place and the man was a much more difficult combination to bring into effect. No one, he assured himself thankfully, could have designed a more lovely setting for his love-story, if it was to be a love-story, and he hoped it was, than this into which she had come of her own free will. It was a land of romance and adventure, of guitars and latticed windows, of warm brilliant days and gorgeous silent nights, under purple heavens and white stars. And he was to have her all to himself, with no one near to interrupt, no other friends, even, and no possible rival. She was not guarded now by a complex social system, with its responsibilities. He was the most lucky of men. Others had only seen her in her drawing-room or in an opera-box, but he was free to ford mountain-streams at her side, or ride with her under arches of the great palms, or to play a guitar boldly beneath her window. He was free to come and go at any hour; not only free to do so, but the very nature of his duties made it necessary that they should be thrown constantly together.

The music of the violins moved him and touched him deeply, and stirred depths at which he had not guessed. It made him humble and deeply grateful, and he felt how mean and unworthy he was of such great happiness. He had never loved any woman as he felt that he could love this woman, as he hoped that he was to love her. For he was not so far blinded by her beauty and by what he guessed her character to be, as to imagine that he really knew her. He only knew what he hoped she was, what he believed the soul must be that looked out of those kind, beautiful eyes, and that found utterance in that wonderful voice which could control him and move him by a word.

He felt, as he looked at the group before him, how lonely his own life had been, how hard he had worked for so little—for what other men found ready at hand when they were born into the world. He felt almost a touch of self-pity at his own imperfectness; and the power of his will and his confidence in himself, of which he was so proud, seemed misplaced and little. And then he wondered if he had not neglected chances; but in answer to this his injured self-love rose to rebut the idea that he had wasted any portion of his time, and he assured himself that he had done the work that he had cut out for himself to do as best he could; no one but himself knew with what courage and spirit. And so he sat combating with himself, hoping one moment that she would prove what he believed her to be, and the next, scandalized at his temerity in daring to think of her at all.

The spell lifted as the music ceased, and Clay brought himself back to the moment and looked about him as though he were waking from a dream and had expected to see the scene disappear and the figures near him fade into the moonlight.

Young Langham had taken a guitar from one of the musicians and pressed it upon MacWilliams, with imperative directions to sing such and such songs, of which, in their isolation, they had grown to think most highly, and MacWilliams was protesting in much embarrassment.

MacWilliams had a tenor voice which he maltreated in the most villainous manner by singing directly through his nose.

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He had a taste for sentimental songs, in which "kiss" rhymed with "bliss," and in which "the people cry" was always sure to be followed with "as she goes by, that's pretty Katie Moody," or "Rosie McIntyre." He had gathered his songs at the side of camp-fires, and in canteens at the first section-house of a new railroad, and his original collection of ballads had had but few additions in several years. MacWilliams at first was shy, which was quite a new development, until he made them promise to laugh if they wanted to laugh, explaining that he would not mind that so much as he would the idea that he thought he was serious.

The song of which he was especially fond was one called "He never Cares to Wander from his own Fireside," which was especially appropriate in coming from a man who had visited almost every spot in the three Americas, except his home, in ten years. MacWilliams always ended the evening's entertainment with this chorus, no matter how many times it had been sung previously, and seemed to regard it with much the same veneration that the true Briton feels for his National Anthem.

The words of the chorus were:

He never cares to wander from his own fireside,
He never cares to wander or to roam,
With his babies on his knee,
He's as happy as can be,
For there's no place like Home, Sweet Home.

MacWilliams loved accidentals, and what he called "barber-shop chords." He used a beautiful accidental at the word "be," of which he was very fond, and he used to hang on that note for a long time, so that those in the extreme rear of the hall, as he was wont to explain, should get the full benefit of it. And it was his custom to emphasize "for" in the last line by speaking instead of singing it, and then coming to a full stop before dashing on again with the excellent truth that "there is NO place like Home, Sweet Home."

The men at the mines used to laugh at him and his song at first, but they saw that it was not to be so laughed away, and that he regarded it with some peculiar sentiment. So they suffered him to sing it in peace.

MacWilliams went through his repertoire to the unconcealed amusement of young Langham and Hope. When he had finished he asked Hope if she knew a comic song of which he had only heard by reputation. One of the men at the mines had gained a certain celebrity by claiming to have heard it in the States, but as he gave a completely new set of words to the tune of the "Wearing of the Green" as the true version, his veracity was doubted. Hope said she knew it, of course, and they all went into the drawing-room, where the men grouped themselves about the piano. It was a night they remembered long afterward. Hope sat at the piano protesting and laughing, but singing the songs of which the newcomers had become so weary, but which the three men heard open-eyed, and hailed with shouts of pleasure. The others enjoyed them and their delight, as though they were people in a play expressing themselves in this extravagant manner for their entertainment, until they understood how poverty-stricken their lives had been and that they were not only enjoying the music for itself, but because it was characteristic of all that they had left behind them. It was pathetic to hear them boast of having read of a certain song in such a paper, and of the fact that they knew the plot of a late comic opera and the names of those who had played in it, and that it had or had not been acceptable to the New York public.

"Dear me," Hope would cry, looking over her shoulder with a despairing glance at her sister and father, "they don't even know 'Tommy Atkins!'"

It was a very happy evening for them all, foreshadowing, as it did, a continuation of just such evenings. Young Langham was radiant with pleasure at the good account which Clay had given of him to his father, and Mr. Langham was gratified, and proud of the manner in which his son and heir had conducted himself; and MacWilliams, who had never before been taken so simply and sincerely by people of a class that he had always held in humorous awe, felt a sudden accession of dignity, and an unhappy fear that when they laughed at what he said, it was because its sense was so utterly different from their point of view, and not because they saw the humor of it.

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He did not know what the word "snob" signified, and in his roughened, easy-going nature there was no touch of false pride; but he could not help thinking how surprised his people would be if they could see him, whom they regarded as a wanderer and renegade on the face of the earth and the prodigal of the family, and for that reason the best loved, leaning over a grand piano, while one daughter of his much-revered President played comic songs for his delectation, and the other, who according to the newspapers refused princes daily, and who was the most wonderful creature he had ever seen, poured out his coffee and brought it to him with her own hands.

The evening came to an end at last, and the new arrivals accompanied their visitors to the veranda as they started to their cabin for the night. Clay was asking Mr. Langham when he wished to visit the mines, and the others were laughing over farewell speeches, when young Langham startled them all by hurrying down the length of the veranda and calling on them to follow.

"Look!" he cried, pointing down the inlet. "Here comes a man-of-war, or a yacht. Isn't she smart-looking? What can she want here at this hour of the night? They won't let them land. Can you make her out, MacWilliams?"

A long, white ship was steaming slowly up the inlet, and passed within a few hundred feet of the cliff on which they were standing.

"Why, it's the Vesta!" exclaimed Hope, wonderingly. "I thought she wasn't coming for a week?"

"It can't be the Vesta," said the elder sister; "she was not to have sailed from Havana until to-day."

"What do you mean?" asked Langham. "Is it King's boat? Do you expect him here? Oh, what fun! I say, Clay, here's the Vesta, Reggie King's yacht, and he's no end of a sport. We can go all over the place now, and he can land us right at the door of the mines if we want to."

"Is it the King I met at dinner that night?" asked Clay, turning to Miss Langham.

"Yes," she said. "He wanted us to come down on the yacht, but we thought the steamer would be faster; so he sailed without us and was to have touched at Havana, but he has apparently changed his course. Doesn't she look like a phantom ship in the moonlight?"

Young Langham thought he could distinguish King among the white figures on the bridge, and tossed his hat and shouted, and a man in the stern of the yacht replied with a wave of his hand.

"That must be Mr. King," said Hope. "He didn't bring any one with him, and he seems to be the only man aft."

They stood watching the yacht as she stopped with a rattle of anchor-chains and a confusion of orders that came sharply across the water, and then the party separated and the three men walked down the hill, Langham eagerly assuring the other two that King was a very good sort, and telling them what a treasure-house his yacht was, and how he would have probably brought the latest papers, and that he would certainly give a dance on board in their honor.

The men stood for some short time together, after they had reached the office, discussing the great events of the day, and then with cheerful good-nights disappeared into their separate rooms.

An hour later Clay stood without his coat, and with a pen in his hand, at MacWilliams's bedside and shook him by the shoulder.

"I'm not asleep," said MacWilliams, sitting up; "what is it? What have you been doing?" he demanded. "Not working?"

"There were some reports came in after we left," said Clay, "and I find I will have to see Kirkland to-morrow morning. Send them word to run me down on an engine at five-thirty, will you? I am sorry to have to wake you, but I couldn't remember in which shack that engineer lives."

MacWilliams jumped from his bed and began kicking about the floor for his boots. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "I wasn't asleep, I was just—" he lowered his voice that Langham might not hear him through the canvas partitions—"I was just lying awake playing duets with the President, and racing for the International Cup in my new centre-board yacht, that's all!"

MacWilliams buttoned a waterproof

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coat over his pajamas and stamped his bare feet into his boots. "Oh, I tell you, Clay," he said with a grim chuckle, "we're mixing right in with the four hundred, we are! I'm substitute and under-study when anybody gets ill. We're right in our own class at last! Pure amateurs with no professional record against us. Me and President Langham, I guess!" He struck a match and lit the smoky wick in a tin lantern.

"But now," he said, cheerfully, "my time being too valuable for me to sleep, I will go wake up that nigger engine-driver and set his alarm clock at five-thirty. Five-thirty, I believe you said. All right; good-night." And whistling cheerfully to himself MacWilliams disappeared up the hill, his body hidden in the darkness and his legs showing fantastically in the light of the swinging lantern.

Clay walked out upon the veranda and stood with his back to one of the pillars. MacWilliams and his pleasantries disturbed and troubled him. Perhaps, after all, the boy was right. It seemed absurd, but it was true. They were only employees of Langham—two of the thousands of young men who were working all over the United States to please him, to make him richer, to whom he was only a name and a power, which meant an increase of salary or the loss of place.

Clay laughed and shrugged his shoulders. He knew that he was not in that class; if he did good work it was because his self-respect demanded it of him; he did not work for Langham or the Olancho Mining Company (Limited). And yet he turned with almost a feeling of resentment toward the white yacht lying calmly in magnificent repose a hundred yards from his porch.

He could see her as clearly in her circle of electric lights as though she were a picture and held in the light of a stereopticon on a screen. He could see her white decks, and the rails of polished brass, and the comfortable wicker chairs and gay cushions and flat coils of rope, and the tapering masts and intricate rigging. How easy it was made for some men! This one had come like the prince in the fairy tale on his magic carpet. If Alice Langham were to leave Valencia that next day, Clay could not follow her. He had his duties and responsibilities; he was at another man's bidding.

But this Prince Fortunatus had but to raise anchor and start in pursuit, knowing that he would be welcome wherever he found her. That was the worst of it to Clay, for he knew that men did not follow women from continent to continent without some assurance of a friendly greeting. Clay's mind went back to the days when he was a boy, when his father was absent fighting for a lost cause; when his mother taught in a little school-house under the shadow of Pike's Peak, and when Kit Carson was his hero. He thought of the poverty of those days—poverty so mean and hopeless that it was almost something to feel shame for; of the days that followed when, an orphan and without a home, he had sailed away from New Orleans to the Cape. How the mind of the mathematician, which he had inherited from the Boston school-mistress, had been swayed by the spirit of the soldier, which he had inherited from his father, and which led him from the mines of South Africa to little wars in Madagascar, Egypt, and Algiers. It had been a life as restless as the seaweed on a rock. But as he looked back to its poor beginnings and admitted to himself its later successes he gave a sigh of content, and shaking off the mood stood up and paced the length of the veranda.

He looked up the hill to the low-roofed bungalow with the palm-leaves about it, outlined against the sky, and as motionless as patterns cut in tin. He had built that house. He had built it for her. That was her room where the light was shining out from the black bulk of the house about it like a star. And beyond the house he saw his five great mountains, the knuckles of the giant hand, with its gauntlet of iron that lay shut and clenched in the face of the sea that swept up whimpering before it. Clay felt a boyish, foolish pride rise in his breast as he looked toward the great mines he had discovered and opened, at the iron mountains that were crumbling away before his touch.

He turned his eyes again to the blazing yacht, and this time there was no trace of envy in them. He laughed instead, partly with pleasure at the thought of the struggle he scented in the air, and partly at his own braggadocio.

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"I'm not afraid," he said, smiling, and shaking his head at the white ship that loomed up like a man-of-war in the black waters.

"I'm not afraid to fight you for anything worth fighting for."

He bowed his bared head in good-night toward the light on the hill, as he turned and walked back into his bedroom. "And I think," he murmured grimly, as he put out the light, "that she is worth fighting for."

IV

THE work which had called Clay to the mines kept him there for some time, and it was not until the third day after the arrival of the Langhams that he returned again to the Palms. On the afternoon when he climbed the hill to the bungalow he found the Langhams as he had left them, with the difference that King now occupied a place in the family circle. Clay was made so welcome, and especially so by King, that he felt rather ashamed of his sentiments toward him, and considered his three days of absence to be well repaid by the heartiness of their greeting.

"For myself," said Mr. Langham, "I don't believe you had anything to do at the mines at all. I think you went away just to show us how necessary you are. But if you want me to make a good report of our resident director on my return, you had better devote yourself less to the mines while you are here and more to us." Clay said he was glad to find that his duties were to be of so pleasant a nature, and asked them what they had seen and what they had done.

They told him they had been nowhere, but had waited for his return in order that he might act as their guide.

"Then you should see the city at once," said Clay, "and I will have the volante brought to the door, and we can all go in this afternoon. There is room for the four of you inside, and I can sit on the box-seat with the driver."

"No," said King, "let Hope or me sit on the box-seat. Then we can practise our Spanish on the driver."

"Not very well," Clay replied, "for the driver sits on the first horse, like a postilion. It's a sort of tandem without reins. Haven't you seen it yet? We consider the volante our proudest exhibit." So Clay ordered the volante to be brought out, and placed them facing each other in the open carriage, while he climbed to the box-seat, from which position of vantage he pointed out and explained the objects of interest they passed, after the manner of a professional guide. It was a warm, beautiful afternoon, and the clear mists of the atmosphere intensified the rich blue of the sky, and the brilliant colors of the houses, and the different shades of green of the trees and bushes that lined the high-road to the capital.

"To the right, as we descend," said Clay, speaking over his shoulder, "you see a tin house. It is the home of the resident director of the Olancho Mining Company (Limited), and of his able lieutenants, Mr. Theodore Langham and Mr. MacWilliams. The building on the extreme left is the round-house, in which Mr. MacWilliams stores his three locomotive engines, and in the far middle-distance is Mr. MacWilliams himself in the act of repairing a water-tank. He is the one in a suit of blue overalls, and as his language at such times is free, we will drive rapidly on and not embarrass him. Besides," added the engineer, with the happy laugh of a boy who had been treated to a holiday, "I am sure that I am not setting him the example of fixity to duty which he should expect from his chief."

They passed between high hedges of Spanish bayonet, and came to mud cabins thatched with palm-leaves, and alive with naked, little brown-bodied children, who laughed and cheered to them as they passed.

"It's a very beautiful country for the *pueblo*," was Clay's comment. "Different parts of the same tree furnish them with food, shelter, and clothing, and the sun gives them fuel, and the Government changes so often that they can always dodge the tax-collector."

From the mud cabins they came to more substantial one-story houses of adobe, with the walls painted in two distinct colors, blue, pink, or yellow, with red-tiled roofs, and the names with which they had been christened in bold black letters above the entrances. Then the carriage rattled over paved streets, and they drove between

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houses of two-stories painted more decorously in pink and light blue, with wide-open windows, guarded by heavy bars of finely wrought iron, and ornamented with scroll-work in stucco. The principal streets were given up to stores and cafés, all wide open to the pavement and protected from the sun by brilliantly striped awnings; and gay with the national colors of Olancho in flags and streamers. In front of them sat officers in uniform, and the dark-skinned dandies of Valencia in white duck suits and Panama hats, toying with tortoise-shell canes, which could be converted, if the occasion demanded, into blades of Toledo steel. In the streets were priests and bare-legged mule-drivers, and ragged ranchmen with red-caped cloaks hanging to their sandals, and negro women, with bare shoulders and long trains, vending lottery-tickets and rolling huge cigars between their lips. It was an old story to Clay and King, but none of the others had seen a Spanish-American city before; they were familiar with the Far East and the Mediterranean, but not with the fierce, hot tropics of their sister continent, and so their eyes were wide open, and they kept calling continually to one another to notice some new place or figure.

They in their turn did not escape from notice or comment. The two sisters would have been conspicuous anywhere—in a Queen's Drawing-room or on an Indian reservation. Theirs was a type that the caballeros and señoritas did not know. With them dark hair was always associated with dark complexions, the rich duskiness of which was always vulgarized by a coat of powder, and this fair blending of pink and white skin under masses of black hair was strangely new, so that each of the few women who were to be met on the street turned to look after the carriage, while the American women admired their mantillas, and felt that the straw sailor-hats they wore had become heavy and unfeminine.

Clay was very happy in picking out what was most characteristic and picturesque, and every street into which he directed the driver to take them seemed to possess some building or monument that was of peculiar interest. They did not know that he had mapped out this ride many times before, and was taking them over a route which he had already travelled with them in imagination. King knew what the capital would be like before he entered it, from his experience of other South American cities, but he acted as though it were all new to him, and allowed Clay to explain, and to give the reason for those features of the place that were unusual and characteristic. Clay noticed this and appealed to him from time to time, when he was in doubt; but the other only smiled back and shook his head, as much as to say, "This is your city; they would rather hear about it from you."

Clay took them to the principal shops, where the two girls held whispered consultations over lace mantillas, which they had at once determined to adopt, and bought the gorgeous paper fans, covered with brilliant pictures of bull-fighters in suits of silver tinsel; and from these open stores he led them to a dingy little shop, where there was old silver and precious hand-painted fans of mother-of-pearl that had been pawned by families who had risked and lost all in some revolution; and then to another shop, where two old maiden ladies made a particularly good guava; and to tobacconists, where the men bought a few of the native cigars, which, as they were a monopoly of the Government, were as bad as Government monopolies always are.

Clay felt a sudden fondness for the city, so grateful was he to it for entertaining her as it did, and for putting its best front forward for her delectation. He wanted to thank some one for building the quaint old convent, with its yellow walls washed to an orange tint, and black in spots with dampness; and for the fountain covered with green moss that stood before its gate, and around which were gathered the girls and women of the neighborhood with red water-jars on their shoulders, and little donkeys buried under stacks of yellow sugar-cane, and the negro drivers of the city's green water-carts, and the blue wagons that carried the manufactured ice. Toward five o'clock they decided to spend the rest of the day in the city, and to telephone for the two boys to join them at La Venus, the great restaurant on the plaza, where Clay had invited them to dine.

He suggested that they should fill out the time meanwhile by a call on the President, and after a search for cards in vari-

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ous pocketbooks, they drove to the Government palace, which stood in an open square in the heart of the city.

As they arrived the President and his wife were leaving for their afternoon drive on the Alemada, the fashionable parade-ground of the city, and the state carriage and a squad of cavalry appeared from the side of the palace as the visitors drove up to the entrance. But at the sight of Clay, General Alvarez and his wife retreated to the house again and made them welcome. The President led the men into his reception-room and entertained them with champagne and cigarettes, not manufactured by his Government; and his wife, after first conducting the girls through the state drawing-room, where the late sunlight shone gloomily on strange old portraits of assassinated presidents and victorious generals, and garish yellow silk furniture, brought them to her own apartments, and gave them tea after a civilized fashion, and showed them how glad she was to see some one of her own world again.

During their short visit Madame Alvarez talked a greater part of the time herself, addressing what she said to Miss Langham, but looking at Hope. It was unusual for Hope to be singled out in this way, when her sister was present, and both the sisters noticed it and spoke of it afterwards. They thought Madame Alvarez very beautiful and distinguished-looking, and she impressed them, even after that short knowledge of her, as a woman of great force of character.

"She was very well dressed for a Spanish woman," was Miss Langham's comment, later in the afternoon. "But everything she had on was just a year behind the fashions, or twelve steamer days behind, as Mr. MacWilliams puts it."

"She reminded me," said Hope, "of a black panther I saw once in a circus."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the sister, "I don't see that at all. Why?"

Hope said she did not know why; she was not given to analyzing her impressions or offering reasons for them. "Because the panther looked so unhappy," she explained, doubtfully, "and restless; and he kept pacing up and down all the time, and hitting his head against the bars as he walked as though he liked the pain. Madame Alvarez seemed to me to be just like that—as though she were shut up somewhere and wanted to be free."

When Madame Alvarez and the two sisters had joined the men, they all walked together to the terrace, and the visitors waited until the President and his wife should take their departure. Hope noticed, in advance of the escort of native cavalry, an auburn-haired, fair-skinned young man who was sitting an English saddle. The officer's eyes were blue and frank and attractive-looking, even as they then were fixed ahead of him with a military lack of expression; but he came to life very suddenly when the President called to him, and prodded his horse up to the steps and dismounted. He was introduced by Alvarez as "Captain Stuart, of my household troops, late of the Gordon Highlanders. Captain Stuart," said the President, laying his hand affectionately on the younger man's epaulette, "takes care of my life and the safety of my home and family. He could have the command of the army if he wished; but no, he is fond of us, and he tells me we are in more need of protection from our friends at home than from our enemies on the frontier. Perhaps he knows best. I trust him, Mr. Langham," added the President, solemnly, "as I trust no other man in all this country."

"I am very glad to meet Captain Stuart, I am sure," said Mr. Langham, smiling and appreciating how the shyness of the Englishman must be suffering under the praises of the Spaniard. And Stuart was indeed so embarrassed that he flushed under his tan, and assured Clay, while shaking hands with them all, that he was delighted to make his acquaintance; at which the others laughed, and Stuart came to himself sufficiently to laugh with them, and to accept Clay's invitation to dine with them later.

They found the two boys waiting in the café of the restaurant where they had arranged to meet, and they ascended the steps together to the table on the balcony that Clay had reserved for them.

The young engineer appeared at his best as host. The responsibility of seeing that a half-dozen others were amused and content sat well upon him; and as course followed course, and the wines changed, and the candles left the rest of the room

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in darkness and showed only the table and the faces around it, they all became rapidly more merry and the conversation intimately familiar.

Clay knew the kind of table-talk to which the Langhams were accustomed, and used the material around his table in such a way that the talk there was vastly different. From King he drew forth tales of the buried cities he had first explored, and then robbed of their ugliest idols. He urged MacWilliams to tell carefully edited stories of life along the Chagres before the Scandal came, and of the fastnesses of the Andes; and even Stuart grew braver and remembered "something of the same sort" he had seen at Fort Nilt, in Upper Burma.

"Of course," was Clay's comment at the conclusion of one of these narratives, "being an Englishman, Stuart left out the point of the story, which was that he blew in the gates of the fort with a charge of dynamite. He got a D. S. O. for doing it."

"Being an Englishman," said Hope, smiling encouragingly on the conscious Stuart, "he naturally would leave that out."

Mr. Langham and his daughters formed an eager audience. They had never before met at one table three men who had known such experiences, and who spoke of them as though they must be as familiar in the lives of the others as in their own—men who spoiled in the telling stories that would have furnished incidents for melodramas, and who impressed their hearers more with what they left unsaid, and what was only suggested, than what in their view was the most important point.

The dinner came to an end at last, and Mr. Langham proposed that they should go down and walk with the people in the plaza; but his two daughters preferred to remain as spectators on the balcony, and Clay and Stuart stayed with them.

"At last!" sighed Clay, under his breath, seating himself at Miss Langham's side as she sat leaning forward with her arms upon the railing and looking down into the plaza below. She made no sign at first that she had heard him, but as the voices of Stuart and Hope rose from the other end of the balcony she turned her head and asked, "Why, at last?"

"Oh, you couldn't understand," laughed Clay. "You have not been looking forward to just one thing and then had it come true. It is the only thing that ever did come true to me, and I thought it never would."

"You don't try to make me understand," said the girl, smiling, but without turning her eyes from the moving spectacle below her. Clay considered her challenge silently. He did not know just how much it might mean from her, and the smile robbed it of all serious intent; so he, too, turned and looked down into the great square below them, content, now that she was alone with him, to take his time.

At one end of the plaza the President's band was playing native waltzes that came throbbing through the trees and beating softly above the rustling skirts and clinking spurs of the señoritas and officers, sweeping by in two opposite circles around the edges of the tessellated pavements. Above the palms around the square arose the dim, white façade of the cathedral, with the bronze statue of Anduella, the liberator of Olancho, who answered with his upraised arm and cocked hat the cheers of an imaginary populace. Clay's had been an unobtrusive part in the evening's entertainment, but he saw that the others had been pleased and felt a certain satisfaction in thinking that King himself could not have planned and carried out a dinner more admirable in every way. He was gratified that they should know him to be not altogether a barbarian. But what he best liked to remember was that whenever he had spoken she had listened, even when her eyes were turned away and she was pretending to listen to someone else. He tormented himself by wondering whether this was because he interested her only as a new and strange character, or whether she felt in some way how eagerly he was seeking her approbation. For the first time in his life he found himself considering what he was about to say, and he suited for her possible liking. It was at least some satisfaction that she had, if only for the time being, singled him out as of especial interest, and he assured himself that the fault would be his if her interest failed. He no longer looked on himself as an outsider.

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Stuart's voice arose from the farther end of the balcony, where the white figure of Hope showed dimly in the darkness.

"They are talking about you over there," said Miss Langham, turning toward him.

"Well, I don't mind," answered Clay, "as long as they talk about me—over there."

Miss Langham shook her head. "You are very frank and audacious," she replied, doubtfully, "but it is rather pleasant as a change."

"I don't call that audacious, to say I don't want to be interrupted when I am talking to you. Aren't the men you meet generally audacious?" he asked. "I can see why not—though," he continued, "you awe them."

"I can't think that's a nice way to affect people," protested Miss Langham, after a pause. "I don't awe you, do I?"

"Oh, you affect me in many different ways," returned Clay, cheerfully. "Sometimes I am very much afraid of you, and then again my feelings are only those of unlimited admiration."

"There, again, what did I tell you?" said Miss Langham.

"Well, I can't help doing that," said Clay. "That is one of the few privileges that is left to a man in my position—it doesn't matter what I say. That is the advantage of being of no account and hopelessly detrimental. The eligible men of the world, you see, have to be so very careful. A Prime Minister, for instance, can't talk as he wishes, and call names if he wants to, or write letters, even. Whatever he says is so important, because he says it, that he must be very discreet. I am so unimportant that no one minds what I say, and so I say it. It's the only comfort I have."

"Are you in the habit of going around the world saying whatever you choose to every woman you happen to — to —" Miss Langham hesitated.

"To admire very much," suggested Clay.

"To meet," corrected Miss Langham. "Because, if you are, it is a very dangerous and selfish practice, and I think your theory of non-responsibility is a very wicked one."

"Well, I wouldn't say it to a child," mused Clay, "but to one who must have heard it before——"

"And who, you think, would like to hear it again, perhaps," interrupted Miss Langham.

"No, not at all," said Clay. "I don't say it to give her pleasure, but because it gives me pleasure to say what I think."

"If we are to continue good friends, Mr. Clay," said Miss Langham, in decisive tones, "we must keep our relationship on more of a social and less of a personal basis. It was all very well that first night I met you," she went on, in a kindly tone. "You rushed in then and by a sort of *tour de force* made me think a great deal about myself and also about you. Your stories of cherished photographs and distant devotion and all that were very interesting; but now we are to be together a great deal, and if we are to talk about ourselves all the time, I for one shall grow very tired of it.

"As a matter of fact you don't know what your feelings are concerning me, and until you do we will talk less about them and more about the things you are certain of. When are you going to take us to the mines, for instance, and who was Anduella, the Liberator of Olancho, on that pedestal over there? Now, isn't that much more instructive?"

Clay smiled grimly and made no answer, but sat with knitted brows looking out across the trees of the plaza. His face was so serious and he was apparently giving such earnest consideration to what she had said that Miss Langham felt an uneasy sense of remorse. And, moreover, the young man's profile, as he sat looking away from her, was very fine, and the head on his broad shoulders was as well-modelled as the head of an Athenian statue. Miss Langham was not insensible to beauty of any sort, and she regarded the profile with perplexity and with a softening spirit.

"You understand," she said, gently, being quite certain that she did not understand this new order of young man herself. "You are not offended with me?" she asked.

Clay turned and frowned, and then smiled in a puzzled way and stretched out his hand toward the equestrian statue in the plaza. "Andulla or Anduella, the Treaty-Maker, as they call him, was

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born in 1700," he said; "he was a most picturesque sort of a chap, and freed this country from the yoke of Spain. One of the stories they tell of him gives you a good idea of his character." And so, without any change of expression or reference to what had just passed between them, Clay continued through the remainder of their stay on the balcony to discourse in humorous, graphic phrases on the history of Olancho, its heroes and its revolutions, the buccaneers and pirates of the old days, and the concession-hunters and filibusters of the present. It was some time before Miss Langham was able to give him her full attention, for she was considering whether he could be so foolish as to have taken offence at what she said, and whether he would speak of it again, and in wondering whether a personal basis for conversation was not, after all, more entertaining than anecdotes of the victories and heroism of dead and buried Spaniards.

"That Captain Stuart," said Hope to her sister, as they drove home together through the moonlight, "I like him very much. He seems to have such a simple idea of what is right and good. It is like a child talking. Why, I am really much older than he is in everything but years—why is that?"

"I suppose it's because we always talk before you as though you were a grown-up person," said her sister. "But I agree with you about Captain Stuart; only, why is he down here? If he is a gentleman, why is he not in his own army? Was he forced to leave it?"

"Oh, he seems to have a very good position here," said Mr. Langham. "In England, at his age, he would be only a second-lieutenant. Don't you remember what the President said, that he would trust him with the command of his army? That's certainly a responsible position, and it shows great confidence in him."

"Not so great, it seems to me," said King, carelessly, "as he is showing him in making him the guardian of his hearth and home. Did you hear what he said to-day? 'He guards my home and my family.' I don't think a man's home and family are among the things he can afford to leave to the protection of stray English subalterns. From all I hear, it would be better if President Alvarez did less plotting and protected his own house himself."

"The young man did not strike me as the sort of person," said Mr. Langham, warmly, "who would be likely to break his word to the man who is feeding him and sheltering him, and whose uniform he wears. I don't think the President's home is in any danger from within. Madame Alvarez——"

Clay turned suddenly in his place on the box-seat of the carriage, where he had been sitting, a silent, misty statue in the moonlight, and peered down on those in the carriage below him.

"Madame Alvarez needs no protection, as you were about to say, Mr. Langham," he interrupted, quickly. "Those who know her could say nothing against her, and those who do not know her would not so far forget themselves as to dare to do it. Have you noticed the effect of the moonlight on the walls of the convent?" he continued, gently. "It makes them quite white."

"No," exclaimed Mr. Langham and King, hurriedly, as they both turned and gazed with absorbing interest at the convent on the hills above them.

Before the sisters went to sleep that night Hope came to the door of her sister's room and watched Alice admiringly as she sat before the mirror brushing out her hair.

"I think it's going to be fine down here; don't you, Alice?" she asked. "Everything is so different from what it is at home, and so beautiful, and I like the men we've met. Isn't that Mr. MacWilliams funny—and he is so tough. And Captain Stuart—it is a pity he's shy. The only thing he seems to be able to talk about is Mr. Clay. He worships Mr. Clay!"

"Yes," assented her sister, "I noticed on the balcony that you seemed to have found some way to make him speak."

"Well, that was it. He likes to talk about Mr. Clay, and I wanted to listen. Oh! he is a fine man. He has done more exciting things——"

"Who? Captain Stuart?"

"No—Mr. Clay. He's been in three real wars and about a dozen little ones, and he's built thousands of miles of railroads, I don't know how many thousands,

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but Captain Stuart knows; and he built the highest bridge in Peru. It swings in the air across a chasm, and it rocks when the wind blows. And the German Emperor made him a Baron."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I couldn't understand. It was something about plans for fortifications. He, Mr. Clay, put up a fort in the harbor of Rio Janeiro during a revolution, and the officers on a German man-of-war saw it and copied the plans, and the Germans built one just like it, only larger, on the Baltic, and when the Emperor found out whose design it was, he sent Mr. Clay the order-of-something-or-other, and made him a Baron."

"Really," exclaimed the elder sister, "isn't he afraid that some one will marry him for his title?"

"Oh, well, you can laugh, but I think it's pretty fine, and so does Ted," added Hope, with the air of one who propounds a final argument.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed Alice. "If Ted approves we must all go down and worship."

"And father, too," continued Hope. "He said he thought Mr. Clay was one of the most remarkable men for his years that he had ever met."

Miss Langham's eyes were hidden by the masses of her black hair that she had shaken over her face, and she said nothing.

"And I liked the way he shut Reggie King up too," continued Hope, stoutly, "when he and father were talking that way about Madame Alvarez."

"Yes, upon my word," exclaimed her sister, impatiently tossing her hair back over her shoulders. "I really cannot see that Madame Alvarez is in need of any champion. I thought Mr. Clay made it very much worse by rushing in, the way he did. Why should he take it upon himself to correct a man as old as my father?"

"I suppose because Madame Alvarez is a friend of his," Hope answered.

"My dear child, a beautiful woman can always find some man to take her part," said Miss Langham. "But I've no doubt," she added, rising and kissing her sister good-night, "that he is all that your Captain Stuart thinks him; but he is not going to keep us awake any longer, is he, even if he does show such gallant interest in old ladies?"

"Old ladies!" exclaimed Hope in amazement. "Why, Alice!"

But her sister only laughed and waved her out of the room, and Hope walked away frowning in much perplexity.

(To be continued.)

FORGET

By Richard Hodgson

CROWNING a grave with but one word—FORGET,
Gray in the shade the granite bowlder lies.
Child's, man's, or woman's? Whose the saddest eyes
That gazed this thought upon the granite set?
Speaks the dead here? Or did the living fret
In wastes of gloomy memory's wailing cries,
Cursing this little life that lives and dies
Because its fulness was not golden yet?
Forget the living or forget the dead?
Forget the turmoil or the tenderness?
Forget the bitterest sorrow never said?
Forget the last ineffable caress?
Dear Soul! what matter now those faded embers!
How dost thou smile to know that God remembers.

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A WOMAN

By William Henry Shelton

THE sun had disappeared behind the western wall of a valley where the shadows were never long. The light wagon, drawn by toiling horses, had already covered thirty miles since morning, over roads where distance is better expressed by hours than in miles, for the way had been rough and, for more reasons than one, the pace had been of necessity slow. The few level stretches of road along the streams were heavy with sand; the descents were short and sharp, and, save for the change of strain upon the jaded team, were wholly wasteful of its strength, for every foot of altitude lost had to be doubly regained on the face of the opposite acclivities which led to the greater mountain.

Besides the jolting of the wagon the increasing altitude was already telling on the invalid, to the extent that dangerous hemorrhages had occurred three times in as many miles, and the face of the woman who drove was as white with anxiety as was the man's face with suffering. Notwithstanding the approach of night the enforced halts were frequent, during which the woman tenderly nursed the man and encouraged him with brave words, for their prospective stopping-place at the foot of the mountain was near at hand.

A close observer might have detected a slight tremor in the well-gloved hands that handled the reins so professionally, but he would have found no lack of courage in the handsome face; and in the peculiar drawing of the thin upper lip across the white teeth at certain times when the woman spoke he must have noted a striking indication of determination. It was evident that the travellers were not of the country, and obvious that some consideration for the man's health had brought them there. The appearance of the woman suggested that she would be more at home decked with flowers on the box of a four-in-hand, or driving beside a groom. As a matter of fact she wore a bunch of orange rhododendrons in her belt and branches of the pink and white varieties, with big waxy flowers of the cucumber-tree, all of which had been fresh in the morning, now lay withered and trampled under their feet. In the morning the travellers had been full of hope and had rejoiced like children in the dewy freshness of the day and in the exuberance of the foliage which walled in the roads like giant hedge-rows of tenderest green flecked with blotches of fragrant coloring. Then had succeeded the heat of the day, with weariness of the prodigality of nature, and as night came on the trampled flowers on the foot-board were typical of the distress of the travellers.

No wonder the woman's face lighted up as they drew near to the house, broadly crouching in the cool shadows at the foot of the mountain. She drove through the open gateway with a burst of gratitude in her heart which was a prayer. The sound of the wheels brought a man out from the passage on to the covered porch. He was dark of face and small of stature, as he stood relieved against the vague festoons of harness under a row of horned saddles.

"Can you put us up for the night?" asked the woman.

The man was silent for a moment. Perhaps he had never heard a sweeter voice, or one more persuasive.

"No, I can't," he snapped gruffly, and as he spoke he half-turned his body, revealing the hideous deformity of a hunchback.

"How far is it to the next house?"

"Four miles," growled the dwarf, "on the top of the mountain. You can make it in two hours."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the woman, stepping out of the wagon. "My brother is dangerously ill. He must be put to bed at once." As she spoke, in her earnestness she advanced toward the house where the dwarf stood motionless in the bosky porch, and seemed to swell up like a toad under the horned saddles. Her thin upper lip was drawn firmly

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across her white teeth. "Sir, you must find shelter for my brother!"

"He can stop, but you can't."

"And why cannot I stop?" said she, surprised, but in nowise daunted.

"Because you are a woman."

"Where I came from," she replied, calmly, "it is no disgrace to be a woman."

"Mebby not," growled the dwarf, "but if ye want to know my reasons, I'm a-workin' fifty convicts yer, an' I hain't got but four guards. Think I can give you one o' them?"

"I don't ask for any guard," said the woman; "only for shelter for the night and care for our horses. We will pay you any sum you require."

The small person hesitated a moment, and then, with an impatient shrug of his misshapen shoulders, he walked to the end of the porch and indicated a one-story house at a little distance from his own. He even followed the wagon with some show of alacrity, and helped to unhitch the horses, after which he led them away to the stable.

There was a clean bed in the small house of one room, and to this the woman helped the invalid. The sweet air of the mountains coming in at the open door and sliding window, and the restoratives and nourishment at hand, served to invigorate the sufferer and make both the travellers hopeful of the conclusion of their journey on the following day to a higher valley, where the fogs never came.

"You are much better now, James," said his sister, laying her hand on his moist forehead.

"Much better," he said; "but I wish the Colonel was here to look after you." He had heard the reason of the dwarf's reluctance to harbor them, but this was the first reference he had made to their peculiar situation, and he chose to say no more. He was not disposed to sleep, and his eyes followed his handsome sister as she moved softly about the room. He admired her as all men and most women did. He had unbounded faith in her tact and courage, but he was disturbed by the consciousness of his own uselessness to defend her in case of need. He wished in his heart that she was safe in her pretty home at the post, and that they had never undertaken the journey at all, or that they had brought a file of soldiers for escort.

It was such a peaceful upper world, with but two days of driving to where the Colonel had preceded them, that he knew his masterful sister would have scouted a guard, as she had already declined one that night.

The moonlight streamed in at the open window and through the door-way, outside of which that self-reliant young woman sat enjoying the cool, fresh air. In front was the greater house, bisected by an open passage, which was the throat that swallowed up the dwarf at night and discharged its unpalatable morsel in the morning. To the right were many low sheds where glittering white kaolin was drying on slatted platforms, and beyond a few dull lights shone through the grimy windows of a dark, low-browed building, which stretched along the field against the purple mass of the mountain.

The stillness of the night was only broken by the most innocent sounds—the occasional tinkle, tinkle of a copper bell, which suggested the breath of cows, and the constant murmur of a waterfall hidden somewhere behind the trees.

The woman seemed to be lost in contemplation of the luminous spaces and broad shadows on the field which stretched back from the forbidden buildings; but, really, she scarcely saw these things, so intently was she listening for the first intimation in the heavier breathing of the invalid that he was yielding to sleep. Instead, she only heard a restless shifting of his body on the bed.

"Mary," he said at last, "I wish you would come in and close the door," and then with an effort to disguise his real anxiety he coughed and complained of the dampness of the outside air. She was quick to obey his request, having no thought for herself and not suspecting his motive.

"Is there any fastening for the door?" he asked, as she closed it from within.

"Only a wooden latch, James; but if you will feel easier, I can take in the string which serves to raise it."

She drew up a chair and sat down by the bedside. For awhile she talked

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cheerfully to him of the journey in the morning, and then she sang, in a low voice, some of the songs he loved to hear, until in his weakness he yielded to her stronger will, and fell into a gentle slumber. Even then she sang on, lest the breaking of the rhythm should recall him to wakefulness, and as she sang she loosened her clothing preparatory to lying down herself.

With the first touch of her bare feet to the earthen floor the last notes of the motherly lullaby ceased. She smoothed the pillow and laid her cool hand on the invalid's forehead. She was satisfied. Her brother slept easily. His face was turned toward the window, but the broad bar of moonlight lay across the foot of the bed and upon the wall at the middle of the room. In an hour at most it would disappear altogether, when the moon sank behind the mountain. As she made her last preparations to lie down she stood at the foot of the bed, a tall, white figure projecting a slender shadow on the opposite wall. She took up her watch, which lay on a table to the left with her hat and gloves. The light was strong enough to enable her to read the figures on the dial. It was just five minutes to ten. She had been standing with her back to the window, and as she extended her right hand to lay down the watch, the action naturally brought her around facing that opening.

Most women would have screamed.

Some would have fainted.

This woman calmly laid down the watch, her eyes fixed on the shaggy head which arose above the window-sill, black against the moonlight. The position indicated that the body was crouching close to the ground. The man could spring through the window at will. One coarse hand was already extended along the frame.

Of the face the woman could see nothing, but she observed that the head at the jaws was heavy, like that of an animal, and fringed with close-cropped hair and bristling beard. The great ears stood out from the head in bold relief, and the powerful arm which lay along the window-sill was encircled by broad, dingy stripes.

All this the woman saw as she drew her releasing fingers across the crystal of the watch.

All her life she had been used to control men. If she feared this dangerous visitor, it was not observable in the tremor of a muscle or of an eyelid as she stood well poised in the soft light.

She thought only of her brother, and of the crimson life-blood which had welled so easily from his lips. If he should be awakened by any disturbance, she believed the excitement would bring on another hemorrhage, which might cost his life. She heard his regular breathing on one side, and on the other the ticking of the watch on the hard board under her cold fingers. The one sound nerved her for his defence, and the other hastened her decision as to the line of action she had best pursue.

She had a peculiar faith in her power to conquer this human animal whose face she had not yet seen.

In the brief time during which these two opposing natures had confronted each other, the man outside had the advantage. He had been able to scrutinize every lineament of the woman's face. For an instant he had seen the thin upper lip drawn tightly across the gleaming teeth. In that instant she had formed a resolution. To the man's brutal instinct this was a menace. It was no longer necessary to affect any concealment of his person, and as the woman's face relaxed to a softer expression he rose boldly from his cramped position and stood at his full height before her, trembling with base passion and striped around his huge body like a hyena.

Only a quick surprise prevented him leaping through the window. If she had flinched or cried out his hands would have been on her throat in an instant.

As the man rose up, the woman walked calmly forward until her face was close to his. She was of a good height, and the slight advantage of the floor on which she stood enabled her to confront him with a level gaze, and read the full import of his evil face. She felt his hot breath on her cheek.

"Is there anything I can do for *you?*" she said.

The sweetness of the voice, coupled with the courage of the woman, was like

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a knock-down blow to the man. The confidence she had so suddenly reposed in him staggered him.

As she paused for a reply she looked steadily into the burning eyes and grimy face of the convict.

The man was too surprised to speak. His face was like a face of stone, as dumb and expressionless as the face of a graven image.

"Then," said the woman, following up her advantage by laying her white hand trustingly upon the greasy-striped shoulder, "if there is nothing *I* can do for *you*, there is something *you* can do for *me*."

She turned quickly back for a bucket and passed it to the man through the window.

"You can get me some water."

The man took the bucket without uttering a word and walked away across the sparkling grass, until he presently disappeared among the shadows of the trees.

The woman stood patiently at the open window awaiting his return, as confidently as if her will had only subdued a dog or a vicious horse. When he came she thanked him, stepping slightly to one side and holding back the skirt of her robe. He understood the motion, and projecting his broad shoulders through the window, he set the measure of water carefully on the floor. Then he straightened himself and took a step backward. Before he spoke he drew his sleeve awkwardly across his mouth.

"By G—, you're a good one, you are."

After this remark, than which no lady ever received a more sincere compliment, the convict swept his eyes over the space in front of the house, and then going to the door he stretched his huge frame along the hard ground outside.

The woman stood a moment at the open window, and then, wrapping herself in a travelling rug, she lay down on the bed beside her brother and fell asleep.

They halted in the sweet morning air on a shoulder of the mountain to breathe the horses. Below them lay the house of the dwarf, the white kaolin sheds, the low-browed barracks, and the cabin of the open door and sliding window.

The light of the rising sun shone red on the distant buildings, and, coming through the branches of the trees, touched the chestnut hair of the woman who had alighted to gather a nosegay of the flowers of the locust.

"There was not much to fear, after all, from the fifty convicts," said the invalid.

"Not much," replied the woman.

THE QUEST

By H. C. Bunner

Upon my lips there fell, when first the Night
Pales in the highest heaven, seeing Day
Far down the fathomless Eastern depths away—
Pales with a fearful joy, a dread delight—
Upon my lips, with wakeful watching white
There fell a kiss. One instant's space it lay
Soft as a rose-leaf that the West-winds fray,
And then my eyes awoke to dazzled sight.

The warmth, the tender impact and the thrill
Burnt on my lips, and the calm pulse of Sleep
Awoke and quivered quick in soft surprise.
From that day forward knew I Love!
And still
By day I search, and nightly vigil keep
For Her revealed to me in such strange wise.

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Outside Morley's

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LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

I.—LONDON STREETS

FIRST six days on the ocean, then a faint blue coast that gradually turns to a rich green. A little later Southampton, dry land, and England. After that a short journey through country divided by hedges into a green and gold checker-board; thatched roofs disappear, and chimney-pots take their place and flourish until you come to the Thames and black barges in mid-stream waiting for the muddy tide to turn, between banks of masts and smokestacks; then the Gothic buildings of Parliament, and "Big Ben," and Charing Cross Station; and in another moment you are in London, riding through the never-ending restlessness of its streets in a cab that you can afford, with your hat-box safe by your side and your trunk up by the driver, and London with its history on all sides of you, its wooden streets and polished side-walks and bright shop windows, and at every corner small sweeps and big policemen, providing clean and safe crossing, while push-carts dodge in and out between steaming bus-horses and hansom cabs. This is always my first impression of London.

As all Americans arrive in London with sea-legs after a week of ship's cooking, it is doubly necessary to have been there before in order to know where to go at once for an on-shore dinner and good rooms. But before you arrive at either of these you once more become a part of the city and again feel perfectly at home, as you look from your cab window at theatrical lithographs to find out what is going on for that night; and no transformation scene on the stage is more complete than your own, from standing in the companion-way waiting for the ship's run to be posted, to a few hours later sitting in a London theatre watching the stage rock from side to side.

I believe an American enjoys London more during his second visit. He is sure to be older for one thing, and with very little left of the prejudice he once had. He is not so apt to

The Ratman.

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Between Tunes—Leicester Square.

wear a sensitive patriotic chip on his shoulder, and for this reason he will give London a better opportunity to know him. If it is your second visit you have the pleasure of recognizing familiar types and places. Your hotel porter may remember you, and there may be one or two of the old waiters still left in the dining-room. Nelson's Column and the National Gallery are former friends; also the recruiting sergeants, among them Sergeant Charley, the best known of all. He has stood at the corner of the National Gallery for many years, and has probably talked more country boys into Her Majesty's service, consoled more weeping mothers, and cheered more disappointed maidens than any other man in the British army. There is no better place in which Sergeant Charley can operate than Trafalgar Square—or from which the stranger can begin London.

The bewildering scene always reminds me of the art student I once saw painting it from the steps of the gallery; and I thought then that if the actors on the great stage in front of her could have seen the hopeless condition of her canvas and her pale, worried face they might have stood still for a while. But the panorama has never stopped, and the only quiet figures in Trafalgar Square are its bronze statues. There you will see country boys looking, with admiring envy, at the smart uniforms of the soldiers, and with terror at the dingy army of sandwich-men shuffling through the gutter carrying advertisements of hot and cold luncheons, Turkish baths, manicure parlors, and places of amusement, serving, at the same time, as awful examples of what will happen to all those who do not take the sergeant's advice and become soldiers. Even some of the street beggars

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In Bond Street.

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are familiar. "The old rat-man" and his pets find Brighton too dull in the winter and come up to London for the season, to mix once more in its streets, where all kinds of horses are driven by as great a variety of men, from the pedler to the powdered-wigged coachman. Cable-cars and trolleys would be sadly out of place in London, and horseless carriages would be a calamity. There should be no need to go faster than a horse can trot, and the best way of all is to walk, for then you can enjoy shop-windows and look into the faces of the passers-by and speculate on who they are. You can go at your own speed and cross the street as often as you wish; or stand on a bridge while scows drift slowly under you, and the Embankment with all its lights, and St. Paul's in the distance sinking into the smoke and darkness, like the dissolving views of a lecturer on travel. It is quite proper that the underground railway should be used mostly for advertising purposes; but the most gaudy posters fail to

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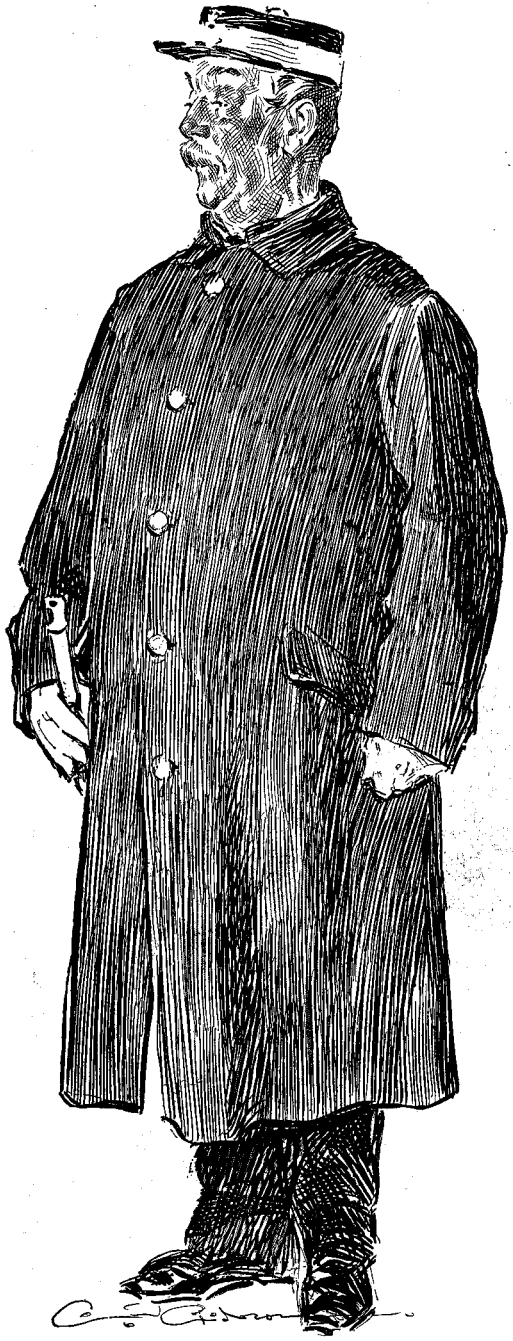

Sergeant Charley.

brighten up those dingy tunnels, and no amount of speed can compensate for the time you are away from the world over your head. London is not a place to go under.

In addition to all this, it is a part of your second visit that you may look back a few years and see *yourself* in London for the first time, with a guide-book in both hands, going from Westminster Abbey to St. Paul's, and from there to the Tower, finishing every day with a high fever brought on by pure enjoyment. As you review it once again, you may possibly feel that you have lost something since then; but I do not believe it can be as bad as that. You are capable of just as much enthusiasm as ever; you have been to London before, and you are not giving up the Abbey, the Tower, and St. Paul's because you love them less, but for a much better reason—you prefer the people you met toward the end of your former visit. At least this has been my experience.

There is no reason to be lonely. No one ever knows London, and before you have been there long you are showing Londoners about their own city with the pride of a part owner in its glorious history; for, to an American, the old part of the city is his—as much so as the portraits of his ancestors. The pictures may not be on his walls, but he stands as good a chance of being like their originals as the man who owns the house in which they hang.

C. D. G.

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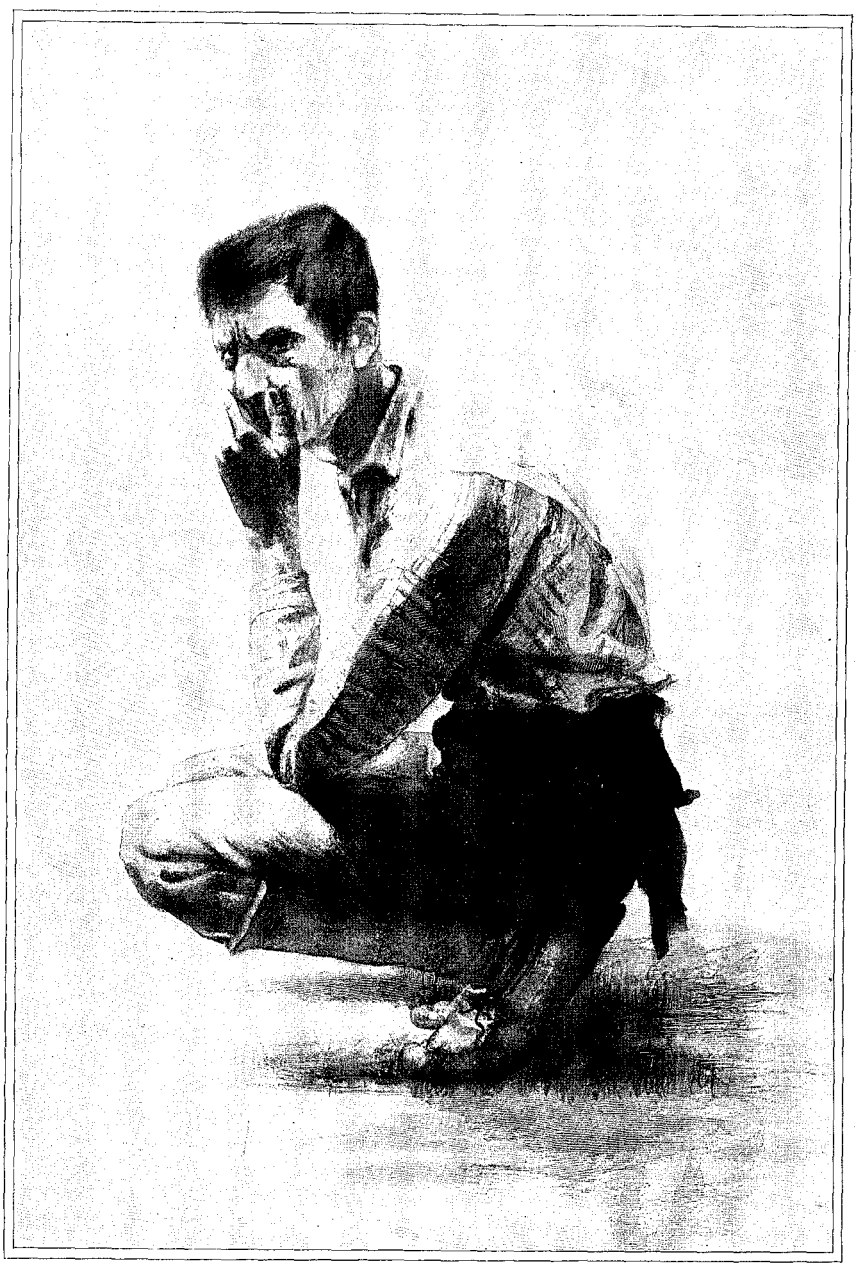

Pial Azôn appeared in the firelight.—Page 190.

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PIAL AZÔN

By C. Grant La Farge

IT was September in the Laurentides. My camp was pitched in a little clearing among tall hardwood timber, yellow and white birches, and sugar-maples, with here and there a few spruce and balsams, and the level mossy ground thickly grown with blueberry bushes, heavy laden with their sweet fruit. To the north and east lay the shining lake, deep among hills resplendent with autumnal forest. From the west ran the inlet, flowing deep and silent between green, moss-grown banks, its dark sheen patterned with the flat leaves of aquatic plants. Above, a little, pond-like opening, much grown with reeds, in which the black duck hide; then for a mile or more a winding stream through alder-ground, and beyond that a rippling, shallow brook, foaming over tumbled rocks and overhung by forest trees.

This brook came from a chain of small lakes, high up in the hills to the westward. Here was a divide between two watersheds, and the great fire which swept over it all, thirty years ago, burned some hundred square miles of it so thoroughly that now it was like a land upon which the forest had never stood. The eastern limit of the *brûlé* followed, roughly speaking, the brow of the range; so that on this hither slope of the hills was all deep woods—beyond, long bare ridges of granite, split in places into shingle by the heat, their slopes thinly grown with slender saplings, just gaining a foothold in the thin, dry soil. Between these ridges lay bogs—soft, quaking, spongy moss, green and crimson in patches—filled with waxen cranberries and dotted with deep red pitcher-plant. Fringing the bogs and climbing the low slopes was the purple bloom of the blueberries, thick as the bay on our New England shores, and indeed the spot was not unlike some places by the sea. But the view was, for miles, across long lines of hill, to far-away stretches of dark forest; here and there the gleam of a lake, and farthest of all, the faint blue tops of distant mountains—altogether a place where one felt as though high upon the summit of the world and overlooking all, though without that curious sense of an almost unfair advantage that is given by the ascent of a single peak.

Pial and I had gone up there this morning to look for caribou, but as he thought our best chance would be in approaching the high land from a more southerly point, we had turned off from the inlet and travelled through the woods and a chain of lakes.

Passing half-way through the third of these we started westward up a notch in the hills. It was a stiff climb, for there was no trail, and the woods were dense and encumbered by fallen trees. There was much thickset fir, the most exasperating growth to force through, and at the end, nearing the *brûlé*, a regular *chevaux-de-frise*. It was a grateful relief when at last I stepped into the open and felt the strong west wind blowing square upon my face out of the brilliant sunlit space. And all thoughts of past toil vanished as the Indian pointed his long, bony hand toward the bog, and on the instant I saw the gray figure of a caribou, out of range, but walking toward us. Being stalked by your game is a pretty easy way to hunt, but that was what we were in for. We crouched down among the bushes and watched the beast as he approached. A bull, with a fair head, I could see. He advanced with a somewhat lumbering gait in the soft bog, holding his head low and moving it from side to side. His branching antlers reflected the sunlight and his white muzzle showed clearly against the dark smoky gray of his heavy round body. He came along slowly, heading straight for me until within easy range, about eighty yards, when he turned slightly, and I sighted on his shoulder with my .40–82 Winchester and fired. He dropped in a heap, the raking shot killing him instantly. Then we went down and dragged him onto firm

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ground, skinned him and cut him up. Pial made a pack of the hams and saddle, wrapped in the hide, and bound up with the leather "tomp-line" by which to sling the pack from his head. All this took some time; we had not started very early in the morning, and the journey had taken longer than I had expected, so that now we had to content ourselves with a short trip to windward, across the nearest ridge, from which we looked over another bog. We saw no more game, and the time had come to start for home, if we were to be sure of reaching the waters of the inlet before dark—important because the last portage was long and had a good many fallen trees across it. Pial was heavily laden as we started down hill; my own load, though lighter, was a most awkward one. Not having any tomp-line I carried the head upon my back, with the antlers sticking forward over my shoulders. With one hand I grasped an antler, and in the other carried my rifle, and thus encumbered went crashing down through the brush, catching in everything possible—and everything *was* possible—and entirely losing my temper whenever I would be suddenly brought up by some branch getting caught between one of the antlers and my neck.

I was hot, and mad as a hornet, when at last we reached the canoe; but the steady rhythm of the bow-paddle soon put me in good-humor again, and the next two portages were easy ones and short, with good paddling between.

The wind was falling, and it was almost still as we passed through the last lake of the chain. Then the longest portage was made without incident, and we came out upon the inlet just before sunset. Its glimmering surface was unbroken, save by the leaping of the trout in its dark pools, and we sped swiftly down the silent current to the open waters of the lake, where all was glowing in the wondrous light of closing day.

It was that exquisite moment of precipitation when the full quality of atmospheric clearness was revealed; when trunks of trees became shafts of luminous color, and all the little objects which reflected the light, yellow leaves against deep evergreen or scarlet berries shining in the level rays, gleamed with the liquid brilliancy of jewels. Then the tall, mottled cliffs that faced the setting sun were transfigured in its golden radiance, and the hollows of the hills, falling away on either hand, swam in a marvellous depth of hue that was neither violet nor green.

But now the last faint traces of day had vanished from the western heavens, and the cold, clear sky was ablaze with shining stars. My tent was lit up by the ruddy glow of a big camp-fire, and in its grateful warmth the balsam-boughs, piled deep within, exhaled their aromatic fragrance. A haven of delight it seemed as I came to it through the frosty air of nightfall, from my supper in the queer little cabin of the old trapper whose territory this has been for fifty years.

With fullest sense of physical well-being—wholesome fatigue and satisfied hunger—I threw myself at full length upon the springy, sweet-smelling branches and prepared for the enjoyment of tobacco and the review of our day's work until the Indian should come to plan with me to-morrow's journey, and perhaps, too, to talk over the gossip of the woods, ever the same and always new. The smoke and sparks of the fire rose straight in the still air, and its light brought out with strange distinctness the leaves and twigs of little near-by bushes, against the dark mystery of the invisible forest beyond.

I heard the door of the cabin open, back in the silent night, and the voice of the Indian calling to the old man within, and making some comment upon the weather. Then the sound of his legs brushing against the blueberry bushes as he walked, and Pial Azôn appeared in the firelight. He crouched down upon his knees in the door of the tent, in the attitude which long years of canoeing make habitual, and filled his pipe from the pouch I handed him, saying that he thought we should have frost before the morning. A man of fifty years of age, above six feet in height, and powerful, but so bony and loose-jointed as to appear almost slight; low-voiced, and in all his movements so quiet that I often wondered at his sudden, cat-like agility; skilled in all the crafts peculiar to his people—the handling of axe and knife; making of canoes and snow-shoes, and dressing of hides—a good

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canoeman and a hunter by instinct. We think of the Indian of our Eastern borders —faded remnant of his race—as of one from whom the picturesqueness has long since departed, from whom contact with the white man has taken away whatever of interest he once possessed, returning little else but squalor and degradation. And perhaps this is quite true of his basket-weaving families who hang about our lesser summer-resorts, with their silly bead-work and their air of unsuccessful side-shows at the country circus. But sometimes he is still the aboriginal man of the primeval forest, changed in externals, and, I have no doubt, improved in some respects, but in one essential unchanged—in that one which sets him apart from his white brethren and makes him one with the great and mysterious wilderness; a manifestation of Nature, reading her secret she knows not how, he has for me the remoteness of the wild animal with the interest of the human being.

We talked of the morrow and our plans, and of past hunts; of the country beyond us; of canoe voyages on distant streams; of long, wind-swept lakes on the far-away Height of Land, that lie among bare, craggy, granite hills. Then of the farther slope, where, through the deep green forest, untouched by the axe of the lumberman, great unknown rivers roll their swift, strong floods down to the arctic waters of the bay; of hunting the moose in winter snows, and of long journeys, camping on his trail. Then I asked him to tell me of some winter journey; had he not sometimes gone far?

He answered, speaking slowly in his low, soft voice; his face unchanging in expression save as the fitful light cast wavering shadows upon it. His narrow idiom was of one whose course to our English language had been through the still foreign French from his congenial mother-tongue.

"Oh, yes," he began, "that's one time, 'bout ten, twelve year ago. Ah'll start for goin' headwaters main river—that's 'bout two hundred mile—where is live friend mine is workin' for Hudson Bay Company. Ah'll take small boy with me, what is belongin' my friend.

"It's month Feevruary; weather he's vary bad; he's snow most h'all the time; snow's vary deep an' soft in the woods. H'out on the lakes it's wind vary hard, an' snow is vary much drift. That's make it vary bad for walkin'. Wal, Ah'm take small tent an' some provision; flour, an' tea, an' some pork, an' Ah'm put min my ta-ba-gan. Ah'll not see nobody h'all the way because Ah'll go straight for Hudson Bay Post—that's shortest way, so Ah'll not try for go by main river at all. Ah'll travil fast I can, but it's vary slow, because it's so much storm most h'every day, so Ah'll have to make camp early h'afternoon."

"How far did you go in a day?"

"Oh, wal—some day mebbe twenty-five mile—some day not more fiftin. Wind he's blow nort', in face, an' he's make it vary hard for go much fast on big lakes. Sometimes Ah'll see some caribous, but Ah'll not try for shootum nothing—he's too much lost time."

"And the boy—wasn't he pretty troublesome?"

"Oh, no; boy is not much trouble—only heavy. You see, that's good many place is stiff hill, it's make it vary bad for drag my ta-ba-gan. Wal, you know Ah'm not want carry any more I can help, but Ah'll must take 'nough provision an' some small kettle for cookit something for h'eatum, an' that's make big load."

"Oh," said I, "you had to carry the boy, then. How old was he?"

"'Bout fiftin, sixtin year n-old."

"But couldn't he walk? How could you carry him on a toboggan?"

"Wal, Ah'll put min box. Oh, yes, he's dead; he's die on lumber-camp where is he stay, an' Ah'll take him home, me, to he's father, what is 'livin' on Tête de Boule country."

The scene changed. The tranquil beauty of the day just ended; Indian-summer haze veiling the purple distance; the near hills radiant with their mantle of gold and crimson and every shade of green; the soft murmur of crystal streams in the depths of moss-carpeted forests; the splendid glory of the evening sky; the silence of the wilderness, scarce disturbed by the gliding of our canoe, noiseless as a fish, across the polished surface of dark waters—all these disappeared and I saw the great expanse of snow-bound lakes; grim cliffs of granite, and long,

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sombre lines of sable evergreens; dull, leaden skies and the whirling, driving snow, drifting before the furious breath of icy northern gales. And through it all the bowed figure of the patient Indian, the strap upon his brow, laboring against the blast and dragging behind him the vehicle upon which his ancestors from immemorial time have conveyed their belongings across the snow—our plaything—the toboggan, heavily freighted with its dread load. I saw him in his little camp, deep in the snow, within the dim recesses of the gloomy forest; the great trees cracking with the fierce cold of an arctic night. What, in this utter solitude, was in his mind? No fear of the grewsome thing that kept him company?

"Are you not afraid of the dead?"

"Oh, no, Ah'll not bin much 'fraid, me. I tell you—wan time Ah'm go for make't hunt on headwater Vermillon.

"It's 'bout middle Novimber. Ah'm fix my camp—that's good birch camp on small lake; then Ah'm go for find some traps where Ah'm leave it year biffore. Ah'll not take my canoe because he's too much froze, but Ah'm go vary slow because ice he's not much good; he's not bin 'nough cold. Good many place Ah'll not can cross; Ah'll must walk long ways for find good strong place. He's begin git vary late—h'aftertime he's snow hard—camp, he's vary far off; sure, I not git there to-night.

"Wal, Ah'm lookin' round for find good place for sleepin', an Ah'll see small camp, Ah'll know that's belongin' some huntermans. He's vary lookin' old, an' Ah'll thought he's not much clane; but never mind, it's better I have some camp because I not got no blanket. Wal, Ah'm lookin' inside an' Ah'm can't see nothing, he's all dark. So Ah'm light some piece birch bark an' then Ah'll see inside he's got some man—dead man; Ah'll thought he's dead long time; Ah'll see white bone. Ah'll not know why is he die, Ah'll thought it's because he's not got nothing for h'eatum. Wal, Ah'll move him outside and make some fire for keep me warm, an' Ah'm sleep all night. No—dead mans can't hurt me. Ah'm vary sorry he's dead, but Ah'm not been 'fraid."

I knew just about how long I would have stayed in that neighborhood after making so grim a discovery, but it seemed that there was little in common between us on this score. Pial's manner in the narration of this experience bore every evidence of sincerity, and I concluded that to this son of Nature all her manifestations were measured by their known capacity for physical good or evil. He had volunteered the statement that he was "sorry" the man was dead—did this mean anything, or had two centuries and a half of missionary zeal so little changed the savage of New France as to leave such thoughts as human pity a stranger to his breast? I knew him for a kindly, helpful creature, intelligent and sympathetic beyond any I have met of his broken and degenerate race. But I thought of his history—for he had one. I saw his forefathers, painted and clad in skins, setting forth in the depths of winter across a hundred leagues of trackless forest upon their errand of butchery, for the greater glory of God and the salvation of their precious souls; at their head that keen adventurer and harrier of the colonists, Hartel de Rouville. Then the silence of night rent by the yells of demons, the pitiful shrieks of women and despairing cries of brave men. And then the long train of blood-stained savages leading their captives through the wilderness, from the smoking ruins of the little Massachusetts hamlet, to the distant land of Canada. History tells us how they fared, and how young children forgot their homes and native tongue, married, and became as those among whom they lived. From one of these came Pial Azôn in straight descent.

But my speculations were to receive in some sort an answer. I thought of the end of that solitary trapper; how had it come? Pial thought it was because he had nothing "for h'eatum."

"Pial, have you ever been in danger of starving?"

He rose, and raked about in the fire for a hot coal, with which he lighted his pipe, and then began, very slowly at first, between the puffs: "Oh, yes—one wintertime sure Ah'm thought I die. You see, I been makit hunt 'way up on Lake Mandonac. Ah'm stay there long time, an' all my provision is nearly gone. Ah'm not catch nothing—only some marten and some—

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what you call that?—*sagwasis*—yes, weasil. No bivver 't all. Ah'll not see no caribous—can't get nothing for h'eatum. Wal, Ah'll say it's time to go 'way. Ah'll thought it's 'bout three days for git to place where is man I know got some house. So Ah'll take all what provision I got—that's not much. But Ah'll thought sure Ah'm see something—some rabbit or partridge—mebbe caribou. Wal, Ah'm got small little dog; Ah'm call it Joe. He's not vary lookin' good dog; Ah'm not know what is he call that kind dog. All my friends he's laughin' that dog. Wal, never mind; Ah'm vary much like my little dog: h'everywhere I go he's comin' wit' me, an' when Ah'm talkit him he's lookin' me an' wag his tail. Wal, soon I start he's begin for snow—he's snow vary hard all day—I can't much go far. Next day he's snow some more an' begin get warm. Snow's git vary wet—bad walkin'. Ah'm not see nothing 't all for shootum. B'mbye provision most all gone: I got nothing for give it Joe. H'aftertime he's rain; snowshoes all wet; Ah'll can't much walk. Got nothing, only some tea. That night Ah'll can't sleep; Joe he's crawl close by me an' cry. He's vary much weak. Next day Ah'll not got nothing for h'eatum. Joe he's can't walk. Ah'm carry him far I can. B'mbye Ah'll try for make some spruce tea—that's not much good. Then Ah'll thought it's best I kill Joe. Ah'm put min down on snow for kill him—I can't. Then Ah'll say *must* kill him; he's die anyway—better you kill him. So—then—I—kill—Joe. Then I h'off skin an' make some fire. Ah'll thought now you got something for h'eatum. Wal, b'mbye he's cooked; Ah'm try for h'eatum. I can't. Ah'm wait long time; try 'gain. Ah'll say *must* have something for h'eatum. I can't. Then Ah'll make hole in snow and bury Joe. Then Ah'll go on. Ah'll not go vary much far Ah'll see smoke: it's cabin. Ah'll find two huntermans—that's Injuns, my people. He's say, 'Pial, you vary lookin' sick.'

"'Oh, no,' I say, 'Ah'll been vary well.' Then he's asked me Ah'll want some supper. I say, 'Thank you, I like it vary well. Ah'll not been much hongry.'

"Then Ah'll h'eatum some supper. Next day Ah'll go on; he's asked me Ah'll want take some provision. I say no. Ah'll got plenty meat. Ah'll thought I got to where my friend he's live, biffore night an' Ah'll not want Injun mans know Ah'm not git nothing."

"Wal, sir, you' fire is low. Ah'm put min some log."

He vanished for a moment into the darkness, and presently returned with a great birch log, which he threw upon the fire. Then the black pipe was filled and lighted again, he bade me good-night, and was off to his bunk in the cabin. Had I followed him I should have seen him there upon his knees, the pipe always in his teeth, and his lips moving in prayer. Not an invocation of divine assistance in hideous deeds of blood, but a simple petition to his Father to lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil such as you and I make, who are so much his betters.

It was late, and I stepped out for one last look at the night. The pale Northern Lights were flashing, and under them the lake was a sheet of ghostly silver, between the black shadows of the slumbering hills. The frost was coming indeed, and I thought were I a bear I should be anxious about the dearly loved blueberries up yonder. Then I rolled myself in my blankets and went forth upon the journey through roaring rapids and dark still waters, by paddle and portage, across the misty unknown land of dreams.

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THE MESSENGER

By Robert W. Chambers

Ins stille Land
Wer leitet uns hinüber?

I

"THE bullet entered here," said Max Fortin; and he placed his middle finger over a smooth hole, exactly in the centre of the forehead.

I sat down upon a mound of dried sea-weed and unslung my fowling-piece.

The little chemist cautiously felt the edges of the shot-hole, first with his middle finger, then with his thumb.

"Let me see the skull again," said I.

Max Fortin picked it up from the sod.

"It's like all the others," he observed. I nodded without offering to take it from him. After a moment he thoughtfully replaced it upon the grass at my feet.

"It's like all the others," he repeated, wiping his glasses on his handkerchief. "I thought you might care to see one, so I brought this over from the gravel-pit. The men from Bannalec are digging yet. They ought to stop."

"How many skulls are there altogether?" I inquired.

"They found thirty-eight skulls—there are thirty-nine noted in the list. They lie piled up in the gravel-pit on the edge of Le Bihan's wheat-field. The men are at work yet. Le Bihan is going to stop them."

"Let's go over," said I; and I picked up my gun and started across the cliffs, Fortin on one side, Môme on the other.

"Who has the list?" I asked, lighting my pipe. "You say there is a list?"

"The list was found rolled up in a brass cylinder," said the little chemist. He added: "You should not smoke here. You know that if a single spark drifted into the wheat——"

"Ah, but I have a cover to my pipe," said I, smiling.

Fortin watched me as I closed the pepper-box arrangement over the glowing bowl of the pipe. Then he continued:

"The list was made out on thick yellow paper; the brass tube has preserved it. It is as fresh to-day as it was in 1760. You shall see it."

"Is that the date?"

"The list is dated 'April, 1760.' The Brigadier Durand has it. It is not written in French."

"Not written in French!" I exclaimed.

"No," replied Fortin, solemnly, "it is written in Breton."

"But," I protested, "the Breton language was never written or printed in 1760."

"Except by priests," said the chemist.

"I have heard of but one priest who ever wrote the Breton language," I began.

Fortin stole a glance at my face.

"You mean—the Black Priest?" he asked.

I nodded.

Fortin opened his mouth to speak again, hesitated, and finally shut his teeth obstinately over the wheat-stem that he was chewing.

"And the Black Priest?" I suggested, encouragingly. But I knew it was useless; for it is easier to move the stars from their courses than to make an obstinate Breton talk. We walked on for a minute or two in silence.

"Where is the Brigadier Durand?" I asked, motioning Môme to come out of the wheat, which he was trampling as though it were heather. As I spoke we came in sight of the farther edge of the wheat-field and the dark wet mass of cliffs beyond.

"Durand is down there—you can see him—he stands just behind the Mayor of St. Gildas."

"I see," said I; and we struck straight down, following a sun-baked cattle-path across the heather.

When we reached the edge of the wheat-field Le Bihan, the Mayor of St. Gildas, called to me, and I tucked my

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gun under my arm and skirted the wheat to where he stood.

"Thirty-eight skulls," he said, in his thin, high-pitched voice; "there is but one more, and I am opposed to further search. I suppose Fortin told you?"

I shook hands with him and returned the salute of the Brigadier Durand.

"I am opposed to further search," repeated Le Bihan, nervously picking at the mass of silver buttons which covered the front of his velvet and broadcloth jacket like a breastplate of scale armor.

Durand pursed up his lips, twisted his tremendous mustache, and hooked his thumbs in his sabre-belt.

"As for me," he said, "I am in favor of further search."

"Further search for what? For the thirty-ninth skull?" I asked.

Le Bihan nodded; Durand frowned at the sunlit sea, rocking like a bowl of molten gold from the cliffs to the horizon. I followed his eyes. On the dark glistening cliffs, silhouetted against the glare of the sea, sat a cormorant, black, motionless, its horrible head raised toward heaven.

"Where is that list, Durand?" I asked.

The gendarme rummaged in his despatch-pouch and produced a brass cylinder about a foot long. Very gravely he unscrewed the head and dumped out a scroll of thick yellow paper, closely covered with writing on both sides. At a nod from Le Bihan he handed me the scroll; but I could make nothing of the coarse writing, now faded to a dull brown.

"Come, come, Le Bihan," I said, impatiently, "translate it, won't you? You and Max Fortin make a lot of mystery out of nothing, it seems."

Le Bihan went to the edge of the pit where the three Bannalec men were digging, gave an order or two in Breton, and turned to me.

As I came to the edge of the pit the Bannalec men were removing a square piece of sail-cloth from what appeared to be a pile of cobble-stones.

"Look," said Le Bihan, shrilly. I looked. The pile below was a heap of skulls. After a moment I clambered down the gravel sides of the pit and walked over to the men of Bannalec. They saluted me gravely, leaning on their picks and shovels, and wiping their sweating faces with sun-burned hands.

"How many?" said I, in Breton.

"Thirty-eight," they replied.

I glanced around. Beyond the heap of skulls lay two piles of human bones. Beside these was a mound of broken, rusted bits of iron and steel. Looking closer, I saw that this mound was composed of rusty bayonets, sabre-blades, scythe-blades, with here and there a tarnished buckle attached to a bit of leather, hard as iron.

I picked up a couple of buttons and a belt-plate. The buttons both bore the royal arms of England; the belt-plate was emblazoned with the English arms and also with the number "27."

"I have heard my grandfather speak of the terrible English regiment, the Twenty-seventh Foot, which landed and stormed the fort up there," said one of the Bannalec men.

"Oh," said I, "then these are the bones of English soldiers?"

"Yes," said the men of Bannalec.

Le Bihan was calling to me from the edge of the pit above, and I handed the belt-plate and buttons to the men and climbed the side of the excavation.

"Well," said I, trying to prevent Môme from leaping up and licking my face as I emerged from the pit, "I suppose you know what these bones are. What are you going to do with them?"

"There was a man," said Le Bihan, angrily, "an Englishman, who passed here in a dog-cart on his way to Quinper about an hour ago, and what do you suppose he wished to do?"

"Buy the relics?" I asked, smiling.

"Exactly—the pig!" piped the Mayor of St. Gildas. "Jean Marie Tregunc, who found the bones, was standing there, where Max Fortin stands, and do you know what he answered? He spat upon the ground and said: 'Pig of an Englishman, do you take me for a desecrator of graves?'"

I knew Tregunc, a sober, blue-eyed Breton, who lived from one year's end to the other without being able to afford a single bit of meat for a meal.

"How much did the Englishman offer Tregunc?" I asked.

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"Two hundred francs for the skulls alone."

I thought of the relic-hunters and the relic-buyers on the battle-fields of our civil war.

"Seventeen hundred and sixty is long ago," I said.

"Respect for the dead can never die," said Fortin.

"And the English soldiers came here to kill your fathers and burn your homes," I continued.

"They were murderers and thieves—but they are dead," said Tregunc, coming up from the beach below, his long sea-rake balanced on his dripping jersey.

"How much do you earn every year, Jean Marie?" I asked, turning to shake hands with him.

"Two hundred and twenty francs, Monsieur."

"Forty-five dollars a year," I said. "Bah! you are worth more, Jean; will you take care of my garden for me? My wife wished me to ask you. I think it would be worth one hundred francs a month to me. Come on, Le Bihan—come along, Fortin—and you, Durand. I want somebody to translate that list into French for me."

Tregunc stood gazing at me, with his mouth open and his blue eyes dilated.

"You may begin at once," I said, smiling, "if the salary suits you."

"It suits," said Tregunc, fumbling for his pipe in a silly way that annoyed Le Bihan.

"Then go and begin your work," cried the Mayor, impatiently; and Tregunc started across the moors toward St. Gildas, taking off his velvet-ribboned cap to me and gripping his sea-rake very hard.

"You offer him more than my salary," said the Mayor, after a moment's contemplation of his silver buttons."

"Pooh," said I, "what do you do for your salary except play dominoes with Max Fortin at the Groix Inn?"

Le Bihan turned red, but Durand rattled his sabre and winked at Max Fortin, and I slipped my arm through the arm of the sulky magistrate, laughing.

"There's a shady spot under that cliff," I said; "come on, Le Bihan, and read me what is in the scroll."

In a few moments we reached the shadow of the cliff and I threw myself upon the turf, chin on hand, to listen.

The gendarme, Durand, also sat down, twisting his mustache into needle-like points. Fortin leaned against the cliff, polishing his glasses and examining us with vague, near-sighted eyes, and Le Bihan, the Mayor, planted himself in our midst, rolling up the scroll and tucking it under his arm.

"First of all," he began, in a shrill voice, "I am going to light my pipe, and while lighting it I shall tell you what I have heard about the attack on the fort yonder. My father told me; his father told him."

He jerked his head in the direction of the ruined fort, a small, square stone structure on the sea-cliff, now nothing but crumbling walls. Then he slowly produced a tobacco-pouch, a bit of flint and tinder, and a long-stemmed pipe fitted with a microscopical bowl of baked clay. To fill such a pipe requires ten minutes' close attention. To smoke it to a finish takes but four puffs. It is very Breton, this Breton pipe. It is the crystallization of everything Breton.

"Go on," said I, lighting a cigarette.

"The fort," said the Mayor, "was built by Louis XIV., and was dismantled twice by the English. Louis XV. restored it in 1739. In 1760 it was carried by assault by the English. They came across from the island of Groix—three shiploads—and they stormed the fort and sacked St. Julian yonder, and they started to burn St. Gildas—you can see the marks of their bullets on my house yet—but the men of Bannalec and the men of Lorient fell upon them with pike and scythe and blunderbuss, and those who did not run away lie there below in the gravel-pit now—thirty-eight of them."

"And the thirty-ninth skull?" I asked, finishing my cigarette.

The Mayor had succeeded in filling his pipe, and now he began to put his tobacco-pouch away.

"The thirty-ninth skull," he mumbled, holding the pipe-stem between his defective teeth, "the thirty-ninth skull is no business of mine. I have told the Bannalec men to cease digging."

"But what is—whose is the missing skull?" I persisted, curiously.

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The Mayor was busy trying to strike a spark to his tinder. Presently he set it aglow, applied it to his pipe, took the prescribed four puffs, knocked the ashes out of the bowl, and gravely replaced the pipe in his pocket.

"The missing skull?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, impatiently.

The Mayor slowly unrolled the scroll and began to read, translating from the Breton into French. And this is what he read:

ON THE CLIFFS OF ST. GILDAS,
April 13, 1760.

On this day, by order of the Count of Soisic, General-in-Chief of the Breton forces now lying in Kerselec Forest, the bodies of thirty-eight English soldiers of the 27th, 50th, and 72d Regiments of Foot, were buried in this spot, together with their arms and equipments.

The Mayor paused and glanced at me reflectively.

"Go on, Le Bihan," I said.

"With them," continued the Mayor, turning the scroll and reading on the other side, "was buried the body of that vile traitor who betrayed the fort to the English. The manner of his death was as follows: By order of the most noble Count of Soisic, the traitor was first branded upon the forehead with the brand of an arrow-head. The iron burnt through the flesh and was pressed heavily so that the brand should even burn into the bone of the skull. The traitor was then led out and bidden to kneel. He admitted having guided the English from the island of Groix. Although a priest and a Frenchman he had violated his priestly office to aid him in discovering the password to this fort. This password he extorted during confession from a young Breton girl who was in the habit of rowing across from the island of Groix to visit her husband in the fort. When the fort fell this young girl, crazed by the death of her husband, sought the Count of Soisic, and told how the priest had forced her to confess to him all she knew about the fort. The priest was arrested at St. Gildas as he was about to cross the river to Lorient. When arrested he cursed the girl, Marie Trevec——."

"What!" I exclaimed—"Marie Trevec?"

"Marie Trevec," repeated Le Bihan—"the priest cursed Marie Trevec and all her family and descendants. He was shot as he knelt, having a mask of leather over his face, because the Bretons who composed the squad of execution refused to fire at a priest unless his face was concealed. The priest was l'Abbé Sorgue, commonly known as the Black Priest, on account of his dark face and swarthy eyebrows. He was buried with a stake through his heart."

Le Bihan paused, hesitated, looked at me, and handed the manuscript back to Durand. The gendarme took it and slipped it into the brass cylinder.

"So," said I, "the thirty-ninth skull is the skull of the Black Priest."

"Yes," said Fortin; "I hope they won't find it."

"I have forbidden them to proceed," said the Mayor, querulously; "you heard me, Max Fortin."

I rose and picked up my gun. Môme came and pushed his head into my hand.

"That's a fine dog," observed Durand, also rising.

"Why don't you wish to find his skull?" I asked Le Bihan. "It would be curious to see whether the arrow brand really burnt into the bone."

"There is something in that scroll that I didn't read to you," said the Mayor, grimly; "do you wish to know what it is?"

"Of course," I replied, in surprise.

"Give me the scroll again, Durand," he said; then he read from the bottom:

I, l'Abbé Sorgue, forced to write the above by my executioners, have written it in my own blood, and with it I leave my curse. My curse on St. Gildas, on Marie Trevec, and on her descendants. I will come back to St. Gildas when my remains are disturbed. Woe to that Englishman whom my branded skull shall touch.

"What rot!" I said; "do you believe it was really written in his own blood?"

"I am going to test it," said Fortin, "at the request of Monsieur le Maire. I am not anxious for the job, however."

"See," said Le Bihan, holding out the scroll to me, "it is signed: 'l'Abbé Sorgue.'"

I glanced curiously over the paper.

"It must be the Black Priest;" I said. "He was the only man who wrote in the

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Breton language. This is a wonderfully interesting discovery, for now at last the mystery of the Black Priest's disappearance is cleared up. You will, of course, send this scroll to Paris, Le Bihan ?"

"No," said the Mayor, obstinately, "it shall be buried in the pit below, where the rest of the Black Priest lies."

I looked at him and recognized that argument would be useless. But still I said: "It will be a loss to history, Monsieur Le Bihan."

"All the worse for history then," said the enlightened Mayor of St. Gildas.

We had sauntered back to the gravel-pit while speaking. The men of Bannalec were carrying the bones of the English soldiers toward the St. Gildas cemetery, on the cliffs to the east, where already a knot of white-coifed women stood in attitudes of prayer; and I saw the sombre robe of a priest among the crosses of the little grave-yard.

"They were thieves and assassins; they are dead now," muttered Max Fortin.

"Respect for the dead," said the Mayor of St. Gildas, looking after the Bannalec men.

"It was written in that scroll that Marie Trevec, of Groix Island, was cursed by the priest—she and her descendants," I said, touching Le Bihan on the arm. "There was a Marie Trevec who married an Yves Trevec of St. Gildas——"

"It is the same," said Le Bihan, looking at me obliquely.

"Oh," said I, "then they were ancestors of my wife."

"Do you fear the curse ?" asked Le Bihan.

"What ?" I laughed.

"There was the case of the Purple Emperor," said Max Fortin, timidly.

Startled for a moment, I faced him, then shrugged my shoulders and kicked at a smooth bit of rock which lay near the edge of the pit, almost embedded in gravel.

"Do you suppose the Purple Emperor drank himself crazy because he was descended from Marie Trevec ?" I asked, contemptuously.

"Of course not," said Max Fortin, hastily.

"Of course not," piped the Mayor, "I only—hello ! what's that you're kicking ?"

"What ?" said I, glancing down, at the same time involuntarily giving another kick. The smooth bit of rock dislodged itself and rolled out of the loosened gravel at my feet.

"The thirty-ninth skull !" I exclaimed. "By jingo, it's the noddle of the Black Priest ! See ! there is the arrow-head branded on the front !"

The Mayor stepped back. Max Fortin also retreated. There was a pause, during which I looked at them, and they looked anywhere but at me.

"I don't like it," said the Mayor at last, in a husky, high voice. "I don't like it ! The scroll says he will come back to St. Gildas when his remains are disturbed. I—I—don't like it, Monsieur Darrell——"

"Bosh !" said I, "the poor, wicked devil is where he can't get out. For heaven's sake, Le Bihan, what is this stuff you are talking in the year of grace 1896 ?"

The Mayor gave a look.

"And he says, 'Englishman.' You are an Englishman, Monsieur Darrell," he announced.

"You know better. You know I'm an American."

"It's all the same," said the Mayor of St. Gildas, obstinately.

"No, it isn't !" I answered, much exasperated, and deliberately pushed the skull till it rolled into the bottom of the gravel-pit below.

"Cover it up," said I; "bury the scroll with it too, if you insist, but I think you ought to send it to Paris. Don't look so gloomy, Fortin—unless you believe in were-wolves and ghosts—hey ! what the—what the devil's the matter with you, anyway? What are you staring at, Le Bihan——"

"Come, come," muttered the Mayor, in a low, tremulous voice; "it's time we got out of this; did you see—did you see, Fortin ?"

"I saw," whispered Max Fortin, pallid with fright.

The two men were almost running across the sunny pasture now, and I hastened after them, demanding to know what was the matter.

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"Matter!" chattered the Mayor, gasping with exasperation and terror, "the skull is rolling up hill again!" and he burst into a terrified gallop. Max Fortin followed close behind.

I watched them stampeding across the pasture, then turned toward the gravel-pit, mystified, incredulous. The skull was lying on the edge of the pit, exactly where it had been before I pushed it over the edge. For a second I stared at it, then a singularly chilly feeling crept up my spinal column and I turned and walked away, sweat starting from the roots of every hair on my head. Before I had gone twenty paces the absurdity of the whole thing struck me. I halted, hot with shame and annoyance, and retraced my steps.

There lay the skull.

"I rolled a stone down instead of the skull," I muttered to myself. Then, with the butt of my gun, I pushed the skull over the edge of the pit and watched it roll to the bottom. And as it struck the bottom of the pit, Môme, my dog, suddenly whipped his tail between his legs, whimpered, and made off across the moor.

"Môme!" I shouted, angry and astonished, but the dog only fled the faster and I ceased calling from sheer surprise.

"What the mischief is the matter with that dog!" I thought. He had never before played me such a trick.

Mechanically I glanced into the pit, but I could not see the skull. I looked down. The skull lay at my feet touching them.

"Good Heavens!" I stammered, and struck at it blindly with my gun-stock. The ghastly thing flew into the air, whirling over and over, and rolled again down the sides of the pit to the bottom. Breathlessly I stared at it, then, confused and scarcely comprehending, I stepped back from the pit, still facing it, one, ten, twenty paces, my eyes almost starting from my head as though I expected to see the thing roll up from the bottom of the pit under my very gaze. At last I turned my back to the pit and strode out across the gorse-covered moorland toward my home. As I reached the road that winds from St. Gildas to St. Julian, I gave one hasty glance at the pit, over my shoulder. The sun shone hot on the sod about the excavation. There was something white and bare and round on the turf at the edge of the pit. It might have been a stone; there were plenty of them lying about.

II

When I entered my garden I saw Môme, sprawling on the stone doorstep. He eyed me sideways and flopped his tail.

"Are you not mortified, you idiot dog?" I said, looking about the upper windows for Lys.

Môme rolled over on his back and raised one deprecating fore-paw as though to ward off calamity.

"Don't act as though I was in the habit of beating you to death," I said, disgusted. I had never in my life raised whip to the brute. "But you are a fool dog," I continued. "No, you needn't come to be babied and wept over; Lys can do that if she insists, but I am ashamed of you, and you can go to the devil."

Môme slunk off into the house and I followed, mounting directly to my wife's boudoir. It was empty.

"Where has she gone?" I said, looking hard at Môme, who had followed me. "Oh, I see you don't know. Don't pretend you do. Come off that lounge! Do you think Lys wants tan-colored hairs all over her lounge?"

I rang the bell for Catherine and 'Fine, but they didn't know where "Madame" had gone, so I went into my room, bathed, exchanged my somewhat grimy shooting-clothes for a suit of warm knickerbockers, and, after lingering some extra moments over my toilet, for I was particular now that I had married Lys, I went down to the garden and took a chair out under the fig-trees.

"Where can she be?" I wondered. Môme came sneaking out to be comforted, and I forgave him for Lys's sake, whereupon he frisked.

"You bounding cur," said I, "now what on earth started you off across the moor? If you do it again I'll push you along with a charge of dust-shot."

As yet I had scarcely dared think

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about the ghastly hallucination of which I had been a victim, but now I faced it squarely, flushing a little with mortification at the thought of my hasty retreat from the gravel-pit.

"To think," I said aloud, "that those old woman's tales of Max Fortin and Le Bihan should have actually made me see what didn't exist at all. I lost my nerve like a school-boy in a dark bedroom."

For I knew now that I had mistaken a round stone for a skull each time, and had pushed a couple of big pebbles into the pit instead of the skull itself.

"By jingo!" said I, "I'm nervous; my stomach must be in a devil of a condition if I see such things when I'm awake. Lys will know what to give me."

I felt mortified and irritated and sulky, and thought disgustedly of Le Bihan and Max Fortin.

"My digestion must be in an awful state," I thought; "Le Bihan is a braying jackass."

After awhile I ceased speculating, dismissed the Mayor, the chemist, and the skull from my mind, and smoked pensively, watching the sun low dipping in the western ocean. As the twilight fell for a moment over ocean and moorland, a wistful, restless happiness filled my heart, the happiness that all men know—all men who have loved.

Slowly the purple mist crept out over the sea; the cliffs darkened; the forest was shrouded.

Suddenly the sky above burned with the afterglow and the world was alight again.

Cloud after cloud caught the rose-dye, the cliffs were tinted with it; moor and pasture, heather and forest, burned and pulsated with the gentle flush. I saw the gulls turning and tossing above the sand-bar, their snowy wings tipped with pink; I saw the sea-swallows sheering the surface of the still river, stained to its placid depths with warm reflections of the clouds. The twitter of drowsy hedge-birds broke out in the stillness; a salmon rolled its shining side above tide-water.

The interminable monotone of the ocean intensified the silence. I sat motionless, holding my breath as one who listens to the first low rumor of an organ. All at once the pure whistle of a nightingale cut the silence and the first moonbeam silvered the wastes of mist-hung waters.

I raised my head.

Lys stood before me in the garden.

When we had kissed each other we linked arms and moved up and down the gravel walks, watching the moonbeams sparkle on the sand-bar as the tide ebbed and ebbed. The broad beds of white pinks about us were atremble with hovering white moths; the October roses hung all abloom, perfuming the salt wind.

"Sweetheart," I said, "where is Yvonne? Has she promised to spend Christmas with us?"

"Yes, Dick, she drove me down from Plougat this afternoon. She sent her love to you; I am not jealous. What did you shoot?"

"A hare and four partridges. They are in the gun-room. I told Catherine not to touch them until you had seen them."

Now I suppose I knew that Lys could not be particularly enthusiastic over game or guns; but she pretended she was, and always scornfully denied that it was for my sake and not for the pure love of sport. So she dragged me off to inspect the rather meagre game-bag, and she paid me pretty compliments and gave a little cry of delight and pity as I lifted the enormous hare out of the sack by his ears.

"He'll eat no more of our lettuce," I said, attempting to justify the assassination."

"Unhappy little bunny—and what a beauty! Oh, Dick, you are a splendid shot, are you not?"

I discreetly evaded the question and hauled out a partridge.

"Poor little dead things," said Lys, in a whisper; "it seems a pity, doesn't it, Dick? But then you are so clever——"

"We'll have them broiled," I said, guardedly; "tell Catherine."

Catherine came in to take away the game, and presently 'Fine Lelocard, Lys's maid, announced dinner, and Lys tripped away to her boudoir.

I stood an instant contemplating her blissfully, thinking, "My boy, you're the

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happiest fellow in the world, you're in love with your wife."

I walked into the dining-room, beamed at the plates, walked out again, met Tregunc in the hallway, beamed on him, glanced into the kitchen, beamed at Catherine, and went up-stairs, still beaming.

Before I could knock at Lys's door it opened, and Lys came hastily out. When she saw me she gave a little cry of relief, and nestled close to my breast.

"There is a man peering in at my window," she said.

"What!" I cried, angrily.

"He is disguised as a priest, and he has a mask on. He must have climbed up by the bay-tree."

I was down the stairs and out of doors in no time. The moonlit garden was absolutely deserted. Tregunc came up, and together we searched the hedge and shrubbery around the house and out to the road.

"Jean Marie," said I, at length, "loose my bull-dog, he knows you, and take your supper on the porch where you can watch. My wife says the fellow is disguised as a priest, and wears a mask."

Tregunc showed his white teeth in a smile. "He will not care to venture in here again, I think, Monsieur Darrell."

I went back and found Lys seated quietly at the table.

"The soup is ready, dear," she said; "don't worry, it was only some foolish lout from Bannalec. No one in St. Gildas or St. Julian would do such a thing."

I was too much exasperated to reply at first, but Lys treated it as a stupid joke, and after awhile I began to look at it in that light.

Lys told me about Yvonne, and reminded me of my promise to have Herbert Stuart down to meet her.

"You wicked diplomat," I protested. "Herbert is in Paris and hard at work for the Salon."

"Don't you think he might spare a week to flirt with the prettiest girl in Finistère?" inquired Lys, innocently.

"Prettiest girl! Not much!" I said.

"Who is, then?" urged Lys.

I laughed a trifle sheepishly.

"I suppose you mean me, Dick," said Lys, coloring up.

"Now I bore you, don't I?"

"Bore me? Ah, no, Dick."

After coffee and cigarettes were served, I spoke about Tregunc, and Lys approved.

"Poor Jean, he will be glad, won't he? What a dear fellow you are!"

"Nonsense," said I, "we need a gardener; you said so yourself, Lys——"

But Lys leaned over and kissed me, and then bent down and hugged Môme, who whistled through his nose in sentimental appreciation.

"I am a very happy woman," said Lys.

"Môme was a very bad dog to-day," I observed.

"Poor Môme," said Lys, smiling.

When dinner was over and Môme lay snoring before the blaze—for the October nights are often chilly in Finistère—Lys curled up in the chimney corner with her embroidery and gave me a swift glance from under her drooping lashes.

"You look like a school-girl, Lys," I said, teasingly; "I don't believe you are sixteen yet."

She pushed back her heavy burnished hair, thoughtfully. Her wrist was as white as surf-foam.

"Have we been married four years? I don't believe it," I said.

She gave me another swift glance and touched the embroidery on her knee, smiling faintly.

"I see," said I, also smiling at the embroidered garment; "do you think it will fit?"

"Fit?" repeated Lys. Then she laughed.

"And," I persisted, "are you perfectly sure that you—er—we shall need it?"

"Perfectly," said Lys. A delicate color touched her cheeks and neck. She held up the little garment, all fluffy with misty lace and wrought with quaint embroidery.

"It is very gorgeous," said I—"don't use your eyes too much, dearest. May I smoke a pipe?"

"Of course," she said, selecting a skein of pale blue silk.

For awhile I sat and smoked in silence, watching her slender fingers among the tinted silks and thread of gold.

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Presently she spoke: "What did you say your crest is, Dick?"

"My crest? Oh, something or other rampant on a something or other——"

"Dick!"

"Dearest?"

"Don't be flippant."

"But I really forget. It's an ordinary crest; everybody in New York has them; no family should be without 'em——"

"You are disagreeable, Dick; send Josephine upstairs for my album."

"Are you going to put that crest on the—the—whatever it is?"

"I am—and my own crest, too."

I thought of the Purple Emperor and wondered a little.

"You didn't know I had one, did you?" she smiled.

"What is it?" I replied, evasively.

"You shall see; ring for Josephine."

I rang, and when 'Fine appeared, Lys gave her some orders in a low voice and Josephine trotted away, bobbing her white-coifed head, with a "Bien, Madame."

After a few minutes she returned bearing a tattered, musty volume, from which the gold and blue had mostly disappeared.

I took the book in my hands and examined the ancient emblazoned covers.

"Lilies!" I exclaimed.

"Fleur-de-lis," said my wife, demurely.

"Oh," said I, astonished, and opened the book.

"You have never before seen this book?" asked Lys, with a touch of malice in her eyes.

"You know I haven't—hello! what's this? Oho! So there should be a *de* before Trevec? Lys de Trevec? Then why in the world did the Purple Emperor——"

"Dick!" cried Lys.

"All right," said I, "shall I read about the Sieur de Trevec who rode to Saladin's tent alone to seek for medicine for St. Louis, or shall I read about—what is it? Oh, here it is, all down in black and white!—about the Marquis de Trevec who drowned himself before Alva's eyes rather than surrender the banner of the Fleur-de-lis to Spain? It's all written here. But, dear, how about that soldier named Trevec who was killed in the old fort on the cliff yonder?"

"He dropped the *de*, and the Trevecs since then have been Republicans," said Lys; "all except me."

"That's quite right," said I; "it is time that we Republicans should agree upon some feudal system. My dear, I drink to the King!" and I raised my wine-glass and looked at Lys.

"To the King," said Lys, flushing. She smoothed out the tiny garment on her knees, she touched the glass with her lips; her eyes were very sweet. I drained the glass to the King.

After a silence I said: "I will tell the King stories. His Majesty shall be amused."

"His Majesty," repeated Lys, softly.

"Or Hers," I laughed—"who knows?"

"Who knows?" murmured Lys, with a gentle sigh.

"I know some stories about Jack the Giant-killer," I announced. "Do you, Lys?"

"I? No, not about a giant-killer, but I know all about the Were-wolf, and Jeanne-la-Flamme, and the Man in Purple Tatters, and—oh, dear me! I know lots more!"

"You are very wise," said I; "I shall teach his Majesty English."

"And I Breton," cried Lys, jealously.

"I shall bring playthings to the King," said I; "big green lizards from the gorse, little gray mullets to swim in glass globes, baby rabbits from the forests of Kerselec——"

"And I," said Lys, "will bring the first primrose, the first branch of aubepine, the first jonquil, to the King—my King."

"Our King," said I, and there was peace in Finistère.

I lay back, idly turning the leaves of the curious old volume.

"I am looking," said I, "for the crest."

"The crest, dear? It is a priest's head with an arrow-shaped mark on the forehead, on a field——"

I sat up and stared at my wife.

"Dick, whatever is the matter?" she smiled. "The story is there in that book. Do you care to read it? No? Shall I tell it to you? Well, then, it happened in the Third Crusade. There was a monk whom men called the Black Priest. He turned apostate and sold himself to the enemies of Christ. A

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Sieur de Trevec burst into the Saracen camp, at the head of only one hundred lances, and carried the Black Priest away out of the very midst of their army."

"So that is how you come by the crest," I said quietly, but I thought of the branded skull in the gravel-pit and wondered.

"Yes," said Lys. "The Sieur de Trevec cut the Black Priest's head off, but first he branded him with an arrow-mark on the forehead. The book says it was a pious action, and the Sieur de Trevec got great merit by it. But I think it was cruel, the branding," she sighed.

"Did you ever hear of any other Black Priest?"

"Yes. There was one in the last century, here in St. Gildas. He wrote in the Breton language. Chronicles, too, I believe. I never saw them. His name was the same as that of the old chronicler, and of the other priest, Jacques Sorgue. Some said he was a lineal descendant of the traitor. Of course, the first Black Priest was bad enough for anything. But if he did have a child it need not have been the ancestor of the last Jacques Sorgue. They say this one was a holy man. They say he was so good he was not allowed to die, but was caught up to heaven one day," added Lys, with believing eyes. I smiled.

"But he disappeared," persisted Lys.

"I'm afraid his journey was in another direction," I said, and thoughtlessly told her the story of the morning. I had utterly forgotten the masked man at her window, but before I finished I remembered him fast enough, and realized what I had done as I saw her face whiten.

"Lys," I urged, tenderly, "that was only some clumsy clown's trick. You said so yourself. You are not superstitious, my dear?"

Her eyes were on mine. She slowly drew the little gold cross from her bosom and kissed it. But her lips trembled as they pressed the symbol of Faith.

III

About nine o'clock next morning I walked into the Groix Inn and sat down at the long, discolored, oaken table, nodding good-day to Marianne Bruyère, who, in turn, bobbed her white coif at me.

"My clever Bannalec maid," said I, "what is good for a stirrup-cup at the Groix Inn?"

"Schist?" she inquired, in Breton.

"With a dash of red wine then," I replied.

She brought the delicious Quimperlé cider, and I poured a little Bordeaux into it. Marianne watched me with laughing black eyes.

"What makes your cheeks so red, Marianne?" I asked. "Has Jean Marie been here?"

"We are to be married, Monsieur Darrell," she laughed.

"Ah? Since when has Jean Marie Tregunc lost his head?"

"His head? Oh, Monsieur Darrell—his heart you mean."

"So I do," said I. "Jean Marie is a practical fellow."

"It is all due to your kindness—" began the girl, but I raised my hand and held up the glass.

"It's due to himself. To your happiness, Marianne," and I took a hearty draught of the schist. "Now," said I, "tell me where I can find Le Bihan and Max Fortin."

"Monsieur Le Bihan and Monsieur Fortin are above, in the broad room. I believe they are examining the Red Admiral's effects."

"To send them to Paris? Oh, I know. May I go up, Marianne?"

"And God go with you," smiled the girl.

When I knocked at the door of the broad room above, little Max Fortin opened it. Dust covered his spectacles and nose, his hat with the tiny velvet ribbons fluttering was all awry.

"Come in, Monsieur Darrell," he said, "the Mayor and I are packing up the effects of the Purple Emperor and of the poor Red Admiral."

"The collections?" I asked, entering the room. "You must be very careful in packing those butterfly cases; the slightest jar might break wings and antennæ, you know."

Le Bihan shook hands with me and pointed to the great pile of boxes.

"They're all cork-lined," he said,

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"but Fortin and I are putting felt around each box. The Entomological Society of Paris pays the freight."

The combined collections of the Red Admiral and the Purple Emperor made a magnificent display.

I lifted and inspected case after case, set with gorgeous butterflies and moths, each specimen carefully labelled with the name in Latin. There were cases filled with crimson tiger-moths, all aflame with color; cases devoted to the common yellow butterflies, symphonies in orange and pale yellow; cases of soft gray and dun-colored sphinx-moths, and cases of garish, nettle-bred butterflies of the numerous family of Vanessa.

All alone in a great case by itself was pinned the Purple Emperor, the Apatura Iris—that fatal specimen that had given the "Purple Emperor" his name—and quietus.

I remembered the butterfly and stood looking at it with bent eyebrows.

Le Bihan glanced up from the floor where he was nailing down the lid of a boxful of cases.

"It is settled, then," said he, "that Madame, your wife, gives the Purple Emperor's entire collection to the city of Paris?"

I nodded.

"Without accepting anything for it?"

"It is a gift," I said.

"Including the Purple Emperor there in the case? That butterfly is worth a great deal of money," persisted Le Bihan.

"You don't suppose that we would wish to sell that specimen, do you?" I answered, a trifle sharply.

"If I were you I should destroy it," said the Mayor, in his high-pitched voice.

"That would be nonsense," said I—"like your burying the brass cylinder and scroll yesterday."

"It was not nonsense," said Le Bihan, doggedly, "and I should prefer not to discuss the subject of the scroll."

I looked at Max Fortin, who immediately avoided my eyes.

"You are a pair of superstitious old women," said I, digging my hands into my pockets; "you swallow every nursery tale that is invented."

"What of it," said Le Bihan, sulkily, "there's more truth than lies in most of 'em."

"Oh," I sneered, "does the Mayor of St. Gildas and St. Julian believe in the loup-garou?"

"No, not in the loup-garou."

"In what then; Jeanne-la-Flamme?"

"That," said Le Bihan, with conviction, "is history."

"The devil it is," said I; "and perhaps, Monsieur the Mayor, your faith in giants is unimpaired?"

"There were giants—everybody knows it," growled Max Fortin.

"And you a chemist," I observed, scornfully.

"Listen, Monsieur Darrell," said Le Bihan, "you know yourself that the Purple Emperor was a scientific man. Now, suppose I should tell you that he always refused to include in his collection a death's-messenger?"

"A what?" I exclaimed.

"You know what I mean—that moth that flies by night—some call it the death's-head, but in St. Gildas we call it 'death's-messenger.'"

"Oh," said I, "you mean that big sphinx-moth that is commonly known as the 'death's-head moth.' Why the mischief should the people here call it death's-messenger?"

"For hundreds of years it has been known as death's-messenger in St. Gildas," said Max Fortin. "Even Froissart speaks of it in his commentaries on Jacques Sorgue's Chronicles. The book is in your library."

"Sorgue? And who was Jacques Sorgue? I never read his book."

"Jacques Sorgue was the son of some unfrocked priest—I forget; it was during the crusades——"

"Good heavens!" I burst out, "I've been hearing of nothing but crusades and priests and death and sorcery ever since I kicked that skull into the gravel-pit, and I am tired of it—I tell you frankly! One would think we lived in the dark ages. Do you know what year of our Lord it is, Le Bihan?"

"Eighteen hundred and ninety-six," replied the Mayor.

"And yet you two hulking men are afraid of a death's-head moth."

"I don't care to have one fly in at the

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window," said Max Fortin; "it means evil to the house and the people in it."

"God alone knows why He marked one of His creatures with a yellow death's-head on the back," observed Le Bihan, piously; "but I take it that He meant it as a warning. And I propose to profit by it," he added, triumphantly.

"See here, Le Bihan," I said; "by a stretch of imagination one can make out a skull on the thorax of a certain big sphinx-moth. What of it?"

"It is a bad thing to touch," said the Mayor, wagging his head.

"It squeaks when handled," added Max Fortin.

"Some creatures squeak all the time," I observed, looking hard at Le Bihan.

"Pigs," added the Mayor.

"Yes, and asses," I replied; "listen, Le Bihan, do you mean to tell me that you saw that skull roll up hill yesterday?"

The Mayor shut his mouth tightly and picked up his hammer.

"Don't be obstinate," I said, "I asked you a question."

"And I refuse to answer," snapped Le Bihan; "Fortin saw what I saw; let him talk about it."

I looked searchingly at the little chemist.

"I don't say that I saw it actually roll up out of the pit—all by itself," said Fortin with a shiver; "but—but then how did it come up out of the pit if it didn't roll up all by itself?"

"It didn't come up at all; that was a yellow cobble-stone that you mistook for the skull again," I replied. "You were nervous, Max."

"A—a very curious cobble-stone, Monsieur Darrel," said Fortin.

"I also was a victim to the same hallucination," I continued, "and I regret to say that I took the trouble to roll two innocent cobble-stones into the gravel-pit, imagining each time that it was the skull I was rolling."

"It was," observed Le Bihan, with a morose shrug.

"It just shows," said I, ignoring the Mayor's remark, "how easy it is to fix up a train of coincidences so that the result seems to savor of the supernatural. Now last night my wife imagined that she saw a priest in a mask peer in at her window——"

Fortin and Le Bihan scrambled hastily from their knees, dropping hammer and nails.

"Wh-hat—what's that?" demanded the Mayor.

I repeated what I had said. Max Fortin turned livid.

"My God," said Le Bihan, "the Black Priest is in St. Gildas!"

"D-don't you—you know the old prophecy?" stammered Fortin; "Froissart quotes it from—from Jacques Sorgue:"

> When the Black Priest rises from the dead,
> St. Gildas folk shall shriek in bed;
> When the Black Priest rises from his grave,
> May the good God St. Gildas save!

"Aristide Le Bihan," I said, angrily, "and you, Max Fortin, I've got enough of this damned rot. Some foolish lout from Bannalec has been in St. Gildas playing tricks to frighten old fools like you. If you have nothing better to talk about than nursery legends I'll wait until you come to your senses. Good-morning." And I walked out, more disturbed than I cared to acknowledge to myself.

The day had become misty and overcast. Heavy wet clouds hung in the east. I heard the surf thundering against the cliffs, and the gray gulls squealed as they tossed and turned high in the sky. The tide was creeping across the river sands, higher, higher, and I saw the sea-weed floating on the beach, and the lançons springing from the foam, silvery thread-like flashes in the gloom. Curlew were flying up the river, in twos and threes; the timid sea-swallows skimmed across the moors toward some quiet, lonely pool, safe from the coming tempest. In every hedge field-birds were gathering, huddling together, twittering restlessly.

When I reached the cliffs I sat down, resting my chin on my clenched hands. Already a vast curtain of rain, sweeping across the ocean, miles away, hid the island of Groix. To the east, behind the white semaphore on the hills, black clouds crowded up over the horizon. After a little the thunder boomed; dull, distant, and slender skeins of lightning unravelled across the crest of the coming storm. Under the cliff, at my feet, the surf rushed foaming over the shore, and

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the lançons jumped and skipped and quivered until they seemed to be but the reflections of the meshed lightning.

I turned to the east. It was raining over Groix, it was raining at Sainte Barbe, it was raining now at the semaphore. High in the storm-whirl a few gulls pitched; a nearer cloud trailed veils of rain in its wake; the sky was spattered with lightning; the thunder boomed.

As I rose to go, a cold raindrop fell upon the back of my hand, and another, and yet another on my face. I gave a last glance at the sea where the waves were bursting into strange white shapes that seemed to fling out menacing arms toward me. Then something moved on the cliff, something black as the black rock it clutched — a filthy cormorant, craning its hideous head at the sky.

Slowly I plodded homeward across the sombre moorland where the gorse stems glimmered with a dull metallic green, and the heather, no longer violet and purple, hung drenched and dun-colored among the dreary rocks. The wet turf creaked under my heavy boots, the black-thorn scraped and grated against knee and elbow. Over all lay a strange light, pallid, ghastly where the sea-spray whirled across the landscape and drove into my face until it grew numb with the cold. In broad bands, rank after rank, billow on billow, the rain burst out across the endless moors, and yet there was no wind to drive it at such a pace.

Lys stood at the door as I turned into the garden, motioning me to hasten; and then, for the first time, I became conscious that I was soaked to the skin.

"However in the world did you come to stay out when such a storm threatened?" she said. "Oh, you are dripping! Go quickly and change; I have laid your warm underwear on the bed, Dick."

I kissed my wife, and went upstairs to change my dripping clothes for something more comfortable.

When I returned to the morning-room there was a driftwood fire on the hearth, and Lys sat in the chimney-corner, embroidering.

"Catherine tells me that the fishing fleet from Lorient is out. Do you think they are in danger, dear?" asked Lys, raising her blue eyes to mine as I entered.

"There is no wind and there will be no sea," said I, looking out of the window. Far across the moor I could see the black cliffs looming in the mist.

"How it rains," murmured Lys, "come to the fire, Dick."

I went and threw myself on the fur rug, my hands in my pockets, my head on Lys's knees.

"Tell me a story," I said. "I feel like a boy of ten."

Lys raised a finger to her scarlet lips. I always waited for her to do that.

"Will you be very still then?" she said.

"Still as death."

"Death," echoed a voice, very softly.

"Did you speak, Lys?" I asked, turning so that I could see her face.

"No, did you, Dick?"

"Who said 'death?'" I asked, startled.

"Death," echoed a voice, softly.

I sprang up and looked about. Lys rose too, her needles and embroidery falling to the floor. She seemed about to faint, leaning heavily on me, and I led her to the window and opened it a little way to give her air. As I did so the chain-lightning split the zenith, the thunder crashed, and a sheet of rain swept into the room, driving with it something that fluttered, something that flapped and squeaked, and beat upon the rug with soft, moist wings.

We bent over it together, Lys clinging to me, and we saw that it was a death's-head moth, drenched with rain.

The dark day passed slowly as we sat beside the fire, hand in hand, her head against my breast, speaking of sorrow and mystery and death. For Lys believed that there were things on earth that none might understand, things that must be nameless forever and ever, until God rolls up the scroll of life and all is ended. We spoke of hope and fear and faith, and the mystery of the saints; we spoke of the beginning and the end, of the shadow of sin, of omens and of love. The moth still lay on the floor, quivering its sombre wings in the warmth of the fire, the skull and ribs clearly etched upon its neck and body.

"If it is a messenger of death to this house," I said, "why should we fear, Lys?"

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"Death should be welcome to those who love God," murmured Lys; and she drew the cross from her breast and kissed it.

"The moth might die if I threw it out into the storm," I said, after a silence.

"Let it remain," sighed Lys.

Late that night my wife lay sleeping and I sat beside her bed and read in the chronicle of Jacques Sorgue. I shaded the candle, but Lys grew restless, and finally I took the book down into the morning-room, where the ashes of the fire rustled and whitened on the hearth.

The death's-head moth lay on the rug before the fire where I had left it. At first I thought it was dead, but when I looked closer I saw a lambent fire in its amber eyes. The straight shadow it cast across the floor wavered as the candle flickered.

The pages of the chronicle of Jacques Sorgue were damp and sticky; the illuminated gold and blue initials left flakes of azure and gilt where my hand brushed them.

"It is not paper at all—it is thin parchment," I said to myself; and I held the discolored page close to the candle-flame and read, translating laboriously:

I, Jacques Sorgue, saw all these things. And I saw the Black Mass celebrated in the chapel of St. Gildas-on-the-cliff. And it was said by the Abbé Sorgue, my kinsman; for which deadly sin the apostate priest was seized by the most noble Marquis of Plougastel, and by him condemned to be burnt with hot irons, "until his seared soul quit its body and fly to its master, the devil," the Marquis said. But when the Black Priest lay in the crypt of Plougastel, his master, Satan, came at night and set him free, and carried him across land and sea to Mahmoud, which is Soldan or Saladin. And I, Jacques Sorgue, travelling afterward by sea, beheld with my own eyes, my kinsman, the Black Priest of St. Gildas, borne along in the air upon a vast black wing, which was the wing of his master Satan. And this was seen also by two men of the crew.

I turned the page. The wings of the moth on the floor began to quiver. I read on and on—my eyes blurring under the shifting candle-flame. I read of battles and of saints, and I learned how the great Soldan made his pact with Satan, and then I came to the Sieur de Trevec, and read how he seized the Black Priest in the midst of Saladin's tents and carried him away and cut off his head, first branding him on the forehead. "And before he suffered," said the chronicle, "he cursed the Sieur de Trevec and his descendants, and he said he would surely return to St. Gildas. 'For the violence you do to me, I will do violence to you. For the evil I suffer at your hands, I will work evil on you and your descendants. Woe to your children, Sieur de Trevec!'" There was a whirr, a beating of strong wings, and my candle flashed up as in a sudden breeze. A humming filled the room—the great moth darted hither and thither, beating, buzzing, on ceiling and wall. I flung down my book and stepped forward. Now it lay fluttering upon the window-sill, and for a moment I had it under my hand, but the thing squeaked and I shrank back. Then suddenly it darted across the candle-flame; the light flared and went out, and at the same moment a shadow moved in the darkness outside. I raised my eyes to the window. A masked face was peering in at me.

Quick as thought I whipped out my revolver and fired every cartridge, but the face advanced beyond the window, the glass melting away before it like mist, and through the smoke of my revolver I saw something creep swiftly into the room. Then I tried to cry out, but there were fingers at my throat, and I fell backward among the ashes of the hearth.

. . . . . .

When my eyes unclosed I was lying on the hearth, my head among the cold ashes. Slowly I got on my knees, rose painfully, and groped my way to a chair. On the floor lay my revolver, shining in the pale light of early morning. My mind, clearing by degrees, I looked shuddering at the window. The glass was unbroken. I stooped stiffly, picked up my revolver and opened the cylinder. Every cartridge had been fired. Mechanically I closed the cylinder, and placed the revolver in my pocket. The book—the Chronicles of Jacques Sorgue—lay on the table beside me, and as I started to close it I glanced at the page. It was all splashed with blood, and the lettering had run, so that the page was merely a confused blur of gold and red and black. As I stumbled toward

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the door I cast a fearful glance over my shoulder. The death's-head moth crawled shivering on the rug.

IV

THE sun was about three hours high; I must have slept, for I was roused by the sudden gallop of horses under our window. People were shouting and calling in the road. I sprang up and opened the sash. Le Bihan was there, an image of helplessness, and Max Fortin polishing his glasses. Some gendarmes had just arrived from Quimperlé, and I could hear them around the corner of the house, stamping and rattling their sabres and carbines, as they led their horses into my stable.

Lys sat up, murmuring half-sleepy, half-anxious questions.

"I don't know," I answered. "I am going out to see what it means."

"It is like the day they came to arrest you," Lys said, giving me a troubled look. But I kissed her and laughed at her until she smiled too. Then I flung on coat and cap and hurried down the stairs.

The first person I saw standing in the road was the Brigadier Durand.

"Hello!" said I, "have you come to arrest me again? What the devil is all this fuss about, anyway?"

"We were telegraphed for an hour ago," said Durand, briskly, "and for sufficient reason, I think. Look there, Monsieur Darrell."

He pointed to the ground almost under my feet.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "where did that puddle of blood come from?"

"That's what I want to know, Monsieur Darrell. Max Fortin found it at daybreak. See—it's plashed all over the grass too. A trail of it leads into your garden, across the flower-beds to your very window, the one that opens from the morning-room. There is another trail leading from this spot across the road to the cliffs, then to the gravel-pit, and thence across the moor to the forest of Kerselec. We are going to mount in a minute and search the bosquets. Will you join us? Bon Dieu! but the fellow bled like an ox. Max Fortin says it's human blood, or I should not have believed it."

The little chemist of Quimperlé came up at that moment, rubbing his glasses with a colored handkerchief.

"Yes, it's human blood," he said, "but one thing puzzles me. The corpuscles are yellow. I never saw any human blood before with yellow corpuscles. But your English Doctor Thompson asserts that he has——"

"Well, it's human blood, anyway—isn't it?" insisted Durand, impatiently.

"Ye-es—" admitted Max Fortin.

"Then it's my business to trail it," said the big gendarme, and he called his men and gave the order to mount.

"Did you hear anything last night?" asked Durand of me.

"I heard the rain. I wonder the rain did not wash away these traces."

"They must have come after the rain ceased. See this thick splash, how it lies over and weighs down the wet grass-blades. Pah!"

It was a heavy, evil-looking clot, and I stepped back from it, my throat closing in disgust.

"My theory," said the Brigadier, "is this: Some of those Biribi fishermen, probably the Icelanders, got an extra glass of cognac into their hides and quarrelled on the road. Some of them were slashed and staggered to your house. But there is only one trail—and yet—and yet how could all that blood come from only one person? Well—the wounded man, let us say, staggered, first to your house, and then back here, and he wandered off, drunk and dying, God knows where. That's my theory."

"A very good one," said I, calmly. "And are you going to trail him?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At once. Will you come?"

"Not now. I'll gallop over by and by. You are going to the edge of the Kerselec forest?"

"Yes—you will hear us calling. Are you coming, Max Fortin? And you, Le Bihan? Good; take the dog-cart."

The big gendarme tramped around the corner to the stable and presently returned mounted on a strong bay horse;

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his sabre shone on his saddle, his pale yellow and white facings were spotless. The little crowd of white coifed women with their children fell back as Durand touched spurs and clattered away, followed by his two troopers. Soon after Le Bihan and Max Fortin also departed, in the Mayor's dingy dog-cart.

"Are you coming?" piped Le Bihan, shrilly.

"In a quarter of an hour," I replied, and went back to the house.

When I opened the door of the morning-room, the death's-head moth was beating its strong wings against the window. For a second I hesitated, then walked over and opened the sash. The creature fluttered out, whirred over the flower-beds a moment, then darted across the moorland toward the sea. I called the servants together and questioned them. Josephine, Catherine, Jean Marie Tregunc, not one of them had heard the slightest disturbance during the night. Then I told Jean Marie to saddle my horse, and while I was speaking Lys came down.

"Dearest," I began, going to her.

"You must tell me everything, you know, Dick," she interrupted, looking me earnestly in the face.

"But there is nothing to tell. Only a drunken brawl—and some one wounded."

"And you are going to ride—where, Dick?"

"Well, over to the edge of Kerselec forest. Durand and the Mayor and Max Fortin have gone on, following a—a trail."

"What trail?"

"Some blood."

"Where did they find it?"

"Out in the road there." Lys crossed herself.

"Does it come near our house?"

"Yes."

"How near?"

"It comes up to the morning-room window," said I, giving in.

Her hand on my arm grew heavy. "I dreamed last night——"

"So did I—" but I thought of the empty cartridges in my revolver and stopped.

"I dreamed that you were in great danger, and I could not move hand or foot to save you, but you had your revolver, and I called out to you to fire——"

"I did fire," I cried, excitedly.

"You—you fired?"

I took her in my arms. "My darling," I said, "something strange has happened—something that I cannot understand as yet. But of course there is an explanation. Last night I thought I fired at the Black Priest."

"Ah!" gasped Lys.

"Is that what you dreamt?"

"Yes—yes—that was it. I begged you to fire——"

"And I did."

Her heart was beating against my breast. I held her close in silence.

"Dick," she said at length, "perhaps you killed the—thing."

"If it was human I did not miss," I answered, grimly. "And it was human," I went on, pulling myself together, and ashamed of having so nearly gone to pieces. "Of course it was human! The whole affair is plain enough. Not a drunken brawl, as Durand thinks, it was a drunken lout's practical joke, for which he has suffered. I suppose I must have filled him pretty full of bullets, and he has crawled away to die in Kerselec forest. It's a terrible affair—I'm sorry I fired so hastily, but that idiot, Le Bihan, and Max Fortin, have been working on my nerves till I am as hysterical as a school-girl," I ended, angrily.

"You fired—but the window-glass was not shattered," said Lys, in a low voice.

"Well—the window was open then. And as for the—the rest—I've got nervous indigestion, and a doctor will settle the Black Priest for me, Lys."

I glanced out of the window at Tregunc waiting with my horse at the gate.

"Dearest, I think I had better go join Durand and the others."

"I will go too."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, Dick."

"Don't, Lys."

"I shall suffer every moment you are away."

"The ride is too fatiguing, and we can't tell what unpleasant sights you may come upon, dearest—you don't really think there is anything supernatural in this affair?"

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"Dick," she answered, gently, "I am a Bretonne." With both arms around my neck, my wife said, "Death is the gift of God. I do not fear it when we are together. But alone—ah, my husband, I should fear a God who could take you away from me."

We kissed each other soberly, simply, like two children. Then Lys hurried away to change her dress, and I paced up and down the garden waiting for her.

She came, drawing on her slender gauntlets, I swung her into the saddle, gave a hasty order to Jean Marie, and mounted.

Now to quail under thoughts of terror, on a morning like this, with Lys in the saddle beside me, no matter what had happened or might happen, was impossible. Moreover, Môme came sneaking after us. I asked Tregunc to catch him, for I was afraid he might be brained by our horses' hoofs if he followed, but the wily puppy dodged and bolted after Lys, who was trotting along the high-road.

"Never mind," I thought, "if he's hit he'll live, for he has no brains to lose."

Lys was waiting for me in the road, beside the shrine of Our Lady of St. Gildas, when I joined her. She crossed herself. I doffed my cap, then we shook out our bridles and galloped toward the forest of Kerselec.

We said very little as we rode. I always loved to watch Lys in the saddle. Her exquisite figure and lovely face were the incarnation of youth and grace, her curling hair glistened like threaded gold.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the spoiled puppy Môme come bounding cheerfully alongside, oblivious of our horses' heels. Our road swung close to the cliffs. A filthy cormorant rose from the black rocks and flapped heavily across our path. Lys's horse reared, but she pulled him down, and pointed at the bird with her riding-crop.

"I see," said I, "it seems to be going our way. Curious to see a cormorant in a forest, isn't it?"

"It is a bad sign," said Lys. "You know the Morbihan proverb: 'When the cormorant turns from the sea, death laughs in the forest, and wise woodsmen build boats.'"

"I wish," said I, sincerely, "that there were fewer proverbs in Brittany."

We were in sight of the forest now; across the gorse I could see the sparkle of gendarme's trappings, and the glitter of Le Bihan's silver-buttoned jacket. The hedge was low and we took it without difficulty and trotted across the moor to where Le Bihan and Durand stood gesticulating.

They bowed ceremoniously to Lys as we rode up.

"The trail is horrible—it is a river," said the Mayor, in his squeaky voice; "Monsieur Darrell, I think perhaps Madame would scarcely care to come any nearer——"

Lys drew bridle and looked at me.

"It is horrible," said Durand, walking up beside me; "it looks as though a bleeding regiment had passed this way. The trail winds and winds about there in the thickets; we lose it at times but we always find it again. I can't understand how one man, no, nor twenty, could bleed like that!"

A halloo, answered by another, sounded from the depths of the forest.

"It's my men; they are following the trail," muttered the Brigadier. "God alone knows what is at the end!"

"Shall we gallop back, Lys?" I asked.

"No, let us ride along the western edge of the woods and dismount. The sun is so hot now, and I should like to rest for a moment," she said.

"The western forest is clear of anything disagreeable," said Durand.

"Very well," I answered; "call me, Le Bihan, if you find anything."

Lys wheeled her mare and I followed across the springy heather, Môme trotting cheerfully in the rear.

We entered the sunny woods about a quarter of a kilometre from where we left Durand. I took Lys from her horse, flung both bridles over a limb, and, giving my wife my arm, aided her to a flat, mossy rock which overhung a shallow brook, gurgling among the beech-trees. Lys sat down and drew off her gauntlets. Môme pushed his head into her lap, received an undeserved caress, and came doubtfully toward me. I was weak enough to condone his offence, but I made him lie down at my feet, greatly to his disgust.

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I rested my head on Lys's knees, looking up at the sky through the crossed branches of the trees.

"I suppose I have killed him," I said. "It shocks me terribly, Lys."

"You could not have known, dear. He *may* have been a robber, and—if—not— Did—have you ever fired your revolver since that day, four years ago, when the Red Admiral's son tried to kill you? But I know you have not."

"No," said I, wondering. "It's a fact, I have not—why?"

"And don't you remember I asked you to let me load it for you that day when Yves went off, swearing to kill you and his father?"

"Yes, I do remember. Well?"

"Well, I—I took the cartridges first to St. Gildas's chapel and dipped them in holy water. You must not laugh, Dick," says Lys, gently, laying her cool hands on my lips.

"Laugh, my darling!"

Overhead the October sky was pale amethyst and the sunlight burned like orange flames through the yellow leaves of beech and oak. Gnats and midges danced and wavered overhead, a spider dropped from a twig halfway to the ground and hung suspended on the end of his gossamer thread.

"Are you sleepy, dear?" asked Lys, bending over me.

"I am—a little; I scarcely slept two hours last night," I answered.

"You may sleep if you wish," said Lys, and touched my eyes caressingly.

"Is my head heavy on your knees?"

"No, Dick."

I was already in a half doze; still I heard the brook babbling under the beeches and the humming of forest flies overhead. Presently even these were stilled.

The next thing I knew I was sitting bolt upright, my ears ringing with a scream, and I saw Lys cowering beside me, covering her white face with both hands.

As I sprang to my feet she cried again and clung to my knees. I saw my dog rush growling into a thicket, then I heard him whimper and he came backing out, whining, ears flat, tail down. I stooped and disengaged Lys's hands.

"Don't go, Dick!" she cried. "O God! it's the Black Priest."

In a moment I had leaped across the brook and pushed my way into the thicket. It was empty. I stared about me, I scanned every tree-trunk, every bush. Suddenly I saw him. He was seated on a fallen log, his head resting in his hands, his rusty black robe gathered around him. For a moment my hair stirred under my cap; sweat started on forehead and cheek-bone; then I recovered my reason and understood that the man was human and was probably wounded to death. Ay, to death, for there, at my feet, lay the wet trail of blood, over leaves and stones, down into the little hollow across to the figure in black, resting silently under the trees.

I saw that he could not escape, even if he had the strength, for before him, almost at his very feet, lay a deep, shining swamp.

As I stepped forward my feet broke a twig. At the sound the figure started a little, then its head fell forward again.

Its face was masked.

Walking up to the man I bade him tell where he was wounded. Durand and the others broke through the thicket at the same moment and hurried to my side.

"Who are you who hide a masked face in a priest's robe?" said the gendarme, loudly.

There was no answer.

"See—see the stiff blood all over his robe," muttered Le Bihan to Fontin.

"He will not speak," said I.

"He may be too badly wounded," whispered Le Bihan.

"I saw him raise his head," I said; "my wife saw him creep up here."

Durand stepped forward and touched the figure.

"Speak," he said.

"Speak," quavered Fortin.

Durand waited a moment, then, with a sudden upward movement he stripped off the mask, and threw back the man's head.

We were looking into the eye-sockets of a skull.

Durand stood rigid, Fortin groaned, the Mayor shrieked. The skeleton burst out from its rotting robes and collapsed on the ground before us. From between the staring ribs and the grinning teeth

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spurted a torrent of black blood, showering the shrinking grasses, then the thing shuddered and fell over into the black ooze of the bog. Little bubbles of air, iridescent, appeared from the mud; the bones were slowly engulfed, and as the last fragments sank out of sight, up from the depths and along the hand crept a creature, shiny, shivering, quivering its wings. It was a death's-head moth.

. . . . . .

I wish I had time to tell you how Lys outgrew superstitions—for she never knew the truth about the affair, and she never will know, since she has promised not to read this book. I wish I might tell you about the King and his coronation, and how the coronation robe fitted. I wish that I were able to write how Yvonne and Herbert Stuart rode to a boar-hunt in Quimperlé and how the hounds raced the quarry right through the town, overturning three gendarmes, the notary, and an old woman. But I am becoming garrulous—and Lys is calling me to come and hear the King say that he is hungry. And His Royal Highness shall not be kept waiting.

GIUSEPPE SEGANTINI

By Alfredo Melani

ITALIAN landscape painting has but lately become recognized in the European art centres. It is especially from Giuseppe Segantini that the landscape of Italy, so varied and beautiful, so grand and yet so intimate in its appeal, has received its first adequate interpretation in some of its most characteristic aspects. While the rest of the peninsula produced almost exclusively historical, religious, and *genre* paintings, Piedmont and Lombardy long had a monopoly of the painting of landscape; and for this reason these noble provinces, fountain-head of modern united Italy, were considered, until within some thirty years, very low in the art scale by the cold and formal pseudo-classicists of the rest of the country, who looked with contempt upon such lowly subjects as the fields and nature. The fashion in æsthetic circles ran before that exclusively toward the depicting of semi-nude heroes of antiquity, set in backgrounds built up according to strict and narrow academic formulas. Until quite our day these pseudo-classicists were considered absolute authorities, possessors of the one creed outside of which there was no salvation.

Yet in spite of lack of appreciation the Northern Italians kept stubbornly painting what appealed to them. The examples of Cabat, Dupré, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Corot in France, made a great impression upon and gave a strong impetus and a new direction to their school; Carcano and Gignous in Lombardy, Fontanesi and Calderini in Piedmont, were the best men brought out by the Frenchmen of 1830. Their works are little known outside of their country. Among their pupils, the men who have succeeded them, no one has won such European recognition as Segantini, and no one deserves it more. Though some of his confrères, Ciardi, Carcano, Fragiacomo, L. Rossi, have given us some charming and intimate revelations of the fertile plains and lake scenery of northern Italy,

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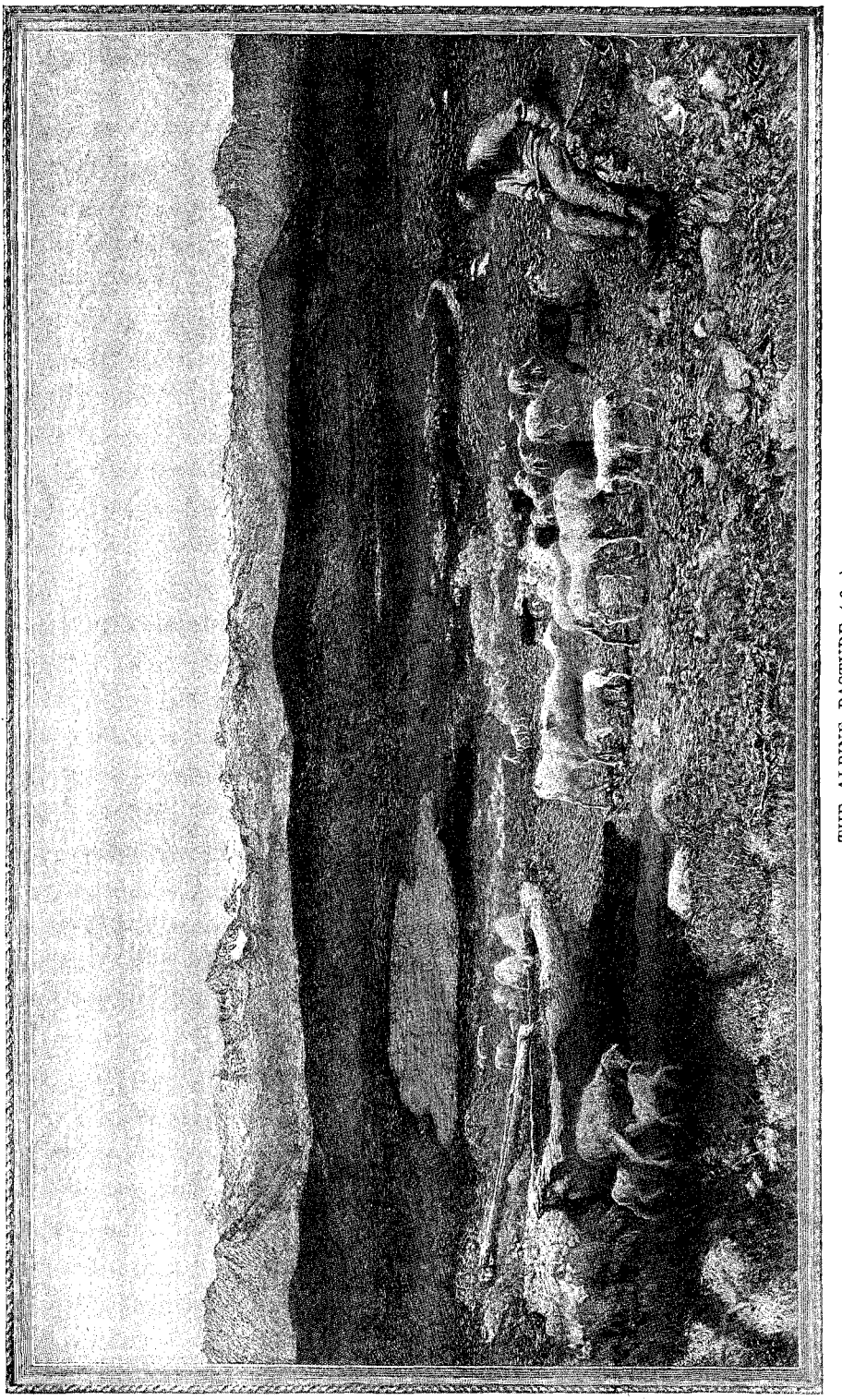

G. SEGANTINI.

THE ALPINE PASTURE (1895).

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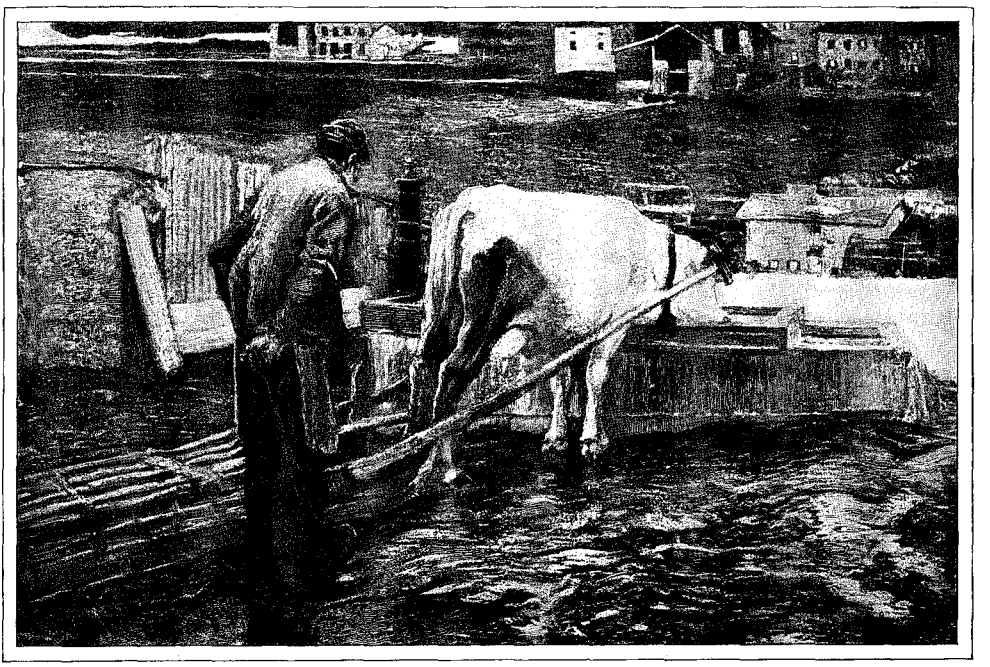
Segantini stands apart from them by the authority and robustness of his performance. Indebted to his masters for opening his eyes to nature and putting the necessary tools in his hand, Segantini's best qualities are yet peculiarly his own. His selection of subjects, his view of nature, his composition, his way of looking at as well as his selection of a subject are thoroughly individual and original. Like all true artists he makes every one feel that he is above all himself, and that the school where he was trained, and the master under whose influence he first worked may have helped, but that they have not made him.

Born at Arco in Trent, in 1858, Segantini's first impressions were of the mountains. His earliest experiences were of the saddest, the child moving from Arco to Trent, then for awhile to Milan and back to Arco again, until, the fortunes of his family growing harder, he was sent to work on a farm. The world of art opened for him in the studio of the Milanese Tettatamanzi, a painter of church banners and drop curtains; and his friends delight in telling how, when his master, who thought himself an artist of the rarest merit, asked him: "What wouldst thou do, my friend, if thou wert an artist like me?" The little fellow straightway blurted out: "I! I would throw myself out of the window," which answer brought his apprenticeship to a sudden end. Afterward Segantini distinguished himself by winning prizes at the Milan school of fine arts, the Brera Academy.

However, those early days of the artist in the capital of Lombardy, where he supported himself while studying by giving lessons and painting signs and pictorial advertisements, were full of pathetic experiences and hardships, which his sturdy, uncompromising, intensely personal attitude toward art tended to increase. He was always blamed by his compatriots for what precisely gives him his place in the eyes of the foreign public—his individuality; and until great honors were bestowed upon him in Holland, France, Germany, and England, his works were misunderstood, unjustly treated, and pointed out as examples of what Italian painters would come to should they abandon the honored traditions of their national school. In no

G. SEGANTINI.



AT THE CLOSE OF DAY (1888).

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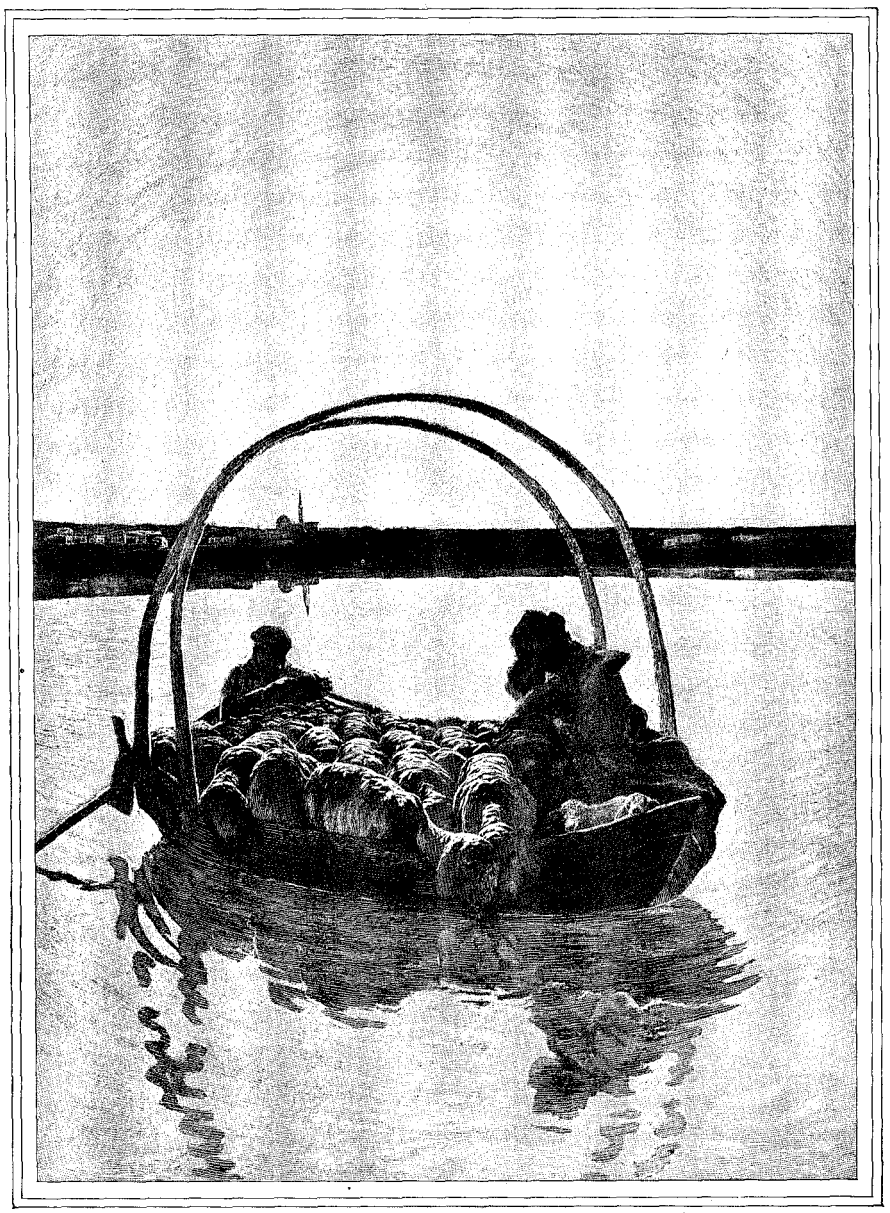

AVE MARIA (1883).

other country of Europe has the past left such profound roots as it has in Italy, where, with a few exceptions, it seems as if even now there was place only for the Academic traditions on one side, and the cult of the pretty and trifling on the other.

Segantini's first paintings—figures and still lifes—reveal an independence of rendering of which there is no parallel at the time. "The Hero," the first in date, with its firm, quiet drawing, already gives the peculiar individuality of the man. Although tentative, these first works made it evident that the artist, having a personal vision of things, wanted to walk over a path of his own where his ideas and conceptions could expand and be set forth freely. He knew that the path he chose

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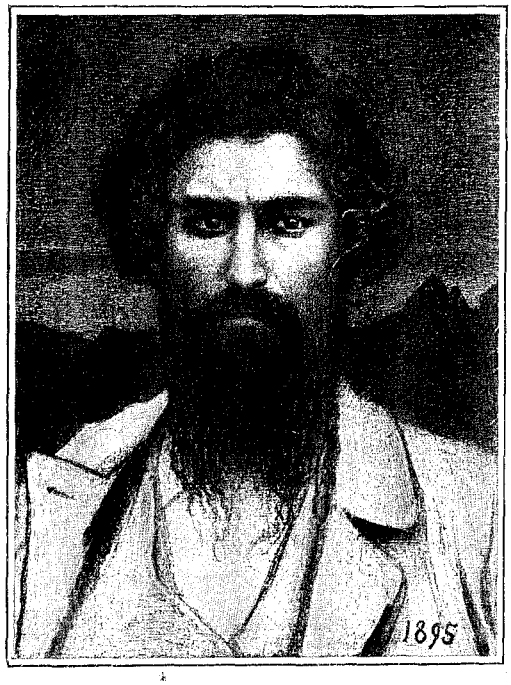
would not be a smooth one, and it was not. Public and artist found him too radical, and like Monet, and scores of artists as distinguished, he had the honor of having the doors of exhibitions systematically closed against his paintings.

But a small circle of appreciative friends, Mæcenases in generous feelings but poorly endowed with this world's goods, formed around Segantini.



Portrait of Segantini by himself.

As soon as he achieved his first success and sold some pictures at most modest prices, he abandoned the artificial and noisy life of the towns for that of the country, returning to the beloved mountains, where, as he said, "the tumult of the world below does not reach, and where one can continue his dreams uninterruptedly."

These Alpine mountains have been his constant inspiration ever since. And with them as a setting he has depicted the lowly life of the peasants of the Alps with some of the same directness, some of the same profound sympathy, with which Millet had painted the peasants of the forest of Fontainebleau. This name of Millet always comes to one's mind in looking at Segantini's works, and yet the man is every inch himself. His motto is "Art without ideal is like nature without life;" and he loves to speculate on his art. "A work of art ought to be the incarnation of one's self with nature, and never the incarnation of anybody else's thought with a nature of convention," is one of his favorite sayings. Zola has expressed the same idea in a clearer way: "The work of art is a corner of creation seen through a temperament." Segantini moreover adds that he has never had a master but nature. He is convinced that the teaching of art is impossible. "Understand," he says, "that I do not speak of drawing. On the contrary, I would wish the teaching of drawing to be more thorough and complete, and more *en rapport* with the character of nature." Of course, one may be instructed in the art of painting in the same way that one is taught to play an instrument; but the teaching of painting ought to be considered outside of art, for it invariably has a bad influence on those who have enough temperament to be able to do without it, and therefore Segantini believes that we are at the beginning of an important evolution in art, and, like Morris and Walter Crane, thinks that the evolution will be complete only when the social evolution is completed also. Whatever may be fundamentally true in these radical cogitations they are interesting to me in showing that, like Millet, he works with the head and heart as well as with the hand. He may theorize in his talk; but surely he has acquired such a thorough command of technique that in spite of the symbolism of his last pictures they are as solidly established and carried on as his earlier and more realistic works. His first great picture was his "Ave Maria," which won the gold medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition of 1883. The reproduction on page 215 cannot give an idea of its luminosity; very simple in color, and not forced in effect, it palpitates with light.

"The Alpine Pasture" (page 213) was the first to win the admiration of the Milanese public. There is a great charm of

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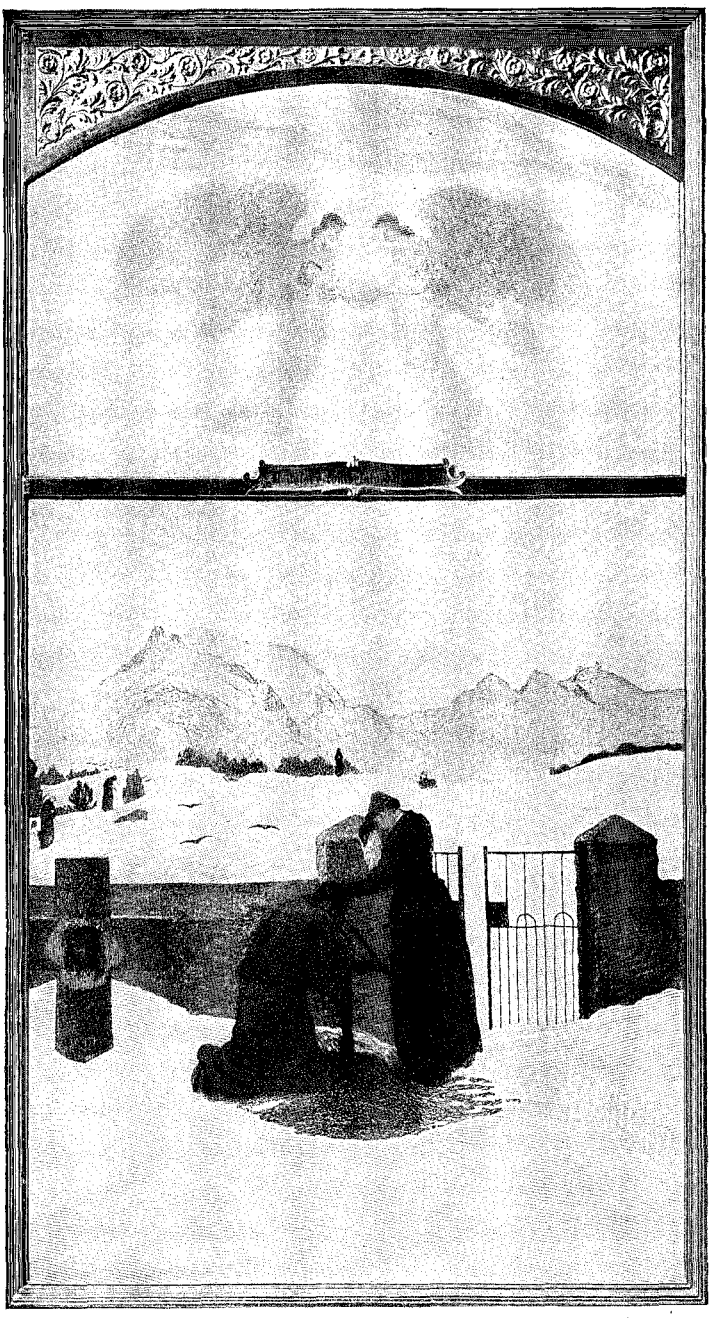

SORROW FINDING COMFORT IN FAITH (1896).

calm simplicity in the composition, and the mere painting side of the work, interesting though it be, disappears before the impression of the heavy intensity of noonday heat on an Alpine plateau.

"Ploughing" (page 218) and "The Watering-trough" (page 219), pages of the calm, resigned life of the mountaineer, are bathed in the cool, brilliant, attenuated atmosphere of great altitudes. The denuded, pale gray mountains in the background have the weird vividness of those

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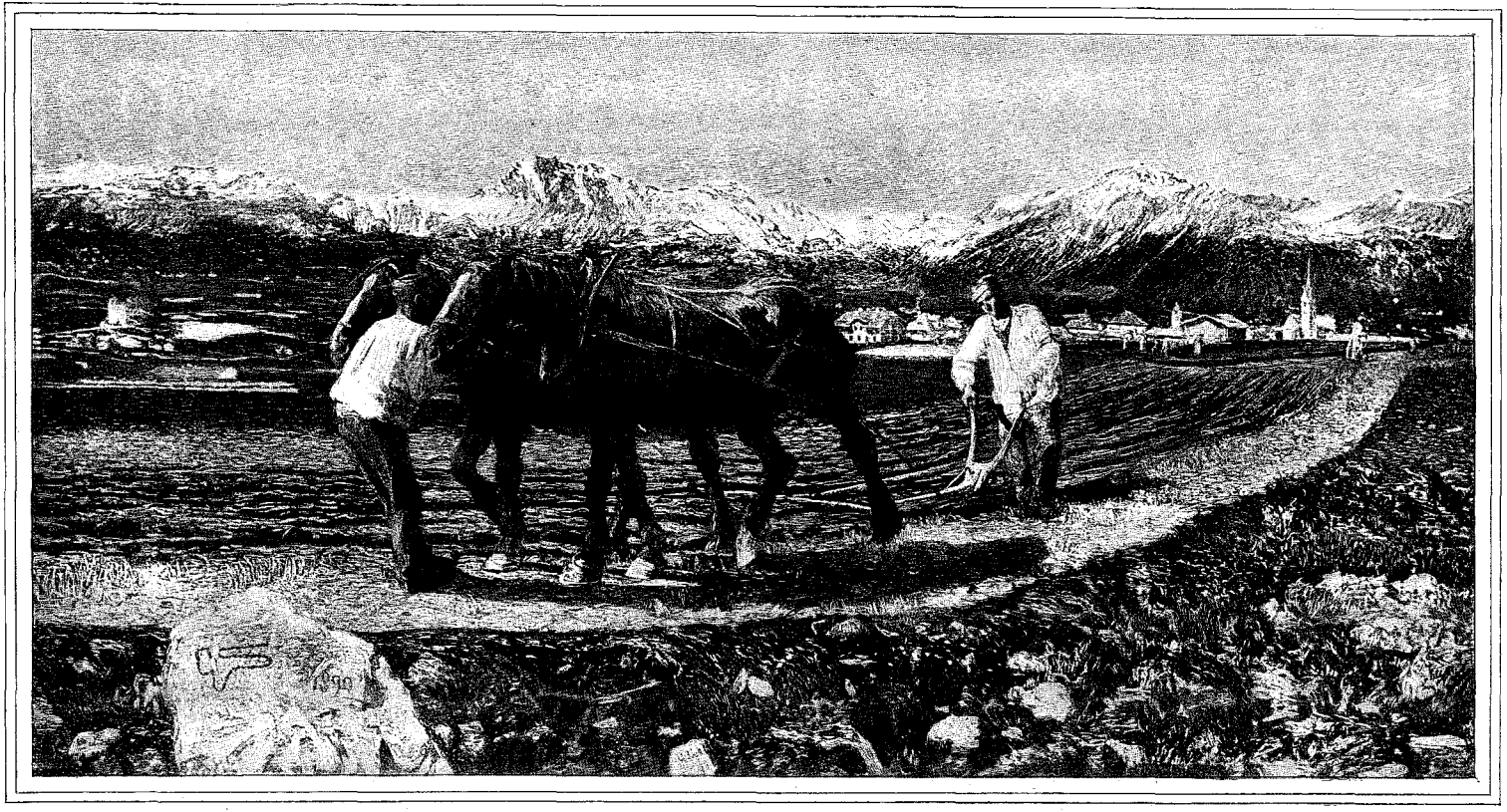

PLOUGHING (1890).

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abrupt medleys of rocks and snow which one finds on the horizon of the highlands of Lombardy and the Tyrol. And the skies—almost colorless in their imperceptible gradation of tones of extreme tenuity and delicacy—are as local. The scenery and the life of these regions have made their formal entrance into the world of art with Segantini.

A series of interiors, "The Sheepfold," "My Models," etc., little every-day incidents of the mountain-folk life, are treated with the same realism; and these commonplace themes are dignified—idealized, the artist would say—by his sympathy and directness. Loving insight characterizes them.

In these bare solitudes of his mountain home, in the contemplation of these solemn, primitive spectacles, Segantini has dreamed the later-day, purely symbolistic, compositions, which are as different from his first realistic manner as possible. A reproduction of one of these pictures, "Sorrow Finding Comfort in Faith," is given on page 217. It is also the latest of the painter's works, having been completed a few months ago.

The very conception of the painting is a protest against conventional composition. It is clearly divided into two parts; in the lower part a woman is kneeling on the grave of her child at the entrance of a little mountain cemetery. Another woman leans against the low wall. Outside are two or three figures of old women; and the snow covers the whole plain, bound by its barrier of high and steep mountains under a pale sky startlingly clear and opalescent. In the upper half of the picture two angels carry the child to heaven. The painting is a marvel of luminosity. The artist's thought is to unite in a mystic sentiment, entirely modern, the unity of universal life; the woman embodying the spiritual faith in the future, tenderly gives to the sorrowful mother, to help her support her loss, the comfort of one who, seeing outside of this mortal life, serenely looks forward to the final reunion. That painting represents the last ideas of Segantini. His ideals of man have changed, but he remains as true to them as he was to his early ones; and his technique is as conscientiously considered and studied as ever.

G. SEGANTINI.

THE WATERING-TROUGH (1889).

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MORNING SCENE IN A CITY MAGISTRATES' COURT
(ESSEX MARKET).

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A Trial for "Fake" Burglary at the Essex Market Police Court.

THE CITY MAGISTRATES' COURTS

By Robert C. Cornell

WITH SKETCHES MADE IN THE NEW YORK POLICE COURTS BY KENNETH FRAZIER

MORE than a year has elapsed since the new courts of inferior criminal jurisdiction have been established in New York, and we have had a fair opportunity to test their value and usefulness.

They are essentially the courts of the poor, and many unfortunates know of no other place in which to seek aid, advice, and relief. For many of the poorer class of our citizens, they are the only tribunals, and therein is obtained their sole notion of justice and mercy. In these courts are settled nearly all tenement-house disputes and neighborhood quarrels, and we Magistrates have opportunities of studying all phases of human nature in a way not to be gained by any other means. Our courts cover a broader field than this, however, for the law exacts that *every* person who is arrested in this city must be taken in the first instance before a City Magistrate, who has power to discharge or to hold for trial, or, in certain classes of cases, to fine or imprison. Every grade of crime and misdemeanor, from murder to a violation of a corporation ordinance, must be considered in these courts. The summary jurisdiction of the Magistrates includes by far the largest majority of cases brought before them. Out of the total arrests for the year ending October 31, 1895, amounting to 112,719, the Magistrates heard and finally disposed of 82,494.

In the city of New York, with nearly two millions of inhabitants, there are but six of these courts, and only nine Magistrates to man them. The territory covered by each is enormous; for instance, the boundaries of the First City Magistrate's Court are as follows: North River, Canal Street, Broadway, Bleecker Street, Bowery, Catharine Street, and East River, containing the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Tenth, part of Seventeenth, Thirty-sixth, and part of Thirty-seventh Police precincts. This is but an example of the extent of these large districts.

The First District Court was formerly

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the old Tombs Police Court, and few old New Yorkers are unacquainted with its outward appearance at least. Of late years the place has been in a most unsanitary condition, and the removal of the court to its present excellent quarters across the street to the New Criminal Court Building was a great relief to the Magistrates. It was my lot to hold court for three weeks in August, 1895, in the old Tombs, and during that time 1,835 prisoners were brought before me. The pens for the prisoners were in the court room, and were daily crowded with an evil-smelling assortment of humanity. The benches were filled with witnesses or friends of the accused. The ventilation was bad, the plumbing defective; add to this the sultry heat of August and the result was almost intolerable. Happily all this is changed, so far as the First District Court is concerned, and our quarters now are about the best in the city.

The Loafer on the Court-steps.

The Deaf and Dumb Bootblack (Essex Market).

The Second District is Jefferson Market Court, a busy and active centre. More cases of felony and other important matters are treated in the First and Second districts than in all the others combined.

Next comes the Essex Market, or Third District Court, which is the bugbear of the Board. It covers the most thickly populated part of the town, and is a perfect cesspool of crime and debauchery. Low-class Jews from all nations of the earth file in and out all day, both in winter and summer, and there is never a moment's rest within its walls. It seems as if the scum of Europe has been dumped within the territory covered by this tenement district, and the term of service in this particular court may well prove a disheartening one. At all the others it does appear as if some good might be accomplished and some headway made against the tide of criminal offences, but in Essex Market the currents of depravity run too strong, and one leaves it with the discouraging conviction that things are never going to be much better. The Fourth District is in Yorkville, and is notable for being the "Woman's Court;" here we have more cases of abandonment and non-support than in any other.

The Fifth is the Harlem, and is situated in a fine new building; the neighborhood is quiet, and it is quite a model of its kind.

The Sixth, or Morrisania, Court has for its house an old bank building, utterly unfit for the purpose for which it is used. It is situated on the corner of 158th Street and Third Avenue, where the clanging of the trolley-bells, the rush of the elevated road, joined to the rumbling and jar of heavy carts on the granite pavement, are very trying to the nerves, and at times make it wellnigh impossible to hear what is said at a distance of four feet from the bench.

It is the opinion of those who are familiar with the workings of these courts that it would be expedient to redistrict the city, and that several more Magistrates' Courts should be established in the thickly populated vicinities. This would of necessity involve an increase in the number of Magistrates and clerks, a matter which calls for legislative action. At present, even, the work is very heavy, and if the tremendous influx of immigration continues (as to which some figures are given later), without more stringent restrictions against the

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illiterate thousands who arrive weekly on our shores, the present number of these courts will be totally inadequate. In the twelve months since their establishment each judge has had before him over 13,000 prisoners; which means that more cases are treated by us than by any other magistrates in the world in the same length of time.

The law prescribes that each Magistrate Court be open from nine o'clock till five on every day of the year, with the exception of Sundays and holidays; on holidays the court adjourns at 12 M., but on Sundays it sits until the business of the day is disposed of. Only those who have had the experience can appreciate the effort of this Sunday labor. In London no magistrate has any duty to perform on this day; but with us, as a rule, more arrests are made on Saturday night than upon any other night of the week, and as the prisoners must be arraigned and tried as speedily as possible, the necessity arises for these Sunday sessions.

Italian (Harlem).

Some information about the London Magistrates' Courts may be of interest, as ours are in a measure modelled after them. In London there are fourteen police courts; to serve these there are twenty-four magistrates, and the law requires that each court be open every week-day in the year except Christmas Day and Good Friday. On the average, each magistrate sits four days a week, and is in attendance from 10.30 A. M. to 5 P. M. He is paid £1,500 a year, and is entitled to a retiring pension according to his length of service.

Now let us see what a day's work in one of our busy down-town courts amounts to. Promptly at nine o'clock the Magistrate takes his seat upon the bench without any formality, and the work begins at once. The hearings are public, and from one to a dozen reporters are in attendance to listen to the proceedings and to make notes of more or less accuracy concerning what is done or said. Some of the court-rooms are uncomfortably crowded, and it is necessary to have them occasionally cleared of morbid curiosity-seekers. This sort of crowd is particularly objectionable at the Sunday sessions, when the court-room becomes a sort of lounging-place for those idlers who seem to be suddenly and spontaneously generated out of space like so many ants—whose industry, however, they do not imitate.

The business, each day, is conducted in the following order:

1. Disposition of Precinct Returns.
2. Hearing Returns on Warrants and Summonses.
3. Hearing and Disposing of Complaints.
4. Examinations Involving the Commitment of Children.
5. Examinations Generally.

When a prisoner is arraigned before a Magistrate he is informed, in the first place, of his rights under the law, and the charge against him is read. He is told of his right to the aid of counsel, or that he may have an examination at once before the Magistrate. In felony cases, if he prefers, he may waive examination and be held for trial in another court. The majority of prisoners, however, are in favor of an immediate examination, and are not represented by counsel. The hearings are necessarily brief, and the decisions must be promptly given. A

A Scorcher (Yorkville).

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hitch or delay means a congestion of the work of the day, and all possible speed consistent with fairness to the accused is essential when from eighty to a hundred cases per diem must be decided. The precinct returns, or "the watch," being disposed of, the returns of warrants and summonses are next in order. This is followed by the hearing and disposing of complaints. The complainants are formed in line, and approach the bench one at a time. The Magistrate must listen to all manner of grievances, some frivolous, but most of them well taken, and he should be ready with advice and to suggest the proper remedy in each case.

Patrolman (Essex Market).

A very important part of our duties are the cases involving the commitment of children, or when they appear as complainants; in these we are materially aided by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose agents are constantly in attendance. After all these matters are disposed of, examinations are held, usually in felony or excise cases, where the defendants are represented by counsel; and the hearings sometimes continue for several days.

It is most interesting to observe the many different types and various nationalities seen daily in our courts—Chinese, negroes, Italians, Greeks, Russians, Syrians, and people from nearly every part of the civilized world. The representatives of these nations are most frequently found in the courts of the particular districts in which they have settlements. For instance, the Chinese predominate in the First District Court, which covers Mott, Pell, and Doyers Streets, the "Chinatown" of New York. The Italians herd together in two localities—in Mulberry and Baxter Streets, and in East 111th Street to East 116th Street, from the East River nearly to Third Avenue, where another "Little Italy" is situated. The low-class Italians are prone to commit acts of violence, and they crowd the First and Fifth District courts with perpetual assaults and acts of vindictive revenge.

The class of Hebrews who live packed together in the tenements of the East Side are very litigious, and are constantly flocking to Essex Market Court with their complaints. They seldom commit crimes of violence or bloodshed, but are guilty of all manner of misdemeanors. The Second District has to deal with more negroes than any other, as the large colonies of colored people are found in the vicinity of Jefferson Market. As for the Germans and Irish, they are everywhere.

From my own observations in our courts, I believe that the class of immigrants who flock to our shores and settle in our towns are a serious menace to our institutions as well as a danger to our city.

The statistics of the Commissioner of Immigration show that an inferior class arrived at this port during the past fiscal year, and that the proportion of illiterate immigrants was greater, as the following table will show:

Of	66,445	from	Italy,	30,728	were illiterate.
"	39,859	"	Russia,	7,482	" "
"	23,415	"	Hungary,	8,739	" "

From Turkey and Greece, one-third were illiterates.

In contrast to the above the succeeding table is instructive:

Of	24,957	from	Ireland,	1,430	were illiterate.
"	24,230	"	Germany,	410	" "
"	22,978	"	Norway and Sweden,	217	" "

The average amount of money per capita brought by the immigrants was as follows:

Germans	$38.31
Irish	12.39
Hungarians (lowest of any)	5.89

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There were 72,781 more arrivals last year than in the preceding year, and the total number of immigrants was 263,709. Out of this vast horde only 2,624 were deported for failure to meet the immigration requirements. We want no more illiterates from any nation, and it is high time that the exclusion law should be vigorously enforced for our protection. Our public schools are overcrowded by the offspring of these aliens, often to the exclusion of American-born children, as in the case of a decent citizen whose daughter, aged ten, had passed through the primary department of her school, but could not be promoted to the higher grade because there was literally not a seat for one more child in the higher classes. She was forced to return to the primary and go over the same ground again, as her parents could not legally put her to work, nor did they wish to curtail her education.

Sunday Morning Prisoners (Jefferson Market).

It is most interesting to observe the conduct of the prisoners when brought to

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the bar. One gets to know the old "rounders," their indifference and general slouchy appearance indicating that they are fit subjects for Blackwell's Island. An excellent law, entitled "the Cumulative Sentence Act," as amended by the last Legislature, is of much service in disposing of the "old-timers" arrested again and again for being drunk and disorderly.

Under this law any person convicted of public intoxication or disorderly conduct may be committed to the Workhouse, or may be fined an amount not exceeding $10.

It is provided that the Commissioner of Correction keep books in which shall be recorded the names of all persons committed pursuant to this act. It is the duty of the Commissioner of Charities to make a written order specifying the date at which such persons shall be discharged. In the case of a first offense, if the fine be not paid, the defendant must be discharged at the expiration of five days from the date of his commitment; second offenders must serve twenty days at the Workhouse, and for each subsequent offense the period of detention is doubled until one hundred and sixty days is reached, and after that each commitment means six months on "the Island."

A fine, therefore, of $3 often means a six months' term at the Workhouse, but this can only happen after at least five previous convictions.

A majority of the cases which we deal with daily are pathetic or dramatic, but there is a humorous side to the work as well, and some of the most ludicrous incidents conceivable come up in our courts. The most common cause of complaint by one woman against another in tenement-house quarrels is that "She called me out of me name." A woman told me that she wanted a warrant against a female acquaintance because, as she said, "Judge, your Honor, she called me a name out of me place, and I want her to prove it."

These petty broils must be given a hearing and settled by such good advice as the complaint suggests.

"He treats me something ridiculous," was the complaint of one much-abused wife against her husband. The man being brought up to answer the charge, and perhaps explain it, answered: "This is a dead piece of jealousy, your Honor; don't mind her."

An old Irish woman came before me at the Harlem Court and wanted her "*boy*" arrested for misbehaving himself in her house. It came out that her "boy" was thirty-eight years old, and when I said to her that he was a pretty old boy, she remarked: "Sure he's not a gu'rl, and I count a boy a man only when he's married." A German with a very much battered head complained that the defendant had made a "dinge" in it, and described the assault about as follows: "He do me a crack on de kopf, like dis, and I do nodings by him."

Many of these people seem to feel that when they make a complaint in court they must use all the high-sounding words they know, regardless of their meaning. The result is sometimes amusing enough to upset the dignity of the bench. One woman

First and Second Generation of Russian Hebrews (Essex Market).

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who displayed a bruised and battered appearance finished her complaint by saying: "He left marks of viol*ations* upon me arm, as your Honor can see for yerself." A man whose truthfulness was questioned said: "Does your Honor doubt me *vo*racity?" Another wanted a barber arrested because he had cut his hair in an unbecoming style; and a father brought his son, fifteen years of age, to complain that another barber who had cut his boy's hair had had the impertinence "to shave his virgin lip and chin." I must not forget the case of a complainant who wanted another man arrested for "*definition*" of character, and when told that his remedy must be sought in a Civil Court, he said he had already been to the "Jewdical" Court, and had got no relief there. When one has to do with this style of grievance it is easy to see how a hundred or more cases might come before a single magistrate between nine in the morning and noon of the same day.

Push-cart Types (Essex Market).

Some extraordinary certificates from doctors are produced, chiefly in cases of assault. Here is one handed to me at Essex Market:

NEW YORK, October 2d.

This is to certify, that Mrs. Tiny Rothstein was insulted with involence, and is suffering now from a fracture of the left side rips and blood congession on the lungs.

One witness, on cross-examination, gave, as an evidence of insanity, that the defendant "sometimes laid crosswise of the bed."

A very decent workingman was brought before me at Yorkville charged with intoxication. His excuse was novel and ingenuous. "Judge, your Honor," he said, "I admit I did take a drink or two and it *leant* on me." Another man told me the reason he was picked up helpless in the street was that "Me head ain't good and me feet's bad." A curious expression used most frequently in our courts is, "I did have some drink taken," but men rarely acknowledge that they are unable to take care of themselves.

The pathetic cases far outnumber the humorous ones, but for most of them we find a solution. There are excellent institutions to which we send neglected and abused children, and in many instances we are able to reconcile unhappy families, and obtain needed relief in worthy cases from well-organized charitable societies. There is no lack of charity in New York; when deserving cases for help are known, the remedy is usually at hand. Some of the most desperate examples of cruelty are those to children brought before us as victims of the drunken fury of vicious parents.

"Who did this to you, my boy?" I asked of a frail child of seven, literally covered with bruises.

"My Poppa did it," was the reply. When that father was brought up for examination, he maintained that he had every right to beat his own child, if he pleased. For such a parent, and for brutal wife-beaters, the whipping-post is not too severe a punishment.

A sad feature in the life of our overcrowded tenement districts is always the condition of the children. Those belonging to the most ignorant foreigners soon learn the language of the country, or, more properly, of the streets, and it is not unusual to see a little boy or girl brought into court by the parents to act as interpreter. They are very precocious and

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familiar with every form of evil and misery. Living as they must, huddled together in squalid houses and with almost no privacy, it is a marvel that there is any modesty or virtue left among them. At present not a day passes when children are not brought into our courts charged with the most serious offences. The fault is largely due to their environment and the bad example of older persons with whom the young are brought in too close relations; and when we realize that many of these juvenile culprits are systematically taught to steal and cheat, and are applauded for lying when it reverts to the interest of those to whom they must look for support, it is like punishing the blind man for tumbling into the pitfalls he cannot see. It is a project for the conception of greater minds than have yet been brought to bear upon the subject, to suggest some better methods of reform for young criminals. To commit them to the reform schools is the best we can do, but scarcely a year elapses without an outbreak of crime in some form in these institutions themselves. To send them back to the wretched homes and vicious surroundings which have inculcated these low tastes and habits is to insure a repetition of the same or similar offences at no distant date. Some of the better class of children, who are sent regularly to school, and who try to make the best of their circumstances, or who come under the influence of our charitable visiting societies, may become good citizens, but until such barracks of tenements as are still standing cease to exist, the chances for any marked improvement, moral or physical, among the very poor are indeed discouragingly small.

A movement in the right direction has been set on foot by the Tenement-house Commission, and there is a hope that this evil will one day be removed from among us; but there may still be found in our East Side districts such crowded blocks of swarming humanity as cannot be exceeded, in the figures of their population, by either London or Constantinople. When we have finally abolished the rear tenement, and when charity gives out *soap* as well as coal and ice, we may look for some signs of improvement in the younger generation of our city poor.

There seems to be no end to the number of push-cart pedler cases. I believe an injustice is often done to the poor Greeks who are chiefly engaged in this business. To be within the law it is necessary for a pedler to procure a license, to wear a metal badge, to have a printed card

Cabby and Fare
(Jefferson Market).

upon his cart, and never to stand for more than ten minutes in one place while disposing of his wares. Daily raids are made upon them for standing over time, and it is not an unusual thing to have twenty-five of these poor creatures arraigned at once. The officers always swear that they timed the men for over ten, and perhaps twenty, minutes, and that they did not move one step in that time. The defendants usually know enough English to say "Five minits, five minits," but that is about all. Now we all know that these people are often a nuisance and greatly in the way, and that it is hardly a legitimate business, but they pay their money for permission to engage in it, and should be allowed to do so as long as they fulfil all the requirements of the law. The police say that the arrests are made because of the constant complaints of storekeepers and householders,

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who object to having the pedlers in front of their premises for *any* length of time, and I am inclined to think that the legal allowance is not always accurately measured. The fault lies in licensing these people so freely and indiscriminately. I am informed that there are men who procure

A Cabby's Complaint (Yorkville).

a large number of licenses in which they trade, by renting them out with the badges and push-carts which they own, to the ignorant foreign immigrant with his "five minits' " knowledge of our language.

From a daily contact with the New York Police I am glad to be able to testify to the general good work of the force. I believe the great majority are honest and conscientious in the discharge of their duty; there is no question or doubt as to their courage. The suppression of beggars and tramps is no small part of their work, and in this they are materially aided by the officers of the Charity Organization Society, who are employed to arrest these pests of the city. Such cases appear daily in our courts, and a strong argument was made against a notorious begging-letter writer by one of the agents of the Society. I committed him to the workhouse, but immediately on his release he wrote me a letter, of which the following is a characteristic extract:

NEW YORK Aug. 20th 1896

HON. ROBERT C. CORNELL

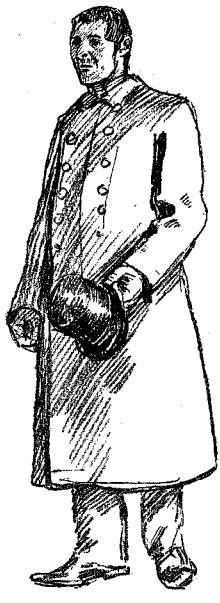
RESPECTED SIR:—As I dont want to resort to the mean & contemptible vocation that I was prosecuted by you for & as all my Relatives have turned their Backs upon Me I ask of you Most Noble & upright *Hon;* Judge as a Man & My blieveing you to be in Your heart *a* Man of humanity to your fallen fellow Man to use You own discretion in You reply to this Letter Wether You think Me Worthy of some temporary help from you in order to sustain Myself for a few days

I Remain Hon. Sir
Very Subserviently Your

Since 1888 this man is known to have lived by writing letters of this sort. Many prominent people have received them written in his rare style and signed at times with his own name, and again with various aliases.

It is refreshing to turn from the contemplation of such a worthless specimen of humanity and to observe what can be accomplished by an industrious and honest man, although brought up in the crowded tenement district and handicapped as well by being born with a serious natural infirmity.

Such a case is that of the deaf-and-dumb bootblack who makes his headquarters at the Essex Market Court, and who is one of the features of the place. I do not know his name, nor am I sure that he has one, but I feel on quite intimate terms with him, and he is a universal favorite with the court and clerks, the police, and the reporters. He does not even understand the usual sign language, but his intelligence is so keen that he seems to



A Cabby (Jefferson Market).

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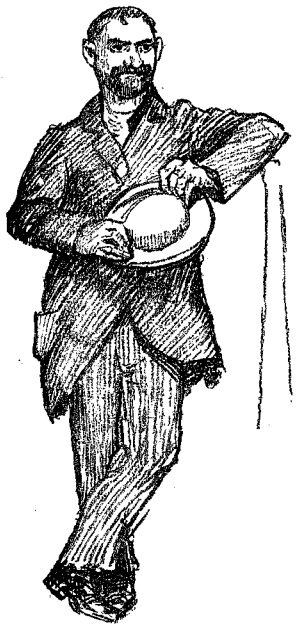


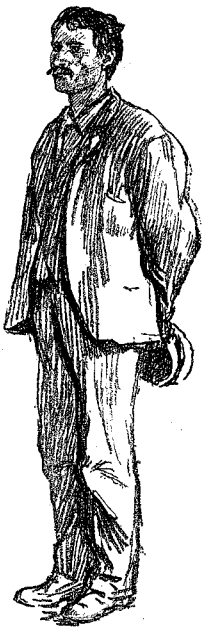
A Push-cartman (Essex Market).

know what is going on about him all the time. He is honest and industrious, and is reputed to have made quite a sum of money at his trade.

The work of the city Magistrate does not cease by any means at the hour for adjournment of court. Many calls are made upon him at his residence, and often he must go at night to Police Headquarters or to station-houses to take bail in cases of arrest for felonies after hours. This is, of course, part of the Magistrate's duty, and is accepted as such, but many of the unnecessary cases are extremely vexatious.

One night after I had gone to bed and was asleep, I was aroused by a servant who told me that a man wished to see me on important business. I interviewed him in the hall, and on asking him what he wanted he said that his brother had been arrested for intoxication. Supposing that he wished to have him released on bail, I advised him that the sergeant at the station-house had the power to take it in such a case. "Oh! no," he said, "I don't want him bailed out; I only called to say to your Honor that I wish you would give him a good talking to for being drunk, when he comes before you in the morning." It is needless to say which of the two brothers got the "good talking to."

Not the least, too, of the petty annoyances connected with this position is the constant intrusion of the reporter, who invariably selects the hour of dinner, or even breakfast, to solicit an interview. On one occasion I was pursued by a man, at intervals of an hour, from seven until ten o'clock in the evening, only to be asked what I intended to do in a certain case which was to come up the next day. He was told that he could go to the court and find out, and to be kind enough not to disturb me again at dinner-time. The following morning his paper contained an article holding me up to ridicule for dining at what he considered unseasonable hours.



Suburban Vagrant (Morrisania).

Types (Jefferson Market).

Although the city Magistrate has summary jurisdiction only in certain cases, it is nevertheless a charge of great responsibility, and to the man who tries to do his duty is fraught with many perplexing situations. In most cases he is judge, jury, and prosecutor, all in one; he must decide all questions both of law and fact promptly upon the presented evidence. The prisoner, of course, has the right of appeal, but in most instances the cases are summary ones and discharged or committed

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at once. In Russia the country land-owners and lesser magistrates are termed "Little Fathers;" "Bench Father" would seem to be a not unfitting title for the city Magistrate. It is more often in this capacity that he acts. Advice and reconciliation is frequently the summing up of many complaints.

Laundrymen
(Centre Street).

A VALENTINE

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

AGAINST this thorny Present shows
  Your memory like the dew;
Each maid a wrinkled Beauty goes,
  When I do think of you.

Folded away in the deep grass,
  What is it can befall?
Nor Clouds that fade, nor Gusts that pass,
  Nor any Grief at all.

Now lovers write their verses brave;
  Now buds start on the tree;
But Love went with you to the grave,
  The sere leaf bides with me.

I have not any word save this;
  My tears are all my store;
The fairer that the weather is
  I miss you but the more.

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THE LAST PLANTAGENET

By Henry Cabot Lodge

SOMEONE has said that "the youth of England take their theology from Milton, and their history from Shakespeare." Whether the first proposition is true or false, there can be no doubt that the second holds good, not only as to the youth of England, but as to all who speak or read the English tongue. The history of England which Shakespeare wrote is the history we really know, and the kings he put upon the stage are those who are real and vivid to English-speaking people today. Whatever these sovereigns may have been in reality, we think of them now as Shakespeare drew them. His conception has become that of the English-speaking world, and will so remain.

Life-like as all these royal portraits are, however, there is one that stands out with peculiar vividness. This is the last Plantagenet, Richard III. Some of the historical plays are never acted, and others seldom and irregularly. But "Richard III." is always upon the stage. The tragedy which bears his name goes far beyond the circle of those who read, and passes easily out of the range of occasional "runs" and scattered performances, which are the lot of its companions. It is intensely popular as a play. It packs theatres, it thrills audiences, it stirs the ambition of every aspiring tragedian, and it is ever before the public. Shakespeare's Richard is the best-known ruler England has ever had, for he is as familiar to the shoeblack and the newsboy, innocent of all learning and shouting applause from the gallery, as he is to the patient scholar in his closet, giving laborious days and nights to the mending of a corrupt line, or the settlement of a doubtful reading for some vast *Variorum* edition of the great dramatist.

It is not a hold upon posterity, however, which anyone need envy. Lord Lyndhurst said that the knowledge that Lord Campbell would write his biography added a new terror to death. If Richard could have known that his story would have been told solely by his enemies, and would then have passed into the hands of the mightiest genius among men, to be depicted with all the resources of consummate art and all the prejudices of a servant of the Tudors, he might well have felt that there was a new pang added even to the terrors of a mediæval death-bed. Yet such has been his fate. Shakespeare took the statements of one of the king's bitterest enemies, and from them developed the Richard that we know. In the light of recent discoveries, it is possible now, in some measure, to see how near the great poet came to the historic truth. Richard is so distinct to us in the work of the dramatist that his career is always interesting, and has found many writers who have devoted to it much time and study. With the new materials, however, which modern research has discovered, the subject has risen from the level of a merely curious inquiry about an interesting character and the events of a dark period, to a plane where the great forces of English history are disclosed, and something more than a mere bloody struggle for personal power is revealed.

The first step is to define the Richard we know; the second is to compare this Richard and the supposed events of his life with the facts which the centuries have spared, and which now, after long hiding, have been brought to light. But few words are needed to set forth Shakespeare's Richard, so well is he known to us all. He appears in three plays—the second and third parts of "Henry VI.," as well as in the one that bears his own name and is depicted with that force of drawing and warmth of color of which only one man in all literature is capable. He is drawn with the utmost care and precision of definition, and his career is worked out with unsparing logic. From his first utterance to his last, there is not a break or a slip to mar the artistic completeness of the whole. The man stands before us with all his tendencies, motives,

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and passions laid bare, and their consequences are worked out with the relentless force of a syllogism.

Richard makes his first appearance in the second part of "Henry VI.," when York summons his sons to back him in his claim to the crown.

Queen Margaret.—His sons he says will give their words for him.
York.—Will you not, sons?
Edward.—Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Richard.—And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

This first sentence defines him at once as the fighter and the man of action. Then he bandies words with Clifford, who cries:

Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape.

Thus he is immediately stigmatized as physically hideous, and the first prejudice, that of the eye, is roused against him. The battle of St. Albans follows. Richard kills the Duke of Somerset, and apostrophizing the body, exclaims:

Sword, hold thy temper; heart be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

The last line marks sharply the man whose theory of life is to kill all who cross his purposes, while, as the play closes, his prowess in the battle is also especially emphasized.

In the third part of "Henry VI." Richard figures largely. He is always the great soldier of the Yorkists, the foremost in fight, the most bloodthirsty, and the one who is ever eager for action and for blows. It is he who rallies the army at Towton when both Warwick and Edward give way. It is he who rescues Edward when Warwick imprisons him, and it is Richard who leads the van at Barnet and Tewkesbury. In this play his character is developed, and in the great speech which begins:

Ay, Edward will use women honorably,

his qualities and purposes are minutely set forth.

The play ends with the great scene in the Tower, which Cibber tacked on to his version of "Richard III.," and which is therefore familiar to everyone. Richard kills Henry, and with a cynical jest upon his lips goes his way.

In the tragedy which bears his name there is no need to trace him, for everyone knows it well. It is easy to sum up his character, although an infinity of touches have gone to make the finished picture. In his full and final development, Shakespeare's Richard is a complete monster, physically and mentally, without a redeeming moral trait, except a courage that knows no fear. He is a great soldier, a man of the highest ability—cold, determined, relentless. He is subtle, hypocritical, ingenious, with an iron will and an address which bends all things to his purpose. He is devoured by an ambition for the crown. In this he is the man of one idea, and never for a moment loses sight of his object. He has a savage wit, a biting sarcasm, a brutal frankness, and, at the same time, a smooth, persuasive tongue in time of need. His most marked trait, perhaps, is the cynicism with which he meets every event, and which does not spare even himself or his ambition. There is no softer side, there are no periods of remorse. Moments of superstitious fear occur, but these have no flavor of repentance, and, as soon as he can catch his breath, these shadowy terrors are trampled under foot. The qualities which are especially emphasized in Shakespeare's Richard are savage cruelty, indifference to bloodshed, ability, and a reckless fighting spirit, which finally brings him to his death.

Let us turn now to the facts of history, cold and lifeless, with none of the glow of genius upon them, and see how far the real Richard was like the Richard of the poet. At the outset, be it said that Shakespeare, with his marvellous insight into human nature, could not be the mere reproducer of what Horace Walpole calls "mob stories and Lancastrian forgeries," however much he may have followed them. With the sure intuition of genius he saw much that he could not find in the books he read, and all this came out in the picture. For example, the ambi-

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tion of Richard as Shakespeare shows it was in the main true. He came of a race who, for generations, had been occupied in getting and holding thrones; and his whole life had been absorbed, and all his immediate family had been concerned, in a struggle to seize and keep the crown. It is no wonder that to him, so born and so bred, the one thing worth having in life was the royal crown of England. In like manner Shakespeare portrayed truly enough the man's ability, his military capacity, his reckless personal courage, and his strong personal influence over everyone with whom he came in contact. These qualities, admitted alike by friend and foe, we may take as undoubted. All that remains is to see how far the other features of Richard's character, as drawn by Shakespeare, can be sustained by solid and trustworthy historical evidence.

Shakespeare relied for his story upon the account of Richard written by Sir Thomas More, and the slightly varying versions of the same narrative given by Hall and Holinshed. Sir Thomas More's account is now known, and is admitted by all recent authorities to be, so far as the incidents go, the work of Morton, Bishop of Ely, the one whom Richard sends in the play to get strawberries from his garden in Holborn. Morton was one of Richard's bitterest enemies, and a Lancastrian. Even if his narrative had been perfectly clear and consistent, the attitude of the author to the subject would prevent its being accepted on any point adverse to Richard without outside corroboration. But it is not even consistent with itself, and can be pulled to pieces by a critical examination almost without reference to other authorities. Yet it was received for a long time as final, and is still adhered to, even by modern writers, to a surprising degree. The story gained its authority chiefly from the fact that it passed through the hands of Sir Thomas More, who wrote it in a dignified style, and in language which was an immeasurable improvement on any English prose that had then appeared. It was this that gave it weight and acceptance; and as Dr. Mahaffy says of Thucydides, it is astonishing how a solemn manner and a noble style will carry unsupported and unfounded statements without dispute for generations. The work was left a fragment by its reputed author, and was not published in his lifetime. It was not an age of historical research. Sir Thomas More made, and could have made, no investigation in the modern sense. He simply took the tale as it was told him by his patron, dressed it in a fine style, and left it to posterity, who, receiving it through Shakespeare, has found it sufficient to damn Richard with for all time.

Rather more than a hundred years elapsed, and then Richard found a defender in Sir George Buck, an old antiquarian who died in 1623. After his death what he had written about Richard was published, and he was set down as an untrustworthy lover of paradoxes, and passed unheeded. A century and a half went by, and then came another defender in the person of Horace Walpole with his "Historic Doubts." The author's wit and reputation gained fame for the book, which showed much critical acumen, and which fatally discredited the received accounts. But it failed of its purpose, for it was regarded rather as the fanciful recreation of a literary epicure than as the serious historic criticism which it really was.

The present century has produced many painstaking and elaborate histories of Richard III.—notably Miss Halsted's and Sharon Turner's, both favorable to the King, and Jesse's on the other side. None of these writers, however, had access to the vast mass of state rolls and records which have lately been brought to light, and therefore they wrote at a disadvantage. Since then there have been two large works of authority on Richard—Mr. Gairdner's "Life," and Mr. Legge's "Unpopular King." Mr. Gairdner, a specialist on the period, an expert, and a trained historian, with the new material before him and completely master of it, has done more for Richard than anyone else. He has adopted the adverse view, and has undertaken to sustain the traditional and Shakespearian account by the new evidence at his command. As he is perfectly candid, his failure to make the new and unimpeachable testimony bear out the old case is better for Richard's cause than any defence. For, if in his skilled hands the best testimony, beside which the traditional accounts have no standing, is unable to sustain the Shakespearian view, the break-

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down is fairly complete, and the time has arrived for the acceptance in history of a view of Richard and his reign very different from that popularly held.

Last of all comes Mr. Legge, as accurate and painstaking as Mr. Gairdner, with all the latter's material at his command and some further new and important matter, which he himself has discovered. Mr. Legge takes what may be called the modern and more favorable view, and supports his case strongly, although in his eagerness he falls into the very natural error of going too far, and of trying to show that Richard was right in all points and clear of blame in many cases where it is impossible to prove his innocence, and where, in the broad historical view, it is not very essential to the general theory to show anything of the kind.

Now, let us consider the facts in Richard's case, not the various theories—for that would occupy volumes, and one hypothesis differs from another not in value, but in ingenuity. For the purpose of this brief study, the undisputed and reasonably certain facts are all we can deal with. Indeed, we have no right to go beyond the story they tell to reach a just conclusion.

Richard III. was the eleventh child and eighth son of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and Cicely, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, of the great house of the Nevilles. His father was descended through the female line from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III., and thus held an unimpeachable hereditary title to the throne as against the Lancastrians, who derived from John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III.

Richard was born at Fotheringay Castle on Monday, October 2, 1452. After his defeat and death, it was stated that his mother was pregnant with him for two years, that he was brought into the world feet foremost by the Cæsarean operation (an experience which his mother, in a manner highly creditable to the surgery of that period, seems to have survived for more than thirty years), and that at his birth he had a full set of teeth and long hair down to his shoulders. These are unusual circumstances—all the more unusual when we reflect that no one noted them at the time, that there is not a scintilla of contemporary evidence to support them, that they were never hinted at until forty years after the event, and that they are absurd on their face. Yet this silly fable has been made part of the traditional Richard, most of it has been gravely used by Shakespeare, and historians have seriously discussed it. It is, of course, only fit, historically speaking, to be consigned to the dust-heaps so much spoken of by Carlyle.

Let us deal with the rest of the physical horrors of Richard, and be rid of them all at once. His deformity is a great feature in Shakespeare, and is used with all Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature to explain much of what would be otherwise incredible. It is the bitterness of the deformed which makes Richard hate the world, which hardens his cruelty, and sharpens his already keen-edged ambition with the desire to overcome the scorn of mankind for defects he could not help, by reaching a place where he could put the world under his feet. Yet there is but little better evidence of his deformity than there is of his having been born with teeth.

The cheerful originator of both legends was one Rous, a monkish writer of Guy's Cliff. He wrote a eulogy of Richard while Richard reigned, and an invective against him after Henry VII. was on the throne. This fact alone disqualifies Rous as an authority, and it is not easy to understand why anyone should take anything he wrote as by itself trustworthy testimony. Yet even Rous, with all his worthlessness, only said that Richard had the left shoulder a little lower than the right. The work of Morton and Sir Thomas More says the right shoulder was lower than the left, and Polydore Vergil, who was not contemporary, says there was an inequality, but does not mention which shoulder was the higher. This conflicting evidence is all there is on the subject, and it only proves that, if there were any deformity, it was so trifling that no one could tell exactly what or where it was.

It is hardly necessary to call witnesses to disprove such triviality as this, but it is easily done, and the refutation is complete. No contemporary other than Rous even alludes to Richard's deformity, and these others who are silent are the only writers of real authority. Fabyan, the Londoner, who must have seen Richard often, and who was a Lancastrian,

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says nothing of any deformity. The Croyland Chronicler, a member of Edward IV.'s council, is equally silent, and so, too, is Comines, although he twice speaks of Edward as the handsomest prince he had seen, thus showing that he noted physical appearance. Stowe said he had talked with old men who had seen Richard, and they declared "that he was of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature." Even Rous himself in his portrait of Richard indicates no deformity. The portraits indeed—and there are several authentic examples—show us a man without any trace, either in expression or feature, of bodily malformation. The face is a striking one, strong, high-bred, intellectual, rather stern, perhaps, and a little hard in the lines, but not in the least cruel or malignant, and with a prevailing air of sadness.

The only other point to be considered in this connection occurs in the famous scene at the council board, where Richard, denouncing Hastings, bares his arm, shrunk and withered as it always had been, according to Morton, and says that it was due to the sorcery of the Queen and others. If it always had been withered, it is difficult to see how Richard could have been so dull as to suppose that, even in that superstitious age, he could make anyone believe that his arm had been lately crippled by the machinations of the Queen and Jane Shore. The thing was in fact impossible. He very probably accused Hastings of witchcraft or conspiracy, or anything else, when he wished to sweep him from his path, but he bared no withered arm, because the King, who at Bosworth unhorsed Sir John Cheney, cut down Sir William Brandon, forced his way through ranks of fighting men nearly to Richmond himself, the general who led the van at Barnet and Tewkesbury, could not have been maimed in this way. The man who performed these feats of daring and of bodily strength must have been quick, muscular, and adroit, a vigorous rider, and skilled in the use of weapons. That he performed these precise feats is proved and unquestioned, and they were not performed by a man with a withered, shrunken, useless arm.

In the way of positive evidence we have the statement of the Countess of Desmond, quoted by Hutton, that Edward, who was notorious for his beauty, was the handsomest man present on a certain occasion, and that Richard was the next. So we may leave the deformity. There is a little poor evidence that it existed in a very trivial form. There is a great deal of good evidence that it did not exist at all. As a physical horror, an index to a black soul, which filled the onlooker with repulsion, the tradition of Richard's deformity is as idle a myth as that about his monstrous birth, and like that may be dismissed to the limbo of historical rubbish.

So far as the facts go, Richard was born much like other people, and did not differ from them in appearance by any malformation. We know nothing of his early childhood, except that he was with his mother in England. During that time his father first took up arms for the redress of abuses, then asserted his claim to the crown, was constituted heir to the throne by Henry VI., and finally was killed in the battle of Wakefield. At this time Richard was eight years old, and all the scenes of the play in which he appears with his father as a full-grown fighting-man of savage temper are necessarily pure invention.

After Wakefield, George and Richard were sent by their mother for safety to the court of Philip the Good, of Burgundy, whence they returned to find their brother, victor in the battles of St. Albans and Towton, firmly seated on the throne as Edward IV. George was created Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester and Admiral of the Sea, and large estates were conferred on both. Richard then appears to have been placed, for training and education, under the guardianship of the great Earl of Warwick. By the time he was fifteen he was out of tutelage, and we hear of him as chief mourner at the ceremonies incident to the reinterment of the bodies of the Duke of York and the Earl of Rutland. A little later we hear of him again with the army upon the Scottish border, and we know that he was then leading an active military life.

Meantime Edward IV. made his foolish marriage with Elizabeth Woodville; the Woodville, or Queen's faction, rose to power, and a series of quarrels ensued with Warwick, which resulted in the great Earl going over to the Lancastrians.

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With him went the Duke of Clarence, moved thereto by hatred of the Woodvilles and by the temptation of becoming heir to the crown of Henry VI. The uprising which followed was completely successful. Edward was dethroned and deserted. He fled the kingdom to France, accompanied by Richard, who, boy as he was, remained faithful in the dark hour, while Clarence betrayed his brother, assisted in his overthrow, and plotted to get the throne himself.

Early in the next year, 1471, Edward and Richard landed in England with a mere handful of men, got possession of York, and thence marched rapidly on London, gathering strength as they advanced. Clarence now abandoned Warwick and came over to his brother's side —according to later authorities, induced to do so by the diplomacy of Richard. London received Edward favorably, and on Easter Eve the brothers marched out and met Warwick at Barnet. In the hard-fought battle of the next day Richard, only nineteen years old, led the van and bore the brunt of the fighting. The Yorkists won and Warwick was killed. Meantime Queen Margaret and her son had landed with a powerful army, and less than a month later, on the fourth of May, Edward met and defeated them at Tewkesbury. Again Richard was given the most responsible post; again he led the van, and, storming the Duke of Somerset's intrenched camp, won a quick and decisive victory.

We have now come to the first of his stage murders, in which Shakespeare represents him as a leading participant, the killing of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. Mr. Gairdner, though he does his best by it, honestly admits that this affair is "a tradition of later times," which is a mild way of putting it. There is no contemporary evidence to sustain the charge that the King and his brothers stabbed young Edward. The Croyland Chronicle, the Fleetwood Chronicle, Dr. Warkworth, and two manuscript contemporaries, all say Edward was slain "in the field." It is a distinct affirmative statement. Fabyan later, and Lancastrian, says the King, before whom Edward was brought, struck the Prince with his gauntlet, and that the boy was then slain by the "Kynge's servants." On this statement the fable was built, and even this later writer makes no shadow of accusation against the royal brothers, who were certainly not the "Kynge's servants." But the inferior and later evidence must give way to the higher. The statement of the five contemporaries, who agree with each other, of whom one was present and another a Lancastrian, by all rules of historical evidence must be accepted as final. They say Edward was slain in the field, and give no hint that he was ever brought before the King at all. The whole scene is an invention, but, even if it were not, there is not a suggestion, even in the later writer with whom the tale originated, that Richard had anything to do with the killing of the young Prince.

We now come to the second stage murder, that of Henry VI., which Richard in the play commits single-handed. Henry VI. was confined in the Tower and, after the battle of Tewkesbury, the bastard Falconbridge, who had command of the fleet, came to London to liberate him and renew the struggle. Falconbridge was repulsed by the citizens and retired to Kent, while Edward marched rapidly to London on hearing the news of the revolt. He arrived there May 21st, and passed that night with his court in the Tower, where were held a cabinet council and a great banquet. The next day Richard set out for Canterbury in pursuit of Falconbridge. On the night of May 21st, while all these affairs of business and pleasure were in progress, Henry VI. died or was killed in his neighboring prison. The Fleetwood Chronicle, Yorkist, says he died of "pure displeasure and melancholy" at the disaster which had befallen his family. As he was nearly, if not quite, imbecile, this story seems unlikely on its face. The Croyland Chronicle says that King Henry was found lifeless, and that the "doer thereof deserves the name of tyrant," which though vague can fairly point at only one person, the King, Edward IV. Dr. Warkworth says that Henry was put to death, the "Duke of Gloucester and many others being then at the Tower." Fabyan simply says the King "was stykked with a dagger." The later writers all tell different stories varying from Sir Thomas More, who of

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course says that Richard killed Henry with his own hand, to Habington, who blackens Richard in every possible way, but on this occasion defends him and charges the murder direct to Edward and his cabinet council.

That Henry was murdered there can be no reasonable doubt. The rising of Falconbridge had sealed his fate and had shown that, imbecile though he was, he was still a source of danger. How he was killed no one but those directly concerned knew, and they did not tell. The manner of his death was unknown, but there is no evidence whatever of the first class to fix the actual killing on Richard, and a good deal to fasten the responsibility on the King. Apart from the evidence, it is absurd to suppose that the King's brother should have played the part of an executioner. The Tower was swarming with the victorious Yorkists, soldiers of desperate character, inured to bloodshed, and the King's brother-in-law, Earl Rivers, was in command. Henry was a danger and in the way, and it was not an age of scruples. But while generally for the interests of the House of York to be rid of him, it was the especial interest of Edward, and not of Richard, who was then too remote from the throne to be affected at all by Henry's existence. The natural explanation is the one best supported by such evidence as is worth considering, that Henry was put to death by Edward's order or with his sanction. That Richard approved the step it is reasonable to suppose. Most persons appear to have accepted it as a painful but necessary political action, for politics at that time were of that pleasant cast. But that Richard was more responsible than the rest of his family, there is no reason to suppose ; and that he himself went sword in hand and stabbed Henry is not sustained by any good evidence, nor can it be accepted by any fair rules of reasoning.

In any event the House of York was now firmly established, and the last Lancastrian of the legitimate line was gone. For twelve years Edward was to rule England undisturbed. There is no need here to give any account of his reign. It is enough simply to bring together the known facts about Richard during that period. In the first hours of triumph he received his share of the spoils, made larger by the fidelity which he had shown when Clarence played Edward false. He was appointed Lord Chamberlain and steward of the Duchy of Lancaster, and received the forfeited estates of Oxford, a portion of Warwick's, and the whole of divers others. He also received the thanks of Parliament, which indicates that he was popular. Soon after this began the contest about his marriage with Anne Neville. The famous wooing scene in Shakespeare, and his treatment of Richard's marital relations, are pure invention. At the time of the Shakespearian wooing, which must have been May 22, 1471, Richard was in Kent quelling an insurrection, and Anne, who had not yet completed her fourteenth year, was a prisoner in the Tower, having been captured at Tewkesbury with Queen Margaret. She was never married to Prince Edward, and is spoken of as "puella" in the Croyland Chronicle. It is probable that she was betrothed to the Lancastrian Prince, although there are doubts even on this point.

The historic facts are, that Richard and Anne were cousins and had been brought up together, and that after the final settlement of Edward upon the throne Richard sought her in marriage. Anne, however, was the sister and co-heiress of Isabella, daughter of the great Earl of Warwick and wife of Clarence. The Duke of Clarence wished to get all the Warwick estates, and having no mind to divide them with his brother, abducted Anne and hid her in London in the disguise of a kitchen-maid. Richard discovered her, took her away with her own apparent good-will, and put her in sanctuary. Then came a fierce dispute between the brothers, who argued the case before the council, and it was even feared that they would take up arms. Finally the decision went in Richard's favor, the King sustained him, he got half of the Warwick estates, and married Anne, probably in 1473. There is no evidence to show that they lived together otherwise than happily, or that Richard ever neglected her. On the contrary, they were constantly together, she bore him children—one of whom became Prince of Wales ; and the intimation of Shakespeare that Richard had a hand in her death is sustained by no evidence worth considering.

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The four years succeeding the battle of Tewkesbury, Richard, who was Warden of the Marches and High Constable, spent almost entirely on the northern borders. It was a difficult position, for there was much disaffection in that region. Richard governed wisely and well, and proved himself a strong administrator. He achieved a popularity in the north which never failed him, and even after his death the people there defended his memory.

In 1475 Edward, after burdening his subjects with terrible taxation, raised a fine army and invaded France. Once there, instead of fighting and winning, as he undoubtedly could have done, he came to a treaty with Louis, and for money down and an assured tribute, withdrew. All the great nobles and courtiers about him were bribed largely and openly, and gave their assent. Richard alone stood out, refused all bribes, and denounced the treaty as shameful. His attitude was as well known as it was exceptional, and established his strength and popularity with the people of England, who, wrung with taxation for a war, resented bitterly the conclusion of a sordid peace.

Soon after the King's return from France the trouble with Clarence culminated. Edward had never been on good terms with his brother George since the latter's double treachery to himself and Warwick. He treated him coldly, and discriminated against him in exemptions and gifts. Clarence sulked and withdrew from court. He was rich and popular, he began to talk about the bastardy of Edward's children, in which case he was the next heir to the throne he had already tried to reach, and finally, on the death of his wife, he set about to marry the daughter of Charles of Burgundy. In a word, he became dangerous. He was arrested, tried publicly, and condemned. The King gave the order for his death, urged thereto by the Woodville faction, but to save a public execution the Duke was assassinated in the Tower in 1478. There is not only no proof, or even hint of proof, that Richard had anything to do with it, but the only fact we know is that Richard endeavored to prevent extreme measures. Even Sir Thomas More admits that Richard's guilt was doubtful, and merely surmises that he really desired Clarence's death, while he openly opposed it. Mr. Gairdner says that there is nothing in the original sources (which clearly prove Clarence's death to have been wholly of the King's doing) to connect Richard with the crime. Yet none the less, and this is a fair example of the way Richard has been treated, he endeavors to throw suspicion on him by showing that he received some advantages from Clarence's death in the way of an estate, and he hints that Richard's religious foundations at that period might have been works of repentance for his brother's execution. The plain truth on all existing evidence is that Richard had nothing to do with the death of Clarence, except to try vainly to prevent it.

The year before Clarence's assassination there were indications of difficulties with Scotland, which were fomented by France, and which culminated in war in 1481. Richard, as Lieutenant-General in the north, was in command of the army. He took the town of Berwick, marched on Edinburgh, and entered the city, making a treaty or arrangement with the Lords in control which satisfied the English claims. He then marched back to the borders, besieged and took the castle of Berwick, and thus restored to England the powerful fortress which Margaret and the Lancastrians had surrendered to Scotland twenty-one years before. Throughout he showed the military ability and the administrative capacity for which he was distinguished, and he was thanked again by Parliament.

The following year, on April 9, 1483, Edward IV., worn out by dissipation, died of a surfeit. Long years after, Tudor historians, who felt it necessary to attribute all the current mortality of that period to one source, insinuated a suspicion that Richard, who had not been in London for some time, and who was then at his government in the north, was in some way responsible for the King's death. The story is so silly that it is not worth considering, and is abandoned even by those writers who take the traditional view of Richard. What concerns us here is to trace Richard's subsequent course.

Edward had endeavored to bring about some arrangement before his death which should prevent the war of factions and secure the peaceful accession of his son, Ed-

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ward V., then in his thirteenth year. It was in vain. The breath was hardly out of his body before the struggle was begun by the Woodville faction to get possession of the person of the young King and of the government. The Marquis of Dorset, young Edward's half-brother, seized the treasury, and began illegally to equip a navy. The others undertook to raise an army to escort the King from Ludlow, and were only prevented from doing so and compelled to cut the retinue down to two thousand men by the efforts of Lord Hastings, one of the most powerful nobles in the country, and a bitter enemy of the Woodville faction. All these movements were distinctly treasonable, for Richard had been constituted by the will of Edward IV. guardian of his son, and Protector of the realm. The contest, therefore, at the start was between the lawful authority and a powerful faction headed by the Queen.

Richard, on his side, was as prompt as his adversaries. With a small following, and accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, he started for London and succeeded in intercepting the Prince's retinue at Northampton, the Prince himself having been hurried on to Stony Stratford. Briefly stated, Richard arrested Earl Rivers and Lord Grey, the King's uncle and half-brother, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, sent them to prison at Pontefract Castle, and then went on to Stony Stratford. Masters of the young King's person, Richard and Buckingham then marched to London and established their charge in the Tower, which, it should be remembered, was at that period a palace quite as much as a prison. Meantime the Queen, the rising which she had projected having failed, had taken sanctuary with her daughter and her second son, the Duke of York, at Westminster. Then followed six weeks of plotting and intrigue. The Woodville faction held one council in the Tower, Richard another in Crosby Place. Lord Hastings, who had helped Richard against the Woodvilles, had no mind to sustain him in power as Protector—still less as King—and Richard, acting with the suddenness and determination which were part of his character, arrested Hastings for high treason at a council meeting, and had him executed without even a form of trial that very afternoon. At the same time Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey, after due trial, were executed at Pontefract.

With the death of Hastings, Richard had swept his last powerful opponent from his path and was master of the situation. From this point he moved rapidly to the throne, which we cannot doubt he had intended from the moment he heard of his brother's death. Into the management by which it was brought about, it is not necessary to enter. He based his claim on the bastardy of Edward's children, owing to the latter's pre-contract with Lady Eleanor Butler. This, although worthless in point of mere justice and according to the ideas of the present day, was at that period a perfectly good technical ground, and Richard produced direct evidence amply sufficient for his purpose. His case was considered so strong that, after his death, Henry VII. ordered all the petitions of the city of London, asking Richard to be King and setting forth the reasons for the bastardy of his nephews, to be destroyed. The accidental preservation of one or two of these petitions has alone enabled us to know on what grounds Richard made his claims. By these it is also proved that the later historians falsified them in saying that they set forth a pre-contract between Edward and his mistress, Elizabeth Lucy, as given by Shakespeare, which was idle on its face, and in suppressing the real pre-contract with Lady Eleanor Butler, which was witnessed by Stillington, Bishop of Bath. Richard was unscrupulous, but he was not fatuous, and he did not attempt to impose on the public so feeble a story of the bastardy as that set forth by Shakespeare.

The city of London petitioned him to assume the crown. After a feigned declination, he consented. The council confirmed the action. Parliament, which had been summoned, and then by a writ of supersedeas—issued probably by the Woodville faction—postponed, met nevertheless and confirmed Richard's title, which was later confirmed again by a Parliament formally brought together. If the bastardy of Edward's children is not admitted, Richard, according to the ideas of that day, was, like Henry IV. and Henry VII., a usurper. According to modern theories he was a constitutionally

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chosen King, with the election of lords, commons, council, and city, as much so as any ruler who ever sat upon the throne.

He secured the throne with far less bloodshed than marked any of the changes of the crown from the accession of Henry VI. to that of Henry VIII. He executed three noblemen representing the Woodville faction at Pontefract, and one, Lord Hastings, in London. His action in regard to the Woodvilles was popular and is so admitted by all historians, for that faction was hated as oppressive and luxurious. Hastings's death was regretted, but regarded as a political necessity. Richard's management of the city and of his own claim to the throne was perfectly open, and he became King by the assent of every branch of the government and of the popular voice. Whatever his purposes—and they were no doubt as ambitious and selfish as his methods were violent and unscrupulous—it could not have been otherwise, for Richard did not have the usual weapon of usurpers, an army. It was reported that his forces from the north were coming, twenty thousand strong, to his support. These troops did not arrive until after Richard had assumed the crown, been proclaimed and accepted King, and taken the royal oath. When they came, there were only four or five thousand, according to Fabyan, raw levies in rusty armor and unfit really for service. They remained until after the coronation, but played no part and were not considered as of any importance by the Londoners.

Richard, therefore, reached the crown in eight weeks with no army at his back, and but trifling opposition. He could have effected this on only one condition. The community wanted him. If they had not, he would have been helpless and defeated at the start. It was natural enough, if we look at it without traditional prejudice. Richard was recognized as the ablest man in the kingdom, both as general and administrator. He had opposed the French peace, conquered Scotland, and brought peace to the borders. He was a strong man, capable of rule. On the other side was a boy king whose accession meant a period of violence and disorder as factions struggled for control, and that worst of all tyrannies, the rule of contending nobles. Richard offered the best chance of law, order, and strong government, and that is the sole reason that he was able to carry his adroit schemes to such quick success.

The coronation took place almost immediately, on July 6th, and was performed with great splendor. The new King signalized his accession by a general pardon, extending his clemency even to some of the most bitter enemies of himself and his house. He then set out on a progress through the kingdom. Everywhere he was received with acclamation, and many of the towns voluntarily offered him gifts of money to defray the expenses of his journey, which is the strongest proof of his popularity. Such offers were rare, but Richard declined them all. Every sign that we can now discover points to the fact that he himself was very popular, and that among the masses of the people his accession to the throne was regarded as the best thing that could have happened.

While he was on this progress the report went out that his nephews, the Princes, had died by foul means in the Tower. Thus we come to the deed which has formed the darkest stain on Richard's character, and which has done more to damn him with posterity than all else. Yet, curiously enough, we know less about it and have less evidence concerning it than any other event in his career. The narrative of Sir Thomas More, which has always been the accepted version, carries in itself its own refutation. No outside evidence is needed. Careful criticism of the story, as More or Morton tells it, shows it to be full of contradictions and impossibilities. It falls to pieces on examination. Let us put together what we actually know. The young King Edward V. went to the Tower as soon as he arrived in London, in the spring of 1483. Late in June, just before Richard became King, the Queen-mother gave up the second boy, the Duke of York, and he likewise went to the Tower. Early in the following autumn it was rumored that the royal children were dead. Two of the contemporary chroniclers are entirely silent on the subject. The third merely mentions the report of their death. Nothing was known clearly at that time beyond the fact that a rumor to that effect was abroad. Richard preserved absolute

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silence. He never denied the rumor. He never declared the Princes dead as a means of perfecting his title. After his death he was attainted, and in the bill of attainder no mention is made of the murder of the princes. His bitterest enemies did not then number that among his crimes. Not until seventeen years after Richard's death, not until Perkin Warbeck had attempted to personate the Duke of York, and it had become the direct interest of Henry to establish the death of the Princes, did anything like a definite account of their taking off appear. It was then said that Tyrrel and Dighton had confessed to smothering the two boys in the Tower.

Sir James Tyrrel, who had been Master of the Horse under Edward IV. and Richard, and subsequently trusted and advanced by Henry VII., was then in prison for complicity in aiding the Duke of Suffolk, for which he was subsequently executed. Dighton, also in prison, was released and rewarded by Henry VII., because "his statement pleased him." What they really confessed, if anything, is unknown, for all we have is what the King "gave out;" and what the King "gave out" we know only by hearsay and report. This sums up all the meagre evidence in regard to the death of the Princes; for the bones dug up in the reign of Charles II., and honored by royal burial, are worthless as testimony. They might have been the bones of anyone, even of an ape whose skeleton found in a turret passed for a time as that of Edward V., and the place where they were found does not agree with the accepted story, or indeed any other.

All that we actually know, therefore, is that the Princes went into the Tower in the summer of 1483, and though it was generally believed, by their mother among others, that one escaped, there is no proof that they were ever seen again alive outside the Tower walls. We also know that it was rumored in the autumn of 1483 that they had been murdered, and there knowledge stops. They may have been murdered by Richard's order, or have died, being delicate boys, of neglect and confinement. They may have survived Richard and died or been murdered under Henry, whose interest in having them dead was greater than Richard's, for Henry could not, without destroying his wife's title, admit their bastardy. One conjecture, so far as proof and contemporary evidence go, is just as good and almost as well supported as another. We can only fall back on general reasoning. There is no proof that they survived Richard, the rumor of their death started in his time, and it was to his interest to have them out of the way, as movements were on foot among the nobles to assert Edward V.'s claim to the crown. The fairest inference is that they were put to death by Richard's order, and in the darkness that covers the whole business, an inference is all we have. The murder of the Princes is the blackest crime charged to Richard, and although direct proof of it seems impossible, he cannot be relieved from it unless new and positive evidence to the contrary is discovered.

At the time when this sinister rumor started, Richard was confronted with a much more practical danger. The Duke of Buckingham, whom Richard had declined to make too powerful, went into open rebellion, influenced largely by Morton, Bishop of Ely, who had been committed to the Duke's charge as a prisoner. This revolt was the signal for like movements by Lancastrians, the remnants of the Woodvilles, and the Earl of Richmond. It was a formidable situation for a King scarcely three months on the throne. Richard met it with his accustomed courage and capacity. He raised forces, moved with his usual quickness, and struck hard. The risings in the south were crushed, Richmond was repulsed from the coast, while by great floods in the west Buckingham's army was broken and dispersed, and he himself made a prisoner and promptly and justly executed for high treason.

This display of power brought quiet and gave Richard opportunity to enter on the public work of his short reign. It is only possible here to give a summary of what he accomplished, but that is sufficient to show, not only his wisdom and ability, but that he had a strong new policy which ran consistently through every act. It was this policy vigorously carried out which makes good Richard's place as the harbinger of the new epoch,

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which vindicates his ability as a statesman, and which at the same time wrought his destruction.

In the first place he had two Parliaments in his short reign. The Plantagenets as a race were not afraid of Parliament, and in their struggles for power they were fond of appealing to the Commons and seeking a parliamentary title. There was nothing of the huckstering spirit which the Tudors showed, and still less of the quarrelsome timidity and bad faith of the Stuarts in the relations of the Plantagenets to their Parliaments. They were quite ready to fight with or domineer over a Parliament, but they were equally ready to meet with it and seek its assistance. Richard was conspicuous for this, and he was equally marked in his regard for the courts. Almost his first act was to take his seat with the judges on the King's Bench, and he devoted himself to re-establishing and strengthening the administration of justice between man and man, and to the enforcement of the laws for the protection of life and property. He abolished Benevolences, the most oppressive form of wringing money from individuals in the form of gifts. It was a cruel system, harsh, unequal, and indeterminate in the amounts demanded. For it he substituted, or rather relied on taxation, which, if burdensome, was at least determinate in amount, and was imposed with some regard to equality and justice.

He prohibited the wearing of any badges or cognizances but those of the King. This was a fatal blow to the private armies of the great nobles, and meant the end of private wars and a check upon constant insurrection. It carried in principle the overthrow of the feudal system, and the substitution of one responsible king for a multitude of irresponsible and petty tyrants.

He gave his protection and patronage to the New Learning. He was the friend of Caxton and the encourager of printing, and ordered that no obstacle should be placed in the way of the introduction of books and of all that could promote the new art in the kingdom. He devised a method of carrying despatches and news in which may be traced the first germ of the letter post. He gave liberally to the Church, after the fashion of his time, but superstitious as he was, he curbed the overgrown power of the clergy, and sought to check some of the gross abuses of the day by bringing them within the jurisdiction of the secular courts. All this, in addition to extensive relations with foreign powers and several progresses through the kingdom, represents a great work for two troubled years, work that only a vigorous mind filled with new and definite ideas could have conceived.

At the close of two years the end came. Richmond landed with a mercenary force, and gathering some of the ever-ready and discontented nobles, marched toward London. Richard rapidly raised a much more powerful army and hastened to oppose him. They met at Bosworth. The royal forces were made up on the old feudal system of bands commanded by nobles, and these bands looked for command to their immediate chief, and not to the King. If the leaders failed or were false their troops went with them, and this was precisely what happened at Bosworth. There was really hardly any battle at all, as we can see from the trivial loss of the invaders. The Stanleys, commanding two large bodies of troops, deserted the King's standard almost immediately, and then turned upon the army they had betrayed. The royal forces were thrown, of course, into panic and confusion. Richard was urged to leave the field. He had ample time and opportunity to escape, but he refused. "I will die as I have lived," he said, "King of England." The wild fighting spirit of the Plantagenets was roused. Putting himself at the head of a handful of faithful followers, he charged straight into the enemy's lines, making for Richmond himself. He unhorsed Sir John Cheney, a knight of gigantic stature. He cut down Sir William Brandon, Richmond's standard-bearer, and mortally wounded him. His desperate valor brought him nearly to his rival, and then the men of Stanley closed in around him and he was beaten to the earth and killed with a hundred blows from the hands of the common soldiers. His crown was found later in a hawthorn bush. His body disappeared. There are various accounts as to what befell it, but it is only certain that it was obscurely buried.

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So fell the last Plantagenet, fittingly upon the field of battle, heading a desperate charge. So fell also the first King who saw the coming of a new time in England, and who was great statesman enough to begin a policy which would break the power of the nobles, overthrow the feudal system, and bring from the union of crown and people law and order out of chaos and anarchy. The accepted tradition is that Richard was overthrown because he was so universally hated for his cruelty and tyranny that everyone was eager to desert him and to compass his downfall at the first opportunity. For this tradition there is no solid foundation. To begin with, Richard was not a tyrant. All his legislation and his whole general policy were popular and liberal. As to his cruelty, admitting once for all every crime that can be charged against him on any reasonable evidence, the cold-blooded execution of Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey, and the murder of the Princes, there is no doubt that, according to the views of the nineteenth century, Richard was indifferent to human life, bloodthirsty, and cruel. He did not live, however, in the nineteenth but in the fifteenth century. He lived among feudal nobles in a period of constant and savage war, and in a society whose views as to the sacredness of human life and as to murder, treachery, and the like, were those of North American Indians. If Richard be tried by the only proper standard, that of his own time, he will be found to be, not more but less, cruel and bloody than either his predecessors or those who came after him. The act which has especially blackened his memory is the mysterious removal or murder of the Princes. Yet Clifford, backed by Margaret of Anjou, had killed in cold blood Richard's brother, the Earl of Rutland, a boy of sixteen, while Henry VII. imprisoned and executed the feeble-minded Earl of Warwick, the son of Clarence. In mere numbers of executions, excluding, of course, on both sides those who were taken in open rebellion, Richard has much less to answer for than Queen Margaret or Henry VII., and far less than Henry VIII., who put to death anybody who happened to be distasteful to him on political, personal, or religious grounds. There was no public opinion in that day against putting to death anyone who had played and lost in the great struggle of politics. Executions were a recognized part of the business. When the game went against a statesman in those days, as Mr. Speaker Reed once said, he did not cross the aisle and take his place as the leader of His Majesty's opposition; he was sent to the Tower and had his head cut off. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* At every turn of the wheel in the long struggle between the Lancastrians and the Yorkists, the victorious party always executed every leader of the other side upon whom they could lay hands. Such were the rules of the society, and such the politics in which Richard was brought up, and he played according to those rules and without excess, paying the final forfeit himself with undaunted courage.

Nothing is farther from the truth than the notion that Richard was unpopular with the masses of the people. He had never injured them, and they did not care how many nobles or princes he put to death. There is no evidence that there was any popular uprising against Richard at any time, but on the contrary, all the evidence we have shows that he was supported and liked by the people, especially in the north, where he was best known. This was but natural. Richard represented law, order, and authority. All his legislation was for the benefit of the people, and they knew it. Their enemies and his were the same, and they knew that too.

Yet it is true Richard was hated. Fabyan records that there were mutterings against him on the very day of his coronation, but the men who muttered thus under their breath, according to the old chronicler, were the nobles, not the people. Now we come to the real unpopularity of Richard. He was hated by the classes, not by the masses. The nobles who had opposed him hated him because he had beaten them; those who had supported him, because they found a master when they intended to have a puppet. All classes of the nobility soon grew to hate him with a common and bitter hatred, because they recognized in him the enemy of their order and saw that every move he made tended to destroy their power. He was fighting the battle of crown and

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people against the feudal system of petty tyrants, and the nobles, who saw political and military ruin advancing upon them, rose against the King who led the march. They raised a rebellion under Buckingham and failed. They took breath, set up a claimant to the throne, supplied him with forces, and then, by treachery, wrecked the royal army at Bosworth, and slew their foe. It was their last effort; they were exhausted and, although they had changed kings, they had not changed royalty or checked the movement of the time. The feudal system fell at Bosworth with the King who had given it its deathblow and marked out the road for his successor to follow.

It is here we come on the real importance of Richard III., when we find him a part of the great movement of the time, and leading the real forces which make history. If Richard's character as a man were all, it would not be more than a matter of curiosity to inquire into the truth concerning him. But behind this personal question there rises one of real importance, which has just been indicated, and to which those who have written upon him have given but little attention. On this side we are no longer dealing with doubtful or prejudiced chroniclers, no longer delving in dark corners whence the best issue is a probability. Here we come out into the broad light of day, where our authorities are the unquestioned witnesses of laws and state records, which tell us nothing of persons but much of things. In them, as we have seen, a strong consistent policy is disclosed, and that policy reveals to us the great social and political change then in progress.

It was the period when an old order of life was dying and a new one was being born. The great feudal system of England was drawing to its unlamented close. It had worked out its destiny. It had rendered due service in its time, it had curbed the crown in the interests of liberty, but its inherent vices had grown predominant, and it had come to be a block to the movement of men toward better things. In its development the feudal system had ceased to be of value as an aid to freedom against a centralized tyranny. It had become purely a dissolving and separatist force. When it culminated under Henry VI., we can see its perfect work. The crown, the central cohesive national power, had ceased to be. The real rulers of England were the great nobles, who set up and pulled down kings and tore the country with ambitious factions. Warwick was the arch-type, and the name he has kept through the centuries of the "king-maker" really tells the story. More men wore his livery and cognizance, more men would gather to the Bear and Ragged Staff of the Nevilles, than the king himself could summon. In a less degree all the great nobles were the same. Each was practically the head of a standing army. If the king did not please them, they took up arms, set up another king, and went to war. As they were always rent into bitter factions, the king could not please more than a portion of the nobility at any time, and the result was organized anarchy or the Wars of the Roses. The condition was little better than that which led Poland to ruin and partition.

The other powers in the state were king and people. To both the situation was hateful. The king did not like to hold his crown by sufferance and lie at the mercy of two or three powerful subjects. The people, especially in the towns, began to long for peace and order, and greatly preferred the chance of one man's tyranny to the infinitely worse oppression of a hundred petty tyrants. Steadily king and people were drawing together, and the only question was when they would be able to crush the feudal nobility and break their power. Edward IV. saw what it was necessary to do, and made some spasmodic efforts in the right direction. But Edward, although a brilliant general, was no statesman. He was too sensual, too indolent, too worthless, except on the field of battle, for such work. Richard was as brilliant a soldier as Edward, but he was also a statesman, and he was neither sensual nor indolent. Short as his reign was, a great work was done, and we have seen that a clear, strong policy of maintaining law and order and of crushing the nobility runs in unbroken line through his statutes.

It was wise and able work. Unluckily for himself, although it made no difference in the result, Richard was just a little too early. The feudal nobility were dying,

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but not quite dead. There were still enough of them to set up a claimant for the crown, still enough to betray Richard and kill him on the field of battle. He was their enemy, and as a class they knew it. It was not his cruelty, even if we admit as true all the Shakespearian crimes. Executions and murders of royal and noble persons were too much the fashion of the day to base a campaign on for the crown. They called Richard tyrant and murderer and "bloody boar," and he retorted with proclamations in which he denounced them not merely as traitors but as murderers, adulterers, and extortioners. There was just as much truth in one charge as the other, and neither was of any importance in the fight. Mr. Legge is right in saying that there was no national or popular uprising. Indeed the people of York mourned publicly over Richard's "treacherous murder," when such lamentation was far from safe, and quarrelled in defence of his memory six years later. There was, in reality, no reason for a popular revolt against Richard, for, as has been shown, all his legislation and public acts made for the benefit of the people as much as the crown, and, as Richard represented the new movement in politics, was bound to do so.

If Richard had been a little more thorough and a little more cruel; if he had sent Lord Stanley to the block as his successor afterward did, and as he was warranted in doing by the code of the day; if he had sent Stanley's wife along the same road and procured, as he might have done, the murder of the Earl of Richmond, all would have gone well with him. He would have died, probably, according to his sneer, "a good old man," and he would have left an immense reputation as the king who stamped out feudalism, opened the door to learning and civilization, brought crown and people together, consolidated the English monarchy, and set England on the triumphant march of modern days. His executions and cruelties would have been glossed over, and his exploits and abilities enlarged. But he struck the first intelligent blow from the throne at the anarchic nobility, and they had still strength to return the blow, kill him, and then load his memory with obloquy.

Richard's immediate vindication as a statesman lies in the fact that his successor continued his policy, and, enforcing the law against private liveries, fined heavily his great supporter, the Earl of Oxford, because on a royal visit the Earl received him with two thousand retainers wearing the cognizance of the house of Vere. The movement toward the consolidation of the monarchy and the development of the people as a force proceeded from the points fixed by the last Plantagenet. Richard came just at the dawn of the new movement, and thus marks by his reign no less than by his legislation a turning-point of momentous importance in the history of the English-speaking race.

He was the beginner of new things, but he was also the end of an old order. He was the last of a great dynasty. For four hundred years the Plantagenets held the English throne. In all history there has never been of one blood and of one lineage, unbroken and untainted, a reigning family which has shown so much ability of so high an order. They produced great soldiers and great statesmen, and these were the rule. The weaklings were only a few marked exceptions. They were essentially a royal, ruling, fighting race. Their end was coincident with that of the old feudal nobility and its system. The change was startling. The great dynasty of fighting monarchs and statesmen was succeeded by a set of bourgeois kings. Henry VII. was the grandson of an obscure Welsh gentleman, and his methods answered to his origin. He was a shrewd, able man, unscrupulous and crafty, every whit as cruel as Richard, and, as Horace Walpole says, one of the "meanest tyrants" who ever sat upon a throne. He recognized in the light of what Richard had done the true forces of the time and went with them. But the old conquering, adventurous spirit of the Plantagenets had gone, and the bourgeois monarchy had come. A bourgeois monarchy it remained, despite the false romance cast over the Stuarts, and became more so than ever when a third-rate German family was called to the throne. In the four hundred years since the Plantagenets there have been three dynasties in England, Oliver Cromwell, and William of

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Orange. Among them all, since the last Plantagenet fell at Bosworth, closing a long line of statesmen and warriors, England has had but two great rulers, and one was a country squire, the other a Dutch prince. There was ability in the Tudors and common-sense, much meanness and cruelty, and highly imperfect morals. Of the Stuarts Charles II. had some sense, but the rest had neither sense nor morals, and were as worthless a family as accident ever brought to a crown. The Guelphs have answered their purpose, but it would be flattery to call them mediocre in ability. It is a picturesque contrast to the brilliant Plantagenets, and yet it must be admitted that these mediocre bourgeois sovereigns, in the main plain and sensible folk, have been best probably for England and for the marvellous development of her people.

The change in the nobles was no less sharp than in the occupants of the throne. The old feudal nobility was practically extinct when Henry VII. came to the throne, and new men took their places. This old nobility had grievous faults, and their political system was deadly. They were sunk in superstition; not merely the superstition of the Church, but that of the necromancer and the witch, the wizard and the soothsayer. In cruelty and bloodshed they had the habits of Red Indians. They were illiterate, tyrannical, vindictive, and often treacherous. Yet, despite all this, they were brave and adventurous, a fighting, conquering, ruling class. As to the crown a bourgeois monarch, so to the dead feudal nobility a bourgeois nobility succeeded. Empson and Dudley typify at the worst the new men who rose to power under Henry VII. The new nobility was a land-grabbing, money-getting set. They plundered the Church and seized her lands; they inclosed the commons and added them to their domains. As a class they were sharp political managers, rarely statesmen, and they had none of the bold, adventurous spirit of their predecessors. They made no wars, they sought no conquests, they engaged in no dangerous enterprises. If the old nobility had the failings usually attributed to pirates, their successors had the faults commonly given to usurers.

Last remained the people, who were not extinct nor dethroned, but who were just taking the first painful steps which were to lead them to supremacy. The abolition of military tenures and the breakdown of the feudal system wrought a great change in their condition. Villanage disappeared, and from holding land by military service they became rent-payers. Then the commons were inclosed, and the struggle for life became desperate. Some were forced down until they sank into agricultural laborers. Others remained tenant farmers; others rose to be small squires and country gentry. Very many were forced off the land and took to the sea, to trade, to the professions. In the earlier days the daring English spirit was embodied in her Plantagenet kings and her feudal nobility. After the coming of the bourgeois monarchy that spirit deserted kings and nobles, but it was as strong and undimmed as ever in the descendants of the men who had drawn the bow and followed the Edwards and the Henrys at Poictiers and Cressy and Agincourt. While the bourgeois kings and nobles controlled England, she displayed, as a nation, none of the old spirit. We find it then only in men like Drake and Raleigh, but they came from the people, from the old fighting stock. At last crown and people clashed, and under Cromwell England rose once more to the rank of a great power able to dictate to Europe. The Plantagenet spirit came again with the man of the people. There was a brief interregnum, then the descendants of the feudal retainers consolidated and obtained control of the nation; and, beginning with William and Marlborough, England entered on that wonderful course of conquest and extension which ran through the whole eighteenth century, and subdued new continents and old civilizations alike. The spirit of the Plantagenets and their nobles came to a new and more glorious being among the descendants of the men who had followed them, and while the bourgeois nobility produced the Duke of Newcastle, the commons of England gave her the elder Pitt.

Such was the change which began under Richard, and which modern research among rolls and records has brought to light by exhibiting to us the course and purpose of his legislation. The importance of his place in history is plain enough

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to those who care to look into it with "considerate eyes." The ability of the man, his greatness as a soldier, his wisdom as a statesman are also clear. These things were his alone; while his crimes and his overmastering ambition, although his own too, were also the offspring of his times, of which he, like other men, was the child and prototype.

Yet the helplessness of history when it comes in conflict with the work of a great imagination has never been more strikingly shown than in the case of the third Richard. Historians and critics may write volumes, they may lay bare all the facts, they may argue and dissect and weigh and discuss every jot and tittle of evidence, but, except to a very limited circle, it will be labor lost so far as the man Richard is concerned. The last Plantagenet will ever remain fixed in the popular fancy by the unsparing hand of genius. To the multitude who read books, to the vaster and uncounted multitude who go to the theatre, there will never be but one Richard, the Richard of Shakespeare. There in the drama and on the stage he has been fixed for all time, and nothing can efface the image. He will be forever, not only to the English-speaking world, but to the people of Europe, to whom Shakespeare's language is an unknown tongue, the crook-backed tyrant. Always, while art and letters survive, will the last Plantagenet limp across the stage, stab Henry with a bitter gibe, send Clarence to his death with a sneer, and order Buckingham and Hastings to execution as he would command his dinner to be served. The opinion of posterity probably does not trouble Richard much since the event at Bosworth; but if it did he nevertheless has one compensation. Despite the lurid light in which he appears, it is still he, and not his rival, who has the plaudits of the countless people who have watched, and will yet watch, his career upon the mimic stage. They know that he is a remorseless usurper, a devil incarnate, for it has been set before them with the master's unerring art. But the same art has shown them the man's ability and power, his force of will, and his dauntless courage. When the supreme moment comes, the popular sympathy is not with Henry, loudly proclaiming his virtuous sentiments, but with his fierce antagonist. The applause and cheers which greet the final scene are not for the respectable Richmond, but for him who kills five Richmonds, who enacts more wonders than a man, and who dies King of England, hemmed in by enemies, as full of valor as of royal blood, desperate in courage as in all else, fighting grimly to the last like a true Plantagenet.

Sign Manual of Richard III.

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W. J. Baer, pinxit.

THE MINIATURE PORTRAIT

By Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield

IF Greek legend whispers that the portrait art was discovered by affection when the potter's daughter traced the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall, prosaic research proves that the miniature portrait also owes its origin to tenderness.

When the flower of French knighthood jingled away southward to the Italian wars with Charles VIII., some disconsolate lady, left behind with no defence against regrets and heartache but a needle or a novel, had an inspiration. Why not replace the image of Madonna or patron saint, which pious usage had hung around all Christian throats, by a tiny portrait of him who loved and rode away? A device so simple and so practical attained immediate popularity. There was no lack of skilled miniaturists and there was a touch of romance in the idea of having the image of the beloved always present, which appealed to a court where gallantry had inherited the language and ideals of chivalry.

The life-size portrait had an official character, it was the property of the family, of the *gens*; its place was above the hearth, between the blazoned shields; it was immovable, and counted as an item of household furniture; but the miniature, the little picture that could be

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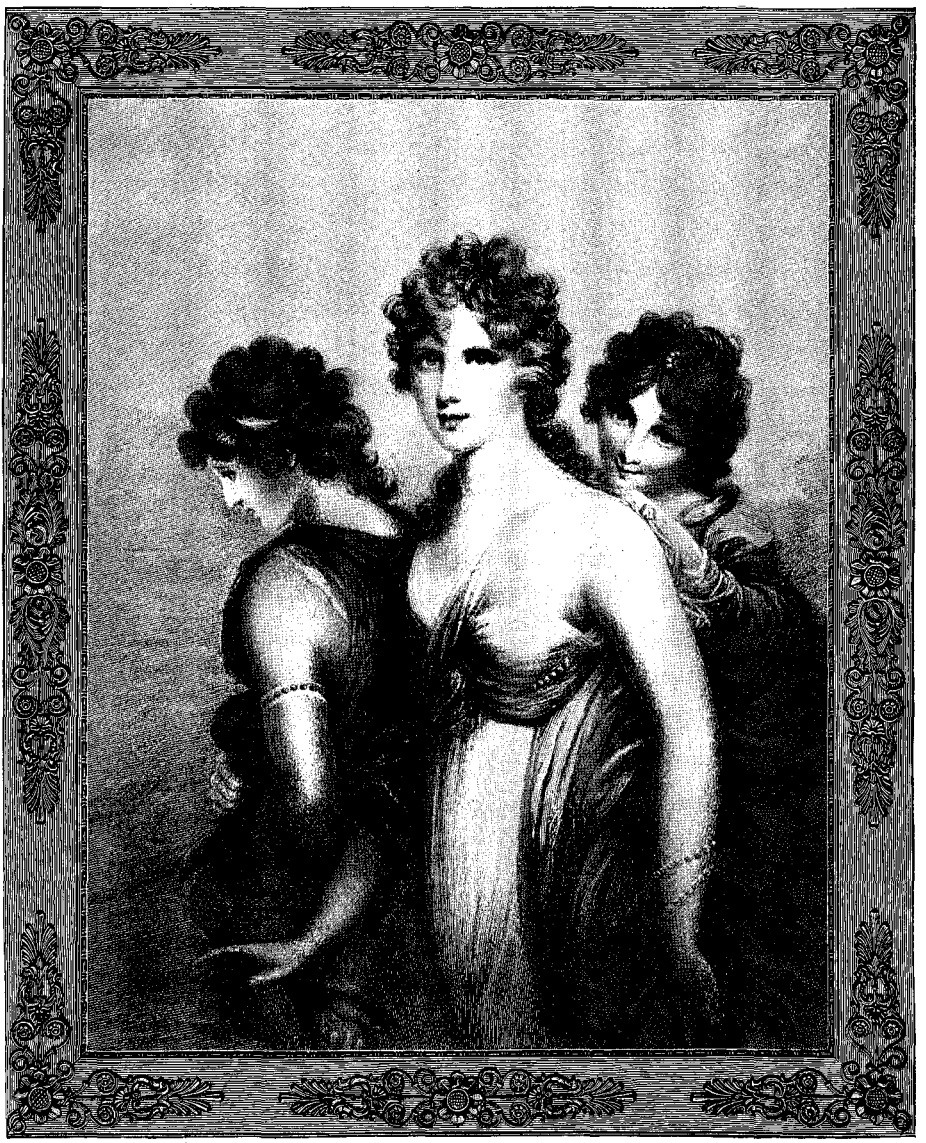
covered by a kiss or hidden in the palm of the hand had an intimate and personal quality, it was a pledge of affection, often a gage of stolen joys; it could be carried by the exile in never so hurried a flight, could be concealed in the lid of a comfit-case, in the filigree of a pomander, set under a jewel, or slipped beneath the linen and lace and worn on the heart whose beats its pressure quickened. Above all, it ministered to that desire or necessity for secrecy, dear to lovers, that manifests itself in ostrich-like subterfuges which so effectually deceive those who practise them.

Thus the miniature, that all through the Middle Ages, even when Jean Fouquet painted and Agnes Sorel posed, had been shut between the jewelled clasps of the missal was secularized by love. It still retained something of its ecclesiastical origin in the exquisite precision of its execution, and in all probability it was kissed as fervently, and contemplated as



THE HOURS.—THE PAST, THE PRESENT, THE COMING HOUR.—PAINTED IN LONDON BY EDWARD G. MALBONE IN 1801.

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THE GOLDEN HOUR, BY W. J. BAER. *Copyrighted, 1896, by W. J. Baer.*

devoutly, as the holy image whose place it had usurped.

The high finish which the miniature demanded commended it to popular taste and especially to women. The lady of the Renaissance, no matter how lofty her rank, was always a most valiant needlewoman, a cunning embroideress, a worker of interminable tapestries and altar-cloths. These occupations had increased her feminine love of detail rather than of general effect, and over-developed her inborn appreciation of the pretty, the dainty, and the exquisite. This tendency, which has never failed to show itself in the arts when the influence of woman is predominant, insured the triumph of miniature.

There was still another reason for this triumph: Diderot tells us that the word miniature, originally written *mignature*, comes from *mignard*, delicate, flattered; "in truth, miniature by the smallness of the objects that it represents, and their high finish, seems to flatter and embellish nature while imitating her, an effect common to all things that are reduced from a large to a small size."

It was natural enough, then, that in less than twenty years after the first Italian expedition miniature painting should take its place among the arts. Great painters like Holbein practised it, and Clouet's remarkable crayon drawings in the Louvre are the preliminary studies for miniature portraits. Brantôme's Lives abound in all kinds of allusions to these tiny *chefs-d'œuvre*, from the story of the knight who died kissing the portrait "*d'une très grande*," that he took from under his cuirass, to the anecdote of the

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false Gascon risking his lady's picture on a cast of the dice.

Through the seventeenth century the vogue of the miniature constantly increased, its minute and laborious technique, its hard, brilliant color, its daintiness, endeared it to the finical taste of the *Précieuses* and to the fops and beauties of the English and French courts. It was an indispensable wedding-gift, and the necessary adjunct of every love-affair. The painting of these miniatures was dry, mechanical, and airless, many of them were executed after certain well-known *formulæ* and copied from engravings. The direct study from nature of the model, which was universal in the preceding century, the human quality which informs the wonderful miniatures of the Pitti Gallery, the Anne of Cleves of Holbein, and the Elizabeth d'Autriche of Clouet, had disappeared.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century Rosalba Carriera, a Venetian painter, was invited to Paris by Law, the inventor of the famous "system." In her hands miniature, which had become a costly toy, shiny and lifeless as the precious stones and the gold of its frame, again took rank as a work of art. The dry, sharp strokes with the point of the brush were abandoned for an ampler, broader touch with the side of the brush, the model was "enveloped" in soft, diffused light, the draperies became diaphanous, and the flesh tones pearly. In a word, the opalescent tints of the sea city, the translucent shadows and the luminous haze of the lagoons were reflected in the miniature. Rosalba introduced the use of ivory instead of the parchment or vellum on which the older miniatures had been painted; its fine grain and exquisite creamy color made it the best of

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surfaces for the portraits of women and children; in many of these it seems to palpitate and breathe, to radiate light like smooth, polished flesh, and no material was better adapted to the delineation of the velvety bloom of early youth or the satin sheen of white shoulders.

Rosalba Carriera founded a school whose traditions lasted through the eighteenth century, that golden age of miniature. They were everywhere, these "pictures in little;" on every toilet-table, in all the boudoirs, on the lids of the sweetmeat-, tobacco-, and patch-boxes; they nestled among the powdered curls of the lofty head-dresses, and in that epoch of demonstrative sentimentality every "delicate female," every "man of feeling," was obliged to have a collection of miniature portraits of relatives, friends, and even of defunct lap-dogs and canary-birds.

The Revolution came and went, but the taste of the old *régime* for miniature persisted; to it we owe the best portraits of Robespierre, Couthon, Saint-Just, and many another protagonist in the sombre drama. The miniature was a precious consolation to the exile and the prisoner, but it was often a traitor as well. It was the portrait of Buzot, "the dear picture" of "*toi que je n'ose nommer*," found in the sweepings of a vegetable stall that betrayed to posterity the secret of Madame Roland, and when Voltaire took the ring containing his miniature from the cold hand of the dead Madame du Châtelet he discovered that his portrait had been replaced by that of a rival, Saint-Lambert.

Meanwhile the miniature itself was greatly influenced, both in France and England, by the change in manners and costume which the "return to nature" and the admiration for antiquity had effected. Classic drapery lent itself to coquettish indiscretions, and "a sweet disorder in the dress," which in the life-size portrait would have been considered indecorous, became a mere convention. The stiff bodice was unlaced, the powdered curls loosened, the lawn slipped off the shoulders. To this *laisser-aller* the prim and formal costume of the men formed a humorous contrast. Simultaneously a movement toward idealization in portraiture took place. Isabey discovered a diaphanous, iridescent atmosphere most flattering to his sitters. Cosway saw most women through his favorite type, that of the nymph, or rather the fauness, which had been so well incarnated in Emma Lyon, while in America Malbone refined his models by lending them an air of reserve and dignity.

By the end of the first quarter of the present century miniature began to decline, photography destroyed it as printing had annihilated caligraphy. At present there is a decided tendency to revive this delicate art, and any visitor to the "salons" of Paris or the galleries of New York will be impressed by the increased number of miniatures on exhibition. Unfortunately, with some honorable exceptions, too many of these are commonplace performances, lacking in vitality and mechanical in execution. It is therefore at once a surprise and a pleasure to find among our younger painters one who seems eminently qualified by temperament and training to continue the traditions of the American school of miniature—this is Mr. Baer, whose only masters in this now wellnigh lost art were the observation of nature and the study of such examples of Malbone and Stagg as he was able to find in our New York collections. Mr. Baer unites to the capacity for characterization a broad and painter-like handling and a knowledge of construction, which he owes to his training in the art schools of Munich, but his greatest charm is in his color, color gem-like and flower-like, which runs a whole gamut from the deepest and warmest tones to the most delicate and brilliant of pearl and opaline tints. In addition to this color-gift Mr. Baer also possesses the patience and fidelity of the true miniaturist, and his work is characterized by a certain sincerity which is not the least of its attractions.

It is pleasant to think that so able an artist has devoted himself to the revival of the miniature portrait which we hope is again to be counted among our household treasures. Its potentialities, the suggestion of romance and mystery that cling about it like a faint scent of amber and its tender associations render it worthy of a place among our Penates.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

AMERICANS have a reputation for after-dinner speaking which, whether or no it concern them to conserve, they are, it seems to me, in some danger of losing. If the practice went with the reputation, this would undoubtedly be a relief. Digestions in great numbers would benefit by the change. Nothing would tend more to alleviate the national dyspepsia than the disappearance of this national sport. Nearly every public dinner (and a dinner now becomes a public one on the slightest provocation) serves chiefly as an excuse to bring people together for the purpose of this indulgence, and the emotions excited in the grand sympathetic system by the prospect of being called upon to "say something" are gastrically deleterious in a high degree. It is still worse if the summons comes unexpectedly in the midst of the digestive process. You go to the dinner of the Society of Moral Painters, for example. The chances are that you have no views on the subject of moral painting that are at all unfamiliar to the moral painters themselves, but either you are studying throughout the repast how to say this pleasantly, or you are suddenly asked to do so at the moment when, confident in your supposed immunity, you are tranquilly enjoying the sufferings of others. Such confidence is nowadays, indeed, pure *fatuity*. The acceptance of a dinner invitation by no matter how humble and viewless a person is a tacit admission of his liability to postprandial service. Old hands at the business understand perfectly the hygienic conditions of it, and either eat almost nothing or drink a great deal. But the amateurs are probably steadily, if subtly, impairing their health.

After-dinner Oratory.

This is a state of things in which no art can be pursued successfully. It breeds insensitiveness of all kinds and operates more or less obscurely to produce the prevailing indifference to the quality of the after-dinner speech itself. The result is the widespread deterioration of the latter, which has, in fact, from a fine art become a variety of sport, as I said. Most after-dinner speeches nowadays display at the same time a deplorable incapacity in this direction and a singular unconsciousness of it. Of these there is the glib variety, in which the characteristic phenomena of the ideal performance seem more or less present, but are handled with inherent inefficiency. And there is the halting and confused kind which awakens alarm in the listener as to how the speaker is coming out, without, however, causing any concern in the speaker's own mind, as is evident from his relentless persistence. These constitute at present, perhaps, the larger number. But there is also a respectable minority composed of comparatively unwilling orators, who do not thus unite complacency and incompetence—moths, nevertheless, to whom the after-dinner speech is of many candle-power, who are fascinated and singed by its flame in tragic but tiresome fashion at every feast, and whose manifest pain is depressingly shared by the humane among their hearers. Finally there is a small but noticeable class who would sincerely prefer to remain silent, but who are overborne by the force of circumstances, by the cordial insistence of the presiding functionary, and by the general belief that anyone can "say something," and that it is churlish not to make a postprandial Helot of one's self on demand.

Amid the activities of all these orders of orators the art can but suffer. It is, to be sure, largely true that in a multitude of practitioners there is proficiency. But the maxim loses its force in the absence of any criterion

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and its rigorous application, which is here the case. "Everything goes" is not a motto that augurs well for advancement in any art, especially in one so ochlocratic as the postprandial. The truth is that the art of after-dinner speaking is one of the most difficult as it is one of the most admirable of the fine arts, taken in their extended sense. This, of course, is why, on strict antinomian principles, it is so extremely popular with us; when we see what we want we do not weakly stand upon the order of our going for it because there happen to be difficulties in the path. But it not only demands that one shall have something to say and know how to say it. Those are the requirements of mere oratory in general. After-dinner oratory demands in addition that one should know what to say and how to say it about next to nothing at all. The art is necessarily delicate and almost evanescent in proportion to the slightness of the substance, and if the substance be too serious, the intolerable paradox of postprandial pedantry is the consequence. "Lightly running amuck at an august thing" is admittedly reprehensible, but it is not so damaging to the end aimed at as are light gymnastics in heavy armor. Misconception as to these difficulties is responsible for our present mob of after-dinner orators, of many of whom we may say with Taine, speaking of Mr. Dick and similar characters of Dickens: "They make us laugh and they make us shudder." The only remedy is a twofold change in public sentiment. Those who wish to preserve the national reputation in this respect should in the first place remorselessly apply a high standard to all practice, and sternly discourage the amateur. In the second place they should respect the wishes of the comparatively infrequent diner who realizes that proficiency is beyond his reach, whose time is profitably employed to ends that preclude the requisite training, and who appreciates a fine thing too much to be compelled to vulgarize it in his own person and against his will.

LIFE is a process of learning to restrict one's desires or to hold them tentatively, and so far is this training carried that even when we indulge in obviously vain wishes most of us feel it incumbent upon us not to let them become too extravagant. We strive to compromise with fate by forming wishes which, while plainly impossible of realization, are not so wildly impossible as those we might make were it not for this restraining influence. Probably it is owing to this unconscious economy of desire that we all so often find ourselves echoing Burns's wish:

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!"

An Amended Wish.

For what a meagré and unsatisfactory wish it is when one comes to think of it! It appears to be based on an optimistic but rather fatuous belief that "others" are always clear-sighted and impartial observers, and sufficiently interested in ourselves to pass intelligent judgment on us. If this were so, their opinions would certainly be well worth considering; and if wishes were horses then beggars could ride. But under existing circumstances what conceivable profit or pleasure, except the gratification of a transient curiosity, could a sensible man gain by sharing the narrow, one-sided, and prejudiced views of his character, which are all that any outsider, barring, perhaps, a few intimate friends, can possibly possess? Of what value would be the opinion of one's self held by the man with whom one has just disagreed on the currency question, the beggar to whom one has refused a quarter, or the unmusical neighbor who objects to one's cornet? These people have views, and pronounced ones, too, on one's character and intellect; but I, for one, am well satisfied that the restraints of society prevent their expression.

Even when the "others" are nearer to us and have better opportunities for judging, the general instinct of recrimination, and, when that is inoperative, differences of temperament effectually prevent their views of us from being helpful. The pot's exposition of the kettle's blackness does not often lead the latter to seek a scouring soap, and the candid souls who make a practice of expressing their honest opinions of others to those others are not generally looked upon as the most useful members of society. Indeed, it seems probable that the good resulting from this comprehension of the views of others would be far outweighed by the harm. Mr. Casaubon might not have insisted on sacrificing his wife as well as himself to his hopeless task had he seen himself through his historian's eyes; but who can say how many of our leaders and reformers might have shrunk from even beginning their tasks could they

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have had a keen appreciation of the absurdity and futility of their attitude as it appeared to their complacent and somewhat supercilious contemporaries.

But how easy it would be to give up the old form and wish that we might all see others as they see themselves. What a new interest and zest would be given to life by such an arrangement! Far be it from me to suggest that my reader is not regarded by his friends as an embodiment of all the virtues and excellences, but with myself the case is less happy. I clearly perceive that the world has never done me justice. Is it possible—their behavior leads me to suspect it—that outsiders consider me dull and commonplace? Ah, if they could but see me as I see myself; they would perceive a subtle originality, too fine for the indifferent crowd to appreciate, that differentiates me from the rest of mankind. Do they deem me shallow and frivolous? I know that my emotions are of really unimaginable depth and intensity, and that no knight or troubadour of old was capable of more sustained and passionate devotion than I. Do they actually think me tedious and pedantic? That is because they, not having my scholarly tastes and mental grasp, cannot appreciate the range and variety of the stores of learning I am willing to put at their disposal. Truly, could the world see me as I see myself, it would know me for a creature of many and varied gifts, far removed from the quiet, unobtrusive, and tiresomely commonplace personage whose image my name calls up in the minds of my acquaintance.

And yet, on the wish thus amended we should have to place one limitation. It would be disastrous to have others see us as we see ourselves in those bad quarters of an hour when to our remorseful gaze every folly and weakness of our nature looms large, and the virtues on which in more complacent moments we plume ourselves dwindle into pitiful insignificance. No enemy could be so severe in his condemnation, so unsparing in his contempt as we are at these times, and could others see us as we then appear to ourselves, life among them would thenceforth be impossible to us. We should have to be sure that the fairy who was to grant our wish understood this matter thoroughly, else would our latter state be far worse than our former.

But with this limitation, how our amended wish, if granted, would revolutionize the world. In what a company of wits and sages, of heroes and saints we should live! And how popular we should all become! and how much more interesting we should find our fellow-mortals! Surely, if we are to wish at all, it were the part of wisdom to wish for this power rather than for the doubtful benefit of seeing ourselves as others see us.

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THE FIELD OF ART

A FLORENTINE BRONZE — THE OLD CHESHIRE CHEESE — THE TILGNER MOZART MONUMENT IN VIENNA

THE pleasure of seeing for the first time a fine work of art is like none other in the world. Sometimes it strikes you with wonder, like a revelation, sometimes with instant delight, as of love at first sight, but in either case it is indefinable and inexpressible, except approximately and by comparisons, like the flavor of a peach, or the scent of a violet. There are perhaps few persons who have enjoyed it more often or more purely than the owner of the little bronze which is figured upon this page—the English amateur Mr. Henry Willett, who has a keen eye for such jewels, whether in a palace or a dust heap. With many other of his beautiful things it was sent to the Exhibition of Early Italian Art at the New Gallery, London, in the winter of 1893–94. Where he found it, or what he paid for it is not known.

This little figure of Christ at the Pillar is seven and one half inches high, but its greatness is not to be measured by its scale. It is as large in design and complete in execution as though it were the size of life. It is of bronze with a very dark—almost black—*patina*, and every detail is wrought with the greatest knowledge and delicacy. Florentine, no doubt, of the latter half of the fifteenth century, but there is a tenderness in its sentiment, a complexity in its modelling, which speak to others of a later period. No one has ventured to assign it to any particular hand, but no one who knows the work of Donatello can fail to be reminded as he looks at it of many figures by the great Florentine, and surely of none more forcibly than the adult St. John the Baptist in the National Museum at Florence. It is such a combination of realism and style, of severity and gentleness, as few other artists have achieved, but it lacks that brusqueness of conception, that comparative carelessness of grace, that "rigidity," and that touch of the wild which characterize at least most of the known works of this master which deal with kindred themes. But if it cannot be assigned to Donatello, it can at least be said that but for him it would never have existed, and that whoever conceived it was a great artist, not only in craft but in imagination, for it realizes the noble-

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At the Cheshire Cheese.

ness of a willing sacrifice, the submission to insult and suffering, not from weakness but from force of will.

THERE is no date recorded of the building of the Cheese, but for over two hundred years it has been in existence and has been patronized by celebrities of every degree. Charles II. ate a chop there with Nell Gwynne. A brass tablet in one corner informs you that this was the favorite seat of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and the panelling immediately below is quite polished by the heads of generations of the faithful who have held it an honor to occupy the seat. Goldsmith, Pope, Congreve, De Quincey, Thackeray, Dickens, Leech, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood were among its frequenters, and while there are no positive proofs, there are authentic legends that Shakespeare spent many hours here, being near to his theatre in Playhouse Yard, Ludgate Hill.

Along Fleet Street nineteenth-century humanity rushes in throngs, feverishly intent on the main chance. But now and again units from the mass fall out and disappear into a little door-way, so unobtrusive in its character as to be easily passed by strangers in search for it. A small passage-way, a bit of court, and one enters the old Cheshire Cheese, treading in the footsteps of generations of wits and philosophers. A wit the visitor may not be, but he is certain to be the other in one way or another, and his purpose in coming here can have little in common with the hurly-burly he has but just left out there on Fleet Street. The tide of affairs has left him stranded on an oasis of peculiar charm:—a low-ceilinged room, brown as an old meerschaum, heavily raftered, and carrying to the sensitive nostril the scent of ages, the indescribable aroma inseparable from these haunts of geniality; wide windows, white-curtained on two sides, and, smiling upon the new-comer; the merry glow of the fire in the old grate, flirting tiny flames upward that caress the steaming, singing kettle hanging just above. The old copper scuttle glints with the fitful gleams upon its burnished, pudgy sides; the floor spread abundantly with sawdust softens the sounds of foot-falls. The white table-cloths make the note of tidiness, relieving the prevailing low tone of the room. Over against one wall hang two cocked hats and a cane, Johnson's. The silk hats and trousers of modern London almost seem out of harmony with the cosey quaintness of their environment, but smalls and buckles and cocked-hats pass away, and architecture survives the fashions and persons of its creators.

The waiter before one looks very different from the picture on the wall of his one-time

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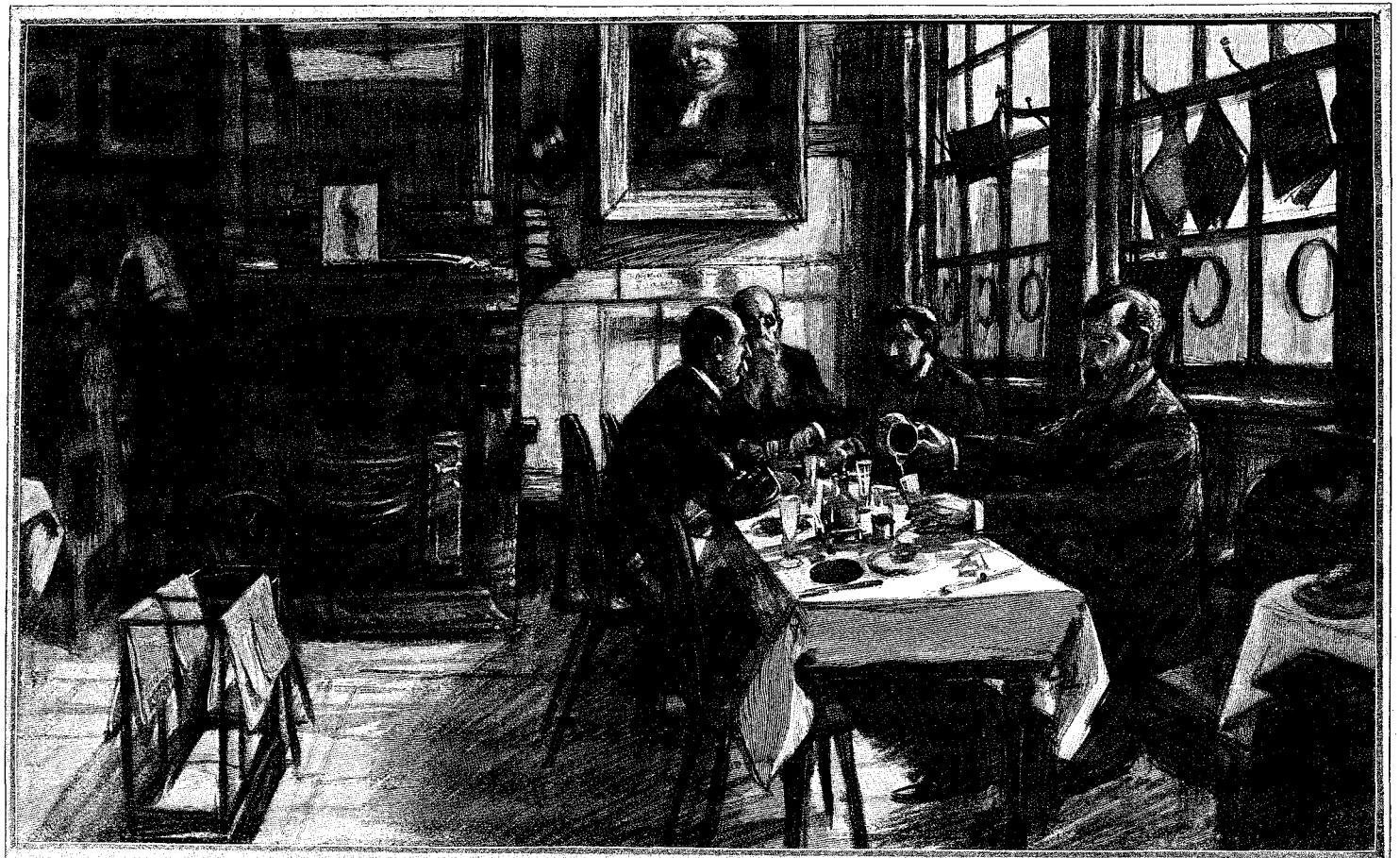

Dr. Johnson's Corner in the Cheshire Cheese.

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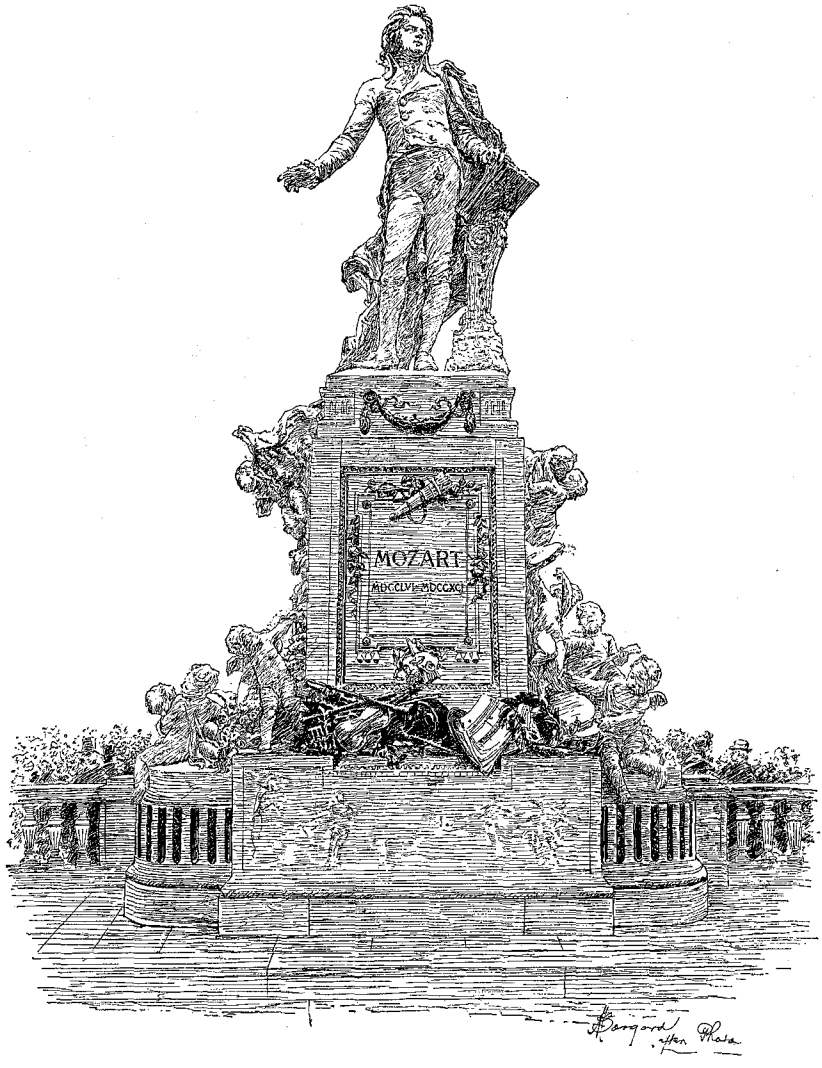
predecessor, but, what is important, the spirit remains the same. In an atmosphere of good-fellowship, the frequenters of to-day converse over their chop and pint, or perhaps before the cheery fire nurse their knees in reflective mood, drawn together by the same instincts that animated this delightful company of old.

But who among these, if appealed to, could define the æsthetic charm of the place? Is it the rich coloring of yellow and old gold and silver and brown, the traditions, mellow as old wine, that sweeten the atmosphere; the satisfaction of the senses, the pure contentment of soul, the pause by the way for the furbishing of one's mental apparel? It is all these and more that make the Olde Cheshire Cheese a delight, and when one has gone, leaves of its high-backed benches and polished tables, its general aspect of warm and cheery hospitality, a glowing memory.

MORE than a century after the death of the great composer, the citizens of Vienna, Mozart's adopted city, have paid fitting tribute to his immortal genius by erecting in the Albrechtsplatz, near the Albertina Palace and the Opera House, a monument to his memory, which, on April 21, 1896, was unveiled in the presence of the Emperor, the high dignitaries of the court, and a multi-



Tilgner's Mozart Monument.

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tude of people. All she could do, Vienna has now done, to atone for her long neglect; but it was an unconscious satire upon the vanity of earthly renown that the splendid laurel-wreath provided by the city government was laid upon the composer's monument, the search of years having failed to discover his grave.

An added element of pathos lay in the fact that the sculptor of the monument to his memory had himself been stricken by death in the very moment of his triumph. Victor Tilgner's ear was deaf to the plaudits showered upon his work.

Musicians, painters, and connoisseurs had vainly striven for years to arouse in Vienna a sentiment that should result in the rearing of a fitting memorial to Mozart, and, in 1883, on the death of Richard Wagner, when the movement for a monument to his memory was proposed, the poet Frankl exclaimed: "No! first to Mozart!" and wrote his biting satire, "Merk's Wien!" (Mark it, Vienna.) In rugged verse he recalled the night when, amid thunder-peals and lightning-flashes, the lifeless body of the great musician, deserted by his terrified friends, was hurried, with other corpses, by menial hands into an unknown grave. A rough translation of the closing lines shows the spirit of the whole:

Where have they ditched him? Do ye know?
Have ye atoned the Father's wrong?
Vainly we waited, waiting stand—
Ungrateful! Why delay so long?

Vain Honor! Let the warrior rest,
Death's paleness hardly on his brow—
For Mozart first the Pyramid!
Ye Viennese, bethink you now!

The conscience of Vienna once aroused by this appeal, a Mozart committee was formed and a prize offered for the best design, which, after eager competition, was awarded to Victor Tilgner.

Tilgner's Mozart is a youthful figure, full of grace and naïve dignity. He wears the picturesque eighteenth-century costume—the long-skirted, high-collared dress-coat buttoned tightly across the chest, small clothes, stockings, and buckled shoes. Thrown lightly around his shoulders is the many-collared "coachman's cape," the fashionable mantle of his day. The great composer stands as if conducting an orchestra. The radiant face seems full of the thoughts that sought expression in melody. His left hand holds lightly the leaves of a score which lies on the music-desk at his side. The out-stretched right hand, the hand of a great musician, is vibrant to the very finger-tips.

Statue, reliefs, groups on the base—all form one connected whole.

The relief on the front gives two scenes from "Don Giovanni," the first at the dead Commander's tomb, the second, the statue in the banquet-hall, while Don Giovanni snatches up the lamp to light him down the palace stairs, and *Leporello* crouches in abject terror under the table. The figures are all in the lowest possible relief, yet stand out wonderfully.

The high relief on the rear of the pedestal represents the child Mozart, a charming little figure, playing the harpsichord, and on each side of the pedestal are charming children and amoretti, the one group symbolizing the serious and tragic, the other, the joyous and playful, side of Mozart's genius.

Emerich Ranzoni, the poet and art-critic, says that Tilgner "has in the statue emphasized the strongest features of Mozart's artistic personality." The groups on the sides of the pedestal illustrate these characteristics with charming eloquence, and the two reliefs strengthen and complete the impression.

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ABOUT THE WORLD

THE annual report of Major-General Miles shows that the work of a conscientious soldier is by no means dependent upon the high jinks of our Indian friends in the West. When Messiah-dances and uprisings were the order of the day, General Miles and his men had not the time or the need for gymnastic exercises. Now that peace reigns over the land, he and his staff have been busying themselves in training their men, in rousing their interest for athletic exercises, and in perfecting all the factors in their life which make for physical excellence. In consequence of this good work, good in both positive and negative ways, our snug little army of 25,000 men is rapidly coming to be a picked force. There are seven applications for every recruit; and no doubt the advantages of wearing Uncle Sam's uniform has become more emphatic because of the care exercised to make the typical United States soldier a credit to his country.

One of General Miles's particular hobbies appears in his recommendation that a full regiment of accomplished wheelmen should be organized. A year and a half ago a census of wheelmen in the army was taken, and even then 4,000 men and officers were riders. So that there would now be no difficulty at all in recruiting the twelve companies of picked men that the General wants as a bicycle corps.

A much more important question is raised in the argument for an increase in the size of our army. It will be remembered that the United States army was gradually decreased from its war-footing of 1865 to its present size, 25,000 men, which was reached in 1874. To be sure the disappearing demands for Indian service seem to indicate a more narrow use of military powers; but even taking into consideration the Indian troubles, the functions of the army during the past two years have been really those of a National police. And judged in this capacity, there is certainly color for General Miles's opinion that with double the population, and with vastly greater property-interests to protect, we need a larger force now than in 1874. He thinks we should have one soldier for about every 2,000 of population—a ratio which would give a standing army fully fifty per cent. larger than the present force.

The preparations for coast defence, which are outlined in Secretary Lamont's report, show a much more active and militant progress. Only three years ago we had not a single gun of modern construction and mounting, to defend our great harbors. By next summer seventy great breech-loaders and nearly a hundred mortars will be on guard. These high-power guns include a number of the twelve-inch type, which hurl their 1,000-pound projectiles to a distance of thirteen miles. These monsters weigh fifty-seven tons, are forty feet long, and, notwithstanding this bulk, are so constructed that they can be loaded and aimed out of sight of the enemy, and returned instantly to cover as soon as they are fired. With the plans already under way, Secretary Lamont tells us that by 1898 we may rest quietly in our beds secure from invasion, whether we be in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Savannah, Charleston, or New Orleans; and that, if Congress will add $10,000,000 to its appropriations for coast defence, we can in the next five years become practically invulnerable as to our coasts.

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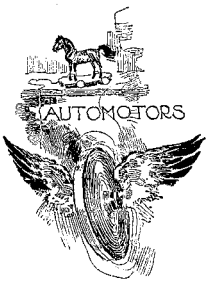
Secretary Herbert is equally optimistic in his premises to a request for more battle-ships. We are coming rapidly up in the scale of naval powers. When our navy takes its winter Gulf cruise, if it does, the array of fighting-ships that sail south will be more powerful and imposing than ever before signalled to an American flag-ship. The four vessels at hand are headed by the Indiana and Massachusetts, vessels of 10,288 tons, carrying 18-inch armor on the sides, and each armed with forty-six cannon, ranging from four great 13-inch rifles to the garrulous little Gatlings. Four powerful monitors, two armored cruisers—the Brooklyn and the New York, with their racing-speed of twenty-one and twenty-two knots—and our crack unarmored cruisers, five of them, together with a possible ram and a torpedo-boat, make up the frowning argosy that will meet the critical eyes of foreign vessels in West India waters. These ten strong vessels carry an aggregate of 206 guns, and the five unarmored cruisers add 108 modern cannon to the armament.

We are already "long" on the cruiser class, relatively to other navies, and Secretary Herbert thinks we should build more of the heavy, slow battle-ships, with their great guns and expensive armor. He thinks our navy should have fifteen of these, Congress having already provided for three new ones. Now, even after the $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 have been paid to the builders, a battle-ship costs as much per year as the total annual expenses of three or four such universities as the Johns Hopkins. A first-class vessel comes near to needing half a million a year. But, more discouraging yet, the naval engineers display so pernicious an activity in new inventions that a battle-ship is scarcely off the docks before she is behind the times. It is literally true that five years of this end of the century makes a war-ship old-fashioned to the degree of requiring a practically new equipment.

These are large considerations in these piping times of peace, and they will be carefully weighed against our naval pride before so many millions are invested in new battle-ships.

UNTIL November 15th, an Englishman who could not repress his yearnings to travel by motor-car was forced to indulge in that pastime under the most vexatious restrictions. By the law of the land his car might not move with a greater speed than four miles per hour, or as fast as a moderately paced walk. More ignominious still, his vehicle must be preceded by an alarmist waving a red flag, to acquaint all people with the coming apparition. Even in a country slightly lacking in a national sense of humor, the picture of a compliance with this law was sufficient to hamper considerably the budding interest in "automobile" carriages. But with a Motor Club in full blast, and a dozen great companies and syndicates organized to put gas, oil, and electric carriages on the market as soon as the time and the mechanical details should be right, this state of legislative burden could not continue long, and did not. The motor enthusiasts evidently belong to the class of business folks who appreciate the advantages in a nineteenth century, of "publicity," and it was a huge and voluble crowd which assembled to see the procession of horseless carriages from London to Brighton, in honor of the new emancipatory laws. Two million people, the newspapers think, were gathered to chaff the horseless ones and offer lay criticisms on the mechanical features of the parade. Lord Winchelsea, President of the Motor Club, led the way, and about fifty vehicles of all sorts and conditions followed in his train. There were dog-carts, landaus, phaëtons, vans, 'buses, victorias, sociables, tricycles, buggies and cabs, wagonettes, even bath-chairs—propelled by petroleum, naphtha, gasoline, benzoline, steam, and electricity. Out of the fifty or more starters, thirteen made the trip to Brighton between 2.30 and 6 P.M. The petroleum carriages were the most numerous; but they had an unpleasant odor and a great deal of vibration as compared with the electric carriages. Some of the petroleum wagons can attain a speed of thirty miles an hour; but they could not show it in this procession, for the new English laws still hold down the speed of horseless carriages to twelve miles an hour—and to eight, if the vehicles are over a ton and a half in weight. They must be equipped with brakes, too; must be capable of running both backward and forward, if they are above 500 pounds in weight, and must carry lights from an hour after sundown to an hour before sunrise.



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In the speeches which were made at this great function, it was evident that the Englishmen expect to see the horseless carriages engaged at once in the transportation of farm products. This will be possible over their roads, of course, long before mechanical considerations will allow it in America. The optimists of the Motor Club think that these automatic farm-wagons will effect a veritable revolution in the transportation of grain and fertilizers.

The statisticians say that a distance of only two miles from a railway station doubles the cost of marketing grain in the average rural district. And if this item of transportation can be cut in half by substituting oil and electricity for horses, the saving to the farmer will certainly be enormous. It seems definitely agreed that the horseless variety of wagon can be operated at least fifty per cent. cheaper than the old and animated style. The careful calculations of the London Electric Cab Co., which is about to put three hundred and fifty electrically propelled cabs on the streets of London, show that a day's charge for operating expenses, counting capital charges, for an automatic vehicle will be 5s. 7½d., as against 12s. 2½d. for the present hansom cab.

ABOUT the middle of next month New York harbor will receive its first visit from the new steamer Pennsylvania, which, in point of tonnage, is the very biggest ship in the world. There is a rather inexplicable pleasure in the phrase and the object it describes; when there was only one five-master in the coasting trade, every tourist and fisherman on the New England coast would hurry to catch a glimpse of her majesty, where a score of four-masters would not persuade one man to turn in his tracks. The great Cunarders are as long as this new leviathan, and her sisters of the Hamburg-American Line, with their three smoke-stacks in tandem, give a suggestion of superior power, but the undeniable fact that the Pennsylvania is the hugest carrier on the ocean assures her a certain pre-eminence of interest.

Nor is she, even in the matter of tonnage, the largest ship that has been built. The Great Eastern registered 22,500 tons when loaded to the water-line, while the Pennsylvania's capacity is 20,000; but then the Great Eastern never could be fully laden because that implied a draught of 30 feet, enough to prevent her access to any of our principal seaports. How successful has been the endeavor of marine engineers to increase the carrying power of the largest ships without making an impracticable draught and awkward length and beam, is shown in a comparison of the dimensions of the Great Eastern, the largest ship the world has ever seen, with this Pennsylvania, the largest vessel now afloat.

GREAT EASTERN.

Length	680 feet.
Beam	83⅓ feet.
Draught	30 feet.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Length	600 feet.
Beam	62 feet.
Draught	26 feet.

The average professional ball-player on a crack team can make a "long throw" of about three hundred feet. So if Roger Connor stood at the stern of the Pennsylvania and made his mightiest throw toward the bow, the ball would fall about amidships.

The Pennsylvania will not be in the "greyhound" class, with her thirteen knots an hour, and will take nine days from New York to reach Hamburg. She does not devote herself entirely to freight by any means, as there are accommodations for a thousand steerage and over two hundred cabin passengers. This heavy-weight among ocean liners will be easily distinguished by her four short perpendicular masts and her single great barrel of a smoke-stack. The ship is one of twins that will soon be completed from the Belfast yards.

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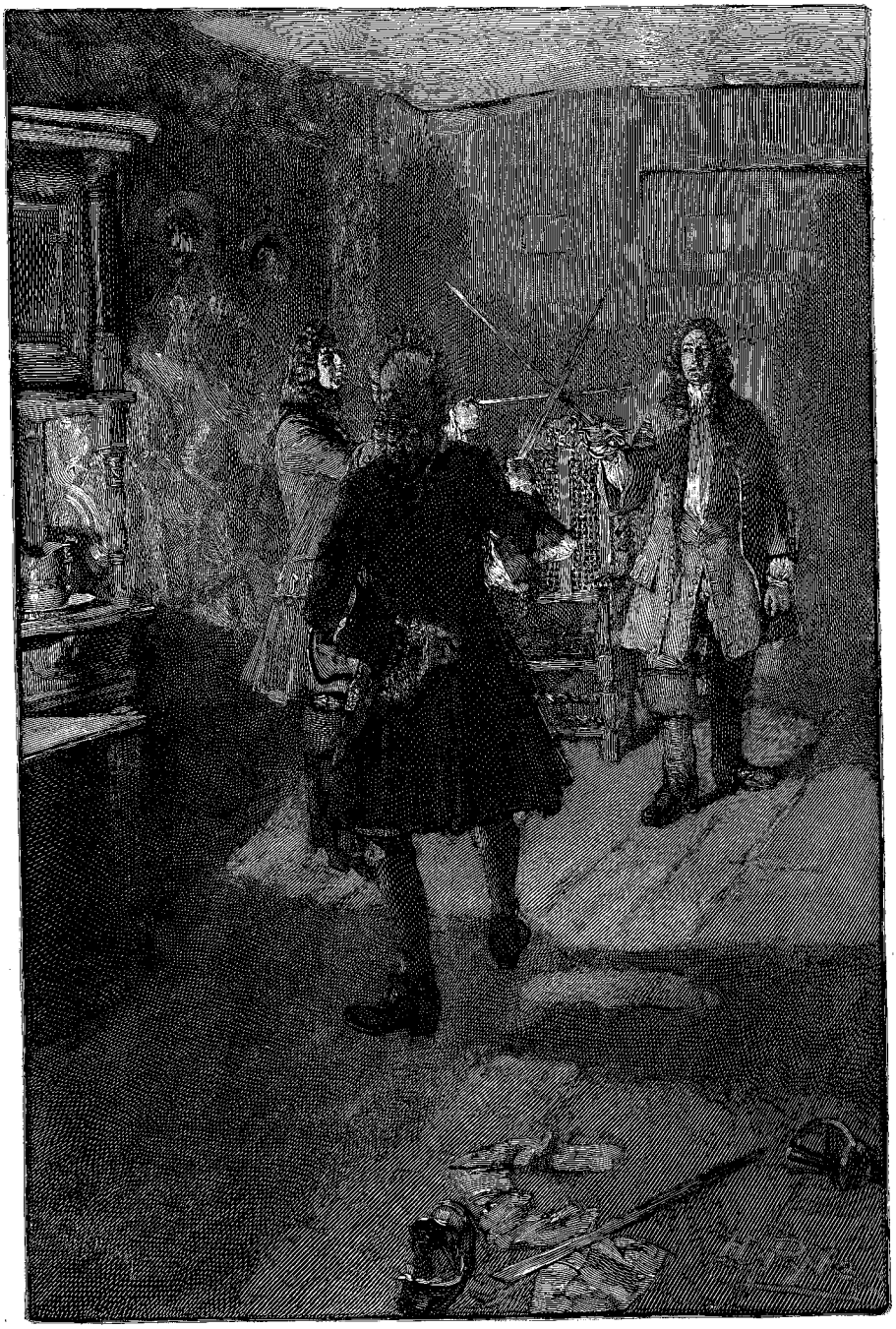

SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—III.

ESMOND AND THE PRINCE.—*Henry Esmond, Book III., Chapter XIII.*

Colonel Esmond . . . took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met, than Castlewood knocked up Esmond's with the blade of his own, which he had broke off short at the shell.

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